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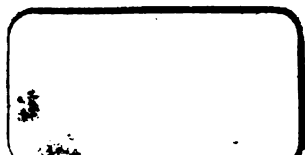
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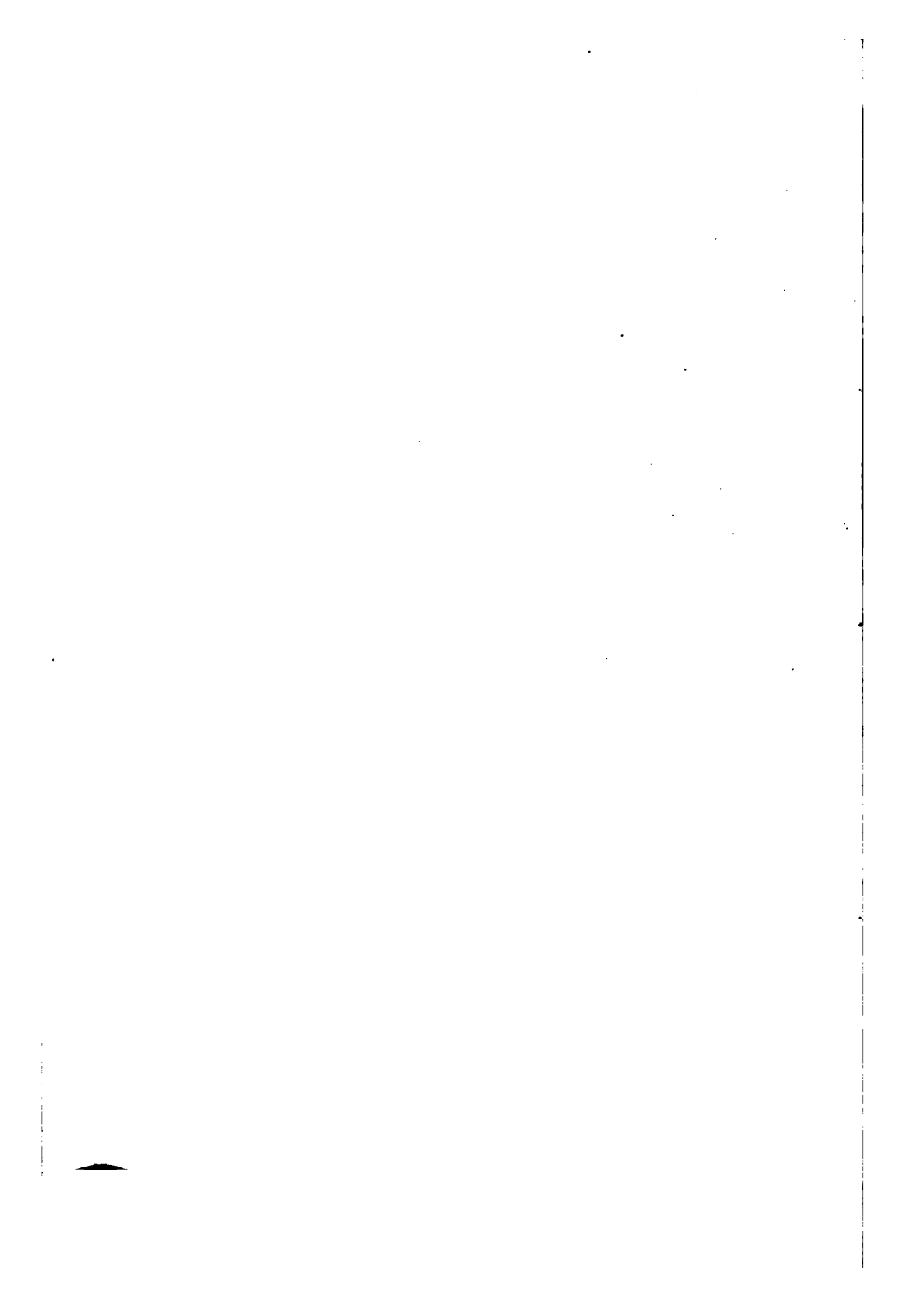
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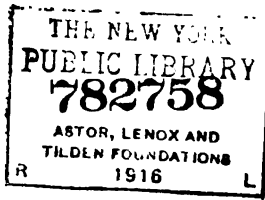


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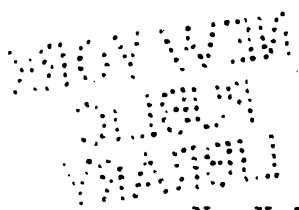
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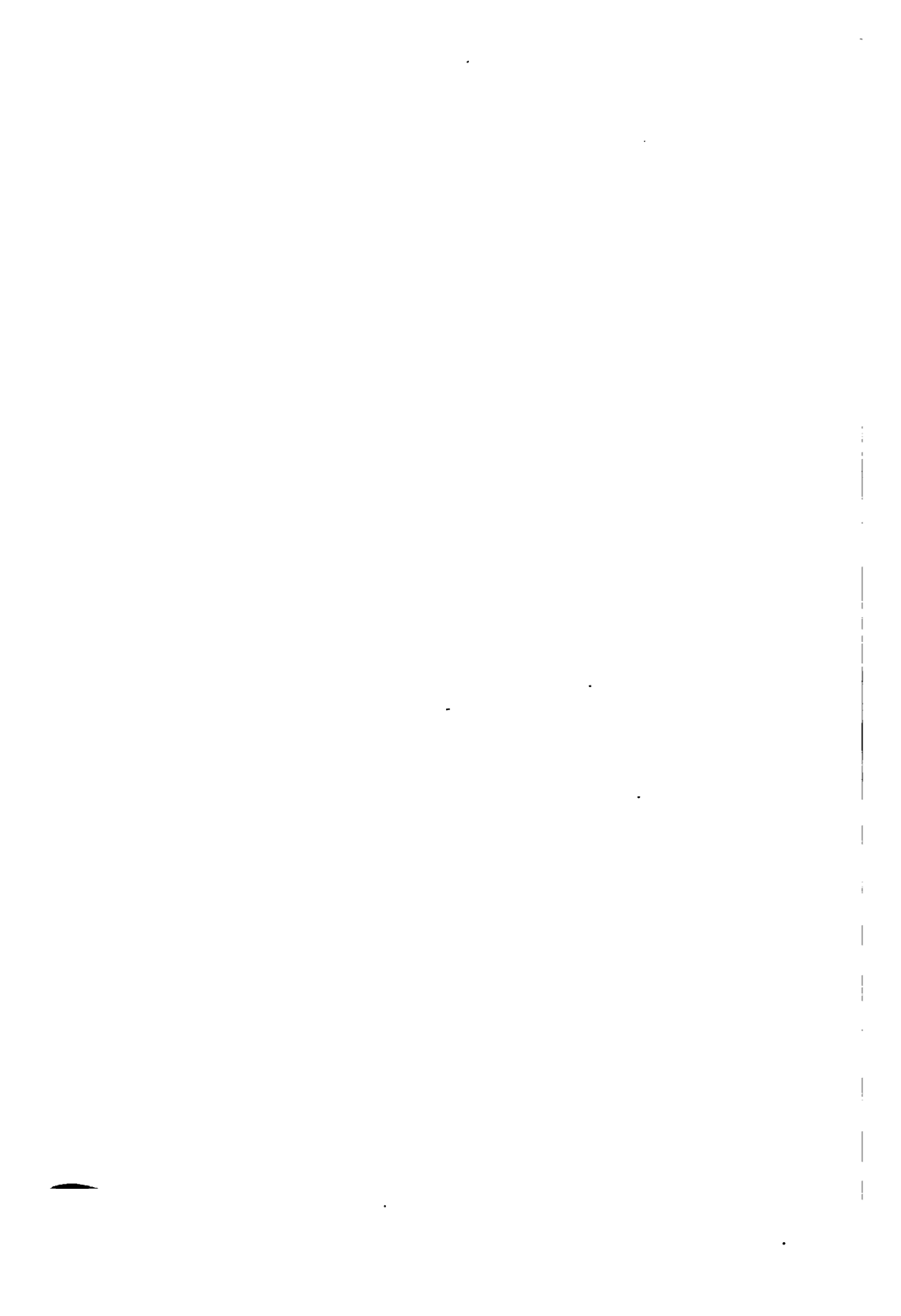
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**TO MY CHILDREN
AND
GRANDCHILDREN**

2000 2/10



FOREWORD

WHEN I announced to my good friend Cullen Thomas that I was writing an autobiography, he said, "I should think it would be very interesting—to you!" It *has* been interesting to me, so I spared him, and it may be, kind reader, that before this recital is done you will wish that I had spared you.

Until I wrote this book I had never talked about myself as much as I wanted to. Every time I have sat down with a friend to talk to him six or seven hours about *myself*, he has butted in to talk about *himself*, with the result that I have never until now been allowed to finish the story. Here it is, however, in all its gorgeous fulness.

This volume, while it contains many sentences written in the lighter vein, has at bottom a serious purpose. While I realize that the publication of an autobiography may suggest that the writer has an unwarranted degree of self-importance, it is nevertheless true that a faithful recital of the incidents of any life, however humbly lived, cannot fail to be invested with a degree of human interest that will be both inspiring and instructive.

While all of this is true, this book would never have been written if it had not been for my desire to record for my children and grandchildren the incidents that follow. I wish my own father, his father, or his father's father, or all three, had written just such a work for me.

Another incentive to the publication of this volume has been that of preserving in permanent form the history of a period of our Texas life that is being rapidly obscured, and unless thus chronicled would soon pass from public view.

I have sought to be true to the history of the era thus traversed, and I believe the story will hold more than a passing interest, not only for the people of our own State, but for other minds as well.

The greatest purpose of this book is to help other men, and particularly young men, to properly project their lives, and to nobly live them. The story is frankly told, and in its recital I have sought to point a moral rather than to adorn a tale, and to magnify those high ideals that have conspired to the making of the great men of our country.

And now this story, with all its faults, whatever they are, and its excellencies, whatever they may be, is sent out with the hope that above everything it will make for the happiness, prosperity and usefulness of those who shall peruse its pages.

Dallas, Texas.

J. B. CRANFILL.

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I

ANCESTRY AND BIRTH

I KNOW very little of my forefathers or foremothers. That I am descended from Adam, I have never had a doubt. Where the genealogical tree branched out and where the line of kinship diverged, I do not know. I am pretty sure that I am also descended from Noah and his bunch. There is Noah to deny it. (Pun No. 1.) Whether from Shem, Ham or Japheth, I will not pretend to even suggest, but until I became a vegetarian I was partial to ham. However, I feel that I am a descendant of Japheth. I have no late photographs of Japheth, but there is a family resemblance between my folks and Japheth's folks.

My father's family were English and my mother's Scotch. The Cranfills came to North Carolina before the American Revolution, and so did the Galloways. My mother was a Galloway and my father's mother was a Galloway. My father and mother were third cousins. The tradition in our family is that the name Cranfill was originally Granville. My father's oldest brother, dear Uncle Tom Cranfill, long since, through predestination, in the Home above, (he was a Hardshell Baptist,) detailed to me once a very interesting tradition concerning the name Cranfill. He said we were related to Lord Granville, of England. That is a great credit to Lord Granville. It never bought us anything, even if true, but it was an interesting statement and one I had intended to investigate if I ever visited the Old World. I would like to go up and speak to Lord Granville and ask him if we didn't look like twins. In the event we did, it was my pur-

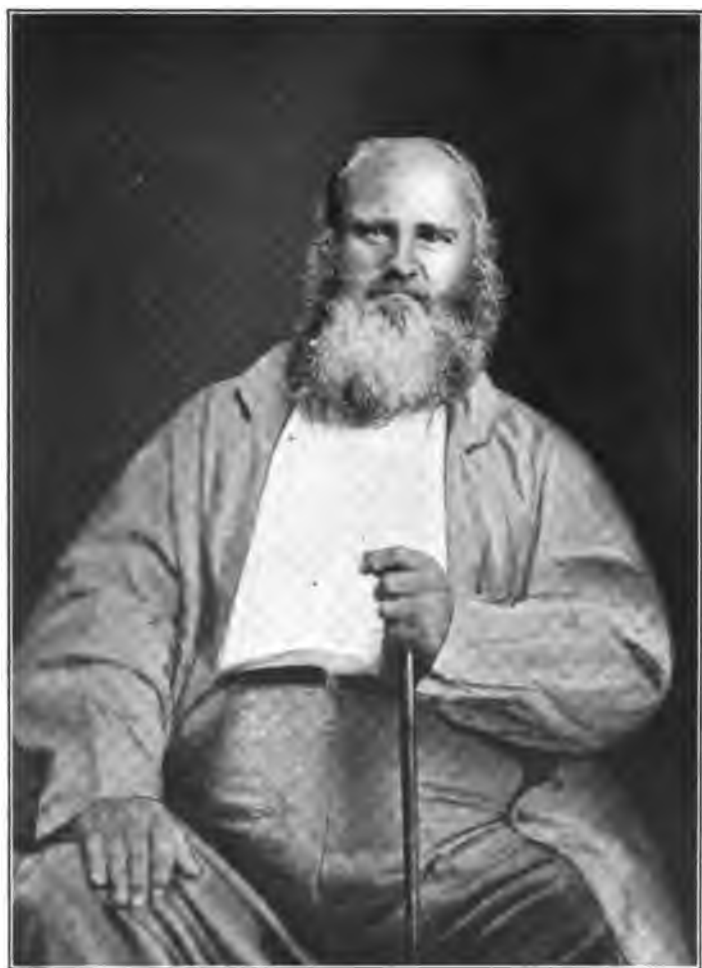
pose to have him go and show me the family tree and see if we could trace a connection of such an intimate nature as to justify me in asking a loan of sufficient funds on which to return to America, but I have never had a chance to go to England and perhaps never will. If I do not, this question must remain unsettled.

Our name came from somewhere and it might just as well have come from Granville as from any other source, and if we are really related to a lord over there, I do not see that it has ever hurt any of us. We are not puffed up over the matter and would not be if we were related to all the lords of England, because I do not believe it would buy us any more to be related to a lord than to a common Englishman of the ordinary garden variety.

We know a little more about the Galloway side than we do about the Cranfill side. I had a long talk once with my cousin, the late Bishop Charles B. Galloway, in his home at Jackson, Mississippi, and he told me the Galloways of America all descended from a Scotchman of that name who came here and turned loose upon an innocent and unsuspecting public seven sons. They scattered to the various parts of the United States, some coming South and some going North. The Galloway from whom my mother was descended went to North Carolina, and the Galloway from whom Bishop Galloway was descended went to Mississippi. They were a very prolific family.

My mother's forebears were soldiers in the American Revolution. I tried some years ago to connect up with them because I wanted to join the Daughters of the American Revolution and be a sure enough somebody, but I found that so many men had become Daughters of the Revolution that the clerks in the Department at Washington had acquired that tired feeling and didn't want any more daughters to come in. There possibly has been organized a D. A. R. Union and nobody can come in now that hasn't a Union card.

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DR. EATON CRANFILL, FATHER OF J. B. CRANFILL.

However that may be, there is no doubt that the original Galloways were Revolutionary soldiers, and I am inclined to think that the Cranfills also were. Both of these families settled in the Yadkin River country in North Carolina near to Daniel Boone. They knew Daniel well, and the tradition in our family is that when Daniel came across from North Carolina to Kentucky, the Cranfills and Galloways came with him. There is a further tradition that either Daniel Boone married a sister of the original American Cranfill, whose name was Jeremiah, or that Jeremiah married Daniel's sister, or that they married sisters. I was not present at the time and cannot really testify as to the facts in the case. However, they did come across with Daniel Boone and they settled in various parts of Kentucky. The Boone tradition was so strong in my family that one of my names is Boone. If I had been living then, I am sure Daniel and I would have been boon companions. (No. 2.)

The public has never known exactly what my name was, and I might as well tell it here so as to let it fit into the Boone part of the story.

My name is James Britton Buchanan Boone Cranfill.

When I was a little boy, I found myself burdened with too many initials. It never was called to my attention until I started to writing-school and began to learn how to write. I attended a writing-school that was taught by a man named John L. Pyle, who afterwards became a Baptist minister and missionaried a lot out in the Panhandle country. I have never seen him since I was eight years old, but he was an awfully nice man and I hope he is living now and doing well. When I learned how to sign my name, I went home one night in rather a pathetic frame of mind. I took my mother off to one side, and after hanging a while to her apron strings, I asked her if she would allow me to express myself concerning the question of my initials. She said she would, whereupon I said as follows:

"Mother, I cannot be happy in the thought that I will have all my life long to sign four initials to my name, and I want you to let me drop two of the B's so that my name will simply be J. B. Cranfill."

My mother was a good woman, sympathetic in her nature, tender of heart, loving and kind, and so she kissed me and said if I wanted it that way it should be so. I therefore dropped two of the B's. I do not know whether I dropped the Buchanan-Boone B's, or the Britton-Buchanan B's, or the Britton-Boone B's. I only know that I sign one B to express the three names, Britton-Buchanan-Boone. It may be that my name has been Boone all these years. In any case, we were connected with the Boones at that early time and I think a great deal of the memory of Daniel Boone. I read all the story about him when I was a lad and I am glad to believe that my ancestors were friends of his. He was a pretty lusty old chap and did some rather straight rifle shooting in the days when rifles and rifle-shooters were scarce and badly needed. I feel pleased that my name was Boone and may yet be Boone. Anyhow, I am somewhat Boone-ish, I know, and it makes me feel good every time I think about it.

My mother and home-folks called me "Britton," which was, by vulgarians, abbreviated to "Britt." The latter appellation I detested, just as, later in life, after I became a doctor, I rebelled at being called "Doc."

My grandfather's name was John Cranfill and he had six sons. My father was the third son and was named Eaton Cranfill, his grandmother being an Eaton and undoubtedly related to T. T. Eaton, late editor of *The Western Recorder*. It is altogether probable that I would not mention this fact if T. T. Eaton were now living so he could deny it, but the dear, good man is in heaven and there is no chance for him to say that this part of the biography is incorrect, so I set up the claim to being a kinsman of his. We talked about the

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MRS. MARTHA JANE (GALLOWAY) CRANFILL, MOTHER OF
J. B. CRANFILL.

matter more than once, and there were times, when he was editor of *The Western Recorder* and I was editor of *The Baptist Standard*, that we were perfectly willing to claim kin, but there were other times when he wouldn't for the world have agreed to it, nor would I, so we let it go at that.

My father was born near Paducah, Kentucky, September 26, 1829. My mother was born near Princeton, Kentucky, February 4, 1829. They married when they were about eighteen years of age, and after my oldest sister was born on December 31, 1849, they loaded all their belongings, including the baby, in an ox wagon and started for Texas. This, to my mind, was an awfully brave thing for these young folks to do. In those good days even Kentucky was wild, and the contemplation of coming to Texas and becoming identified with this new land was one from which the average poverty-stricken youth would have shrunk in terror. My father, however, was not only an enterprising pioneer—he was a brave man. He had in him the best blood that has ever coursed in American veins. Pioneer blood is always the best. So they fared forth on one bright day, driving the ox team down the big road that pointed to the West, with my mother and the baby up on the front seat and the dog trotting by the tar bucket under the wagon. I do not know all the details of that long journey, but I do know that when they finally landed in Texas, they found themselves at Calloway, Upshur County, whence my oldest uncle, Tom Cranfill, had already gone. He was pretty well situated there at that time in the pottery business, and a brother of my father's mother, Col. C. C. Galloway, was located at Gilmer practicing law. I remember very little of Col. Galloway, but he was a man who stood well in his community and made his mark in his profession.

Eastern Texas was at that time too slow for my father. There were no Indians down there and no excitement of any kind, and no wide outstretching prairies where he could se-

cure for himself some rich new land. He staid there but a little while and pushed on out into Western Texas, settling for a short while in Denton County, then going on out further into Parker County, where another brother, Isom Cranfill, had preceded him. He reached Denton County about 1853, and my brother, Dr. T. E. Cranfill, was born in Denton County November 17, 1854. Pretty soon he pushed on to Parker County and settled on Dry Creek, near where Whitt now stands and very close to my Uncle Isom's home.

At that time, Parker County was a wilderness—an unsettled, wide stretch of prairie and timber with very few settlements and with the few straggling families living in constant terror of massacre by the Indians, who swept down upon them on every moonlit night. Parker County was organized in 1857. I was born in that county there on Dry Creek, near where Whitt now is, on September 12, 1858. I was very young when I was born and so I do not remember the details of that auspicious incident, but I have heard my mother say that it was on a Sunday morning and that I made my advent into this sublunary sphere on a very beautiful sunshiny day. I am glad of this, because if there is anything in the world that I really and truly despise, it is a sour-visaged, long-faced, dyspeptic misanthrope who is out of joint with himself and all the balance of creation.

My mother and father both were Baptists. So far as I know, most of the Cranfills and Galloways have been Baptists ever since the days of the apostles. I think it is to their credit that they came of such splendid ecclesiastical stock. They were not all missionary Baptists. My father and mother were members of what was then called the United Baptists. These were made up of Baptists, as shown in Spencer's History of Kentucky Baptists, that had formed a union between the anti-missionary and missionary Baptists, and churches of this type were constituted in various parts of Kentucky and some even down as far south as Texas. Later on in his

career, my father became identified with what is known in Southwest Texas as the Primitive Baptists, but they were not at any time the two-seed branch of the Primitive Baptists. On the contrary, they were men of more than usual intelligence and did a vast amount of good in their chosen fields of labor. My father was really always at heart a missionary and so was my mother, and I am proud of the fact that they never at any time went to the great extreme, either theologically or in their views concerning missions and education, that some of them did. Some years before their death, they both became actively identified with the Missionary Baptists.

I have always been glad that Parker County was organized in 1857. It was undoubtedly organized on purpose for my advent. It would have been a most unfortunate circumstance if I had been born away out there and not have had a county of some name to have been born in. I rejoice in the fact that Parker County came to the kingdom for such a time as that, and that Weatherford had already become a fort, so that after my coming into the world, my parents could bundle me up any old night and rush into Weatherford with me to save me from being killed by the Indians. I would not have needed to be scalped, because at that period of my career I was as bald as I am now. Between the two extremes, however, I did have some hair, but it is not necessary now to enter upon a subject so full of harassing reminiscences. (Another pun.)

Speaking of Weatherford and the Indians, I will detail here the reasons why my father subsequently abandoned his residence in Parker County and went back to Upshur County. He despaired of a speedy subjugation of the wilderness. The Indians were frightfully active. They would come down, steal all the horses in the community that they could get their hands on, murder such settlers as were exposed, and hasten back to their mountain fastnesses farther

north and west. My father had begun to be prosperous in his affairs, but one day he told my dear Uncle Isom Cranfill that he preferred to go back to a safer post for his family rather than stay in that section, even if he could prosper materially there in a much greater degree than he could down in Eastern Texas. For that reason, he bundled us all up before I could remember about it and took us down into Upshur County, where we resided during the period of the Civil War.

It is a sad and painful fact to recite in this Chronicle that twelve years after my birth, in 1870, after we had removed from Upshur to Southwest Texas, my uncle's eldest son, Linn Boyd Cranfill, a youth of fourteen years, was killed by the Indians within a quarter of a mile of where I was born. He had gone out to tether his pony and the Comanche Indians swept down and shot him in sight of his father's and mother's home. It was a frightful blow to us all, but it confirmed my dear father in his conviction that he had done the right thing in taking us back into the older settled portions of the State.

My Uncle Isom Cranfill was a good man and prospered in worldly affairs. He strayed off from the original Cranfill faith and joined the Church of the Disciples. He was a very ardent advocate of the teachings of Alexander Campbell, which he believed profoundly were the teachings of the New Testament. One of the memories I have of his visits to my father at various times is that they would literally talk all night about their religious differences. They loved each other tenderly, and my father believed that my uncle was so far astray that he labored with him as if the whole world depended upon convincing my uncle of the error of his way.

They went on that way unto the end, my uncle dying some years ago in a Fort Worth hospital after a serious

operation, and my father a few years later down at Waco, of which event I will speak subsequently in this chronicle.

This set of Cranfill boys were awfully full of fun. They laid traps for each other. They were very active physically; they were men of good mental make-up and each one did his share of the world's work in whatever situation he was placed.

I remember to have heard my father relate an incident that occurred when he was a boy in his father's home. It happened one morning that another brother, John Cranfill, who was subsequently killed in the Confederate service, drank the coffee when it was almost boiling hot. His father had not yet sipped his coffee, so my Uncle John turned to his mother and said, "Mother, why on earth have you brought to the table this morning cold coffee?" My grandfather, hearing this remark, supposed that the coffee really was cold, so he took a big sup of it in his mouth and it scalded him quite severely. That was great fun for the boy, but he had to have his fun down at the back of the field, because the old gentleman made for him in double-quick time, and if he had caught Uncle John, he probably would have had to drink all of his coffee and eat his food off the mantel-piece for some weeks following. As the matter went, however, he got safely away, and when my grandfather got over the first flush of his anger, he laughed heartily about it and forgave Uncle John when the boys came home at noon.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD

THE first conscious recollection that I have of any place is of Calloway, in Upshur County. I must have been about two and a half years old when my father landed again in his first Texas home. The first thing that I can remember is that my brother and I were playing with Albert and Luther, Uncle Tom's boys, close to the old clay mill, where my Uncle Tom fashioned the jars and jugs and crocks and other pottery ware. My uncle was a good potter and a very honest one. He made all of his vessels full measure, out of good clay, and was in all respects one of the most conscientious men I ever knew. One of the first things I remember is the death of his little son Ira. I do not remember now what caused Ira's death, but it was deeply impressed upon my mind.

The next thing that I remember with any great vividness is an accident that befell me. We lived about three miles from Uncle Tom's, and one of the greatest joys of my early childhood was to go to Uncle Tom's and stay all night. My father let me go one night to spend the night with Uncle Tom's boys. They were early risers and it was in the winter time. When Albert, the oldest boy, got up next morning to build the fire, I wanted to be very smart, so I got up, too. The live coals had been left in the fireplace, so Albert began by stirring up these live coals. I was not yet fully awake, so I went close to the fireplace, intending to lean up against the jamb. I missed the jamb and fell into the fire. My left hand was plunged directly into the bed of live coals. When

they got me out, I was in an agony of pain. They immediately sent for my father, who was a physician. I was born left-handed, but became an ambidexter. At that time, my mother was somewhat grieved over my left-handedness and felt that when I recovered, if I should fully recover from my burn, I would be right-handed, but I was not, because left-handedness is in the brain and not in the hand.

It was a long time before I got well. When I found myself entirely recovered, I was still just as left-handed as I was before. I throw right-handed. I use a hammer or a hatchet in my left hand. I use a pen or pencil in my right hand. I use a knife in my left hand. I sleep right-handed, I snore left-handed. I laugh right-handed. I walk left-handed. I ride a horse left-handed and drive an automobile right-handed. I go to church ambidextrously and sing unanimately. By the way, when I used to sing in the choir at Waco, a lady friend of mine said that she loved to *see* me sing. She never expressed herself as to whether or not she loved to hear me sing.

One of the recollections of that period of my childhood was concerning the unfortunate experiences of a Hardshell Baptist preacher by the name of Stringer. He was preaching at the Stony Point chapel not far from Calloway, and the chapel had as its pulpit the old-fashioned style of boxed-up affair so familiar to the Christians of a former generation and so much used even now in some of the far-off country places. This pulpit, as it proved, was somewhat unsteady on its pins. He took his text from that Scripture which says: "Lo, I come in the volume of the book to do thy will, O God!" All who have ever heard the Hardshell Baptists preach know that they are quite vociferous in their exhortations. I was quite a little boy. I could not have been over three years old, I take it, but I was very earnest and rapt in attention upon what the preacher was saying. I was cuddled up on a bench with my head in my mother's

lap, but I was not asleep. When the dear old minister reached the climax of his gesticulations and vociferations, he verily yelled out his text, "Lo, I come in the volume of the book!" and as the word "book" was escaping his lips, the old pulpit took a forward lurch and down came pulpit, preacher, Bible, water pitcher and all.

We thought he had "come in the volume of the book" for the last time, but he arose unharmed. He was somewhat abashed, it is true, but still smiling, and while the incident broke up the meeting, it broke none of his bones.

At another time, at that same meeting-house, a disaster occurred concerning me. I was reposing in a deacon-like slumber on the little bench that sat right in front of this same pulpit, which had been repaired and steadied, and while I was soundly sleeping, I tumbled off the bench and fell prone upon the floor. This excited the congregation very materially and excited one little boy to the extent that I have never since allowed myself to fall asleep horizontally while the service was in progress.

Upshur County is a white-sandy, red-clay, piney-woods, sweet-gum, sassafras-bark country. It has now become quite distinguished as a home for the Elberta peach and other sandy land products, but then the Elberta had never been heard of and all that we grew down in that part of Texas were water-melons, vegetables, corn, cotton and sugar cane. The crop that we grew on our little rented farm consisted chiefly of corn. It was not profitable at that time to grow cotton. The cotton gin had not yet made its advent into those ends of the earth, and the only way that cotton was picked from the seed was with the fingers of women and children—I mean ginned. Of course, we picked the cotton after the same style as cotton is picked in the fields now, but we really and truly picked the cotton off the seed. My mother owned cards, slays and a loom. She was a capable seamstress and made all of our clothing. During

the time of the Civil War, which was just then beginning, she not only fashioned the clothing from the cloth, but she carded the cotton and spun the thread and then from the thread wove the cloth from which she made our clothes.

Many is the time that I have helped her as she used the shuttle and wove the cloth, and I seem now, as I am writing down these words, to hear the hum of the old spinning wheel as she marches back and forth on the plain pine lumber floor, busying herself in spinning the thread that was to make the cloth from which we were to have our new suits of roundabouts and other garments.

At that time my mother seemed to me to be an old woman, but as I look back upon it and count the years, I know that she was only thirty-two or three years old. She was a very young woman as we count age these days, although then she was the mother of four children, I being the youngest of the four.

It was during this period that I attended my first school. It was taught by my uncle, John Cranfill, who was the best educated one of that family. He had an insatiable thirst for knowledge and by some means had enjoyed better advantages in the old Kentucky home than had my father and the older sons. My father was not learned, so far as book knowledge went, but in the high sense of the term he was an educated man. He did not learn to write until he was a grown man, and his ability to read did not come to him until he was almost grown. However, he was a great lover of books and his quest for knowledge abode with him until his last days came. So great was his love of books that he made it a point to buy a book every chance he got. Whenever there was a sale in the neighborhood, he always went to the sale and bought the books. It was in that way that he accumulated such a splendid library. It was a kind of "Old Curiosity Shop" of a library, in that there was no co-ordination in the selection of the books, but notwith-

standing that fact, he accumulated one of the finest libraries known in any country home in Texas in his day. He never learned to cipher or extract the cube root, but he could extract more good, common, hard horse sense out of a book than any man you would meet in a day's journey.

Uncle John kept a little country school near Calloway before he enlisted in the army, and I was the tiniest boy in the school. I remember how loving and kind he was as he taught me my A B C's. I had an old blue back Webster spelling book and he took great pains to induct me into the mysteries of my first school experiences. The school did not last for long, because the call of his country came and he enlisted in the Confederate army. A little later my father went out, too, and between the two went my Uncle Tom, who was the most ardent secessionist in the family. My father was a Union man. He did not believe that we should ever have had a Civil War. He did not agree with Jefferson Davis nor with those hot-heads in the South who felt that the South should secede from the Union. He was a great admirer of Sam Houston, who at that time was the leading citizen of Texas. Sam Houston was a Union man and one of the last acts of his life was to make a speech against secession. So unpopular did he become that he was almost contemned by the men who had fought with him at the battle of San Jacinto and who had afterwards elevated him to the presidency of the Texas Republic.

My Uncle Tom was a Jeff Davis man to his heart's core. He went out early and fought long and heartily for the Stars and Bars. My Uncle John went, too, and my father went, but my father went just as many another Southern patriot went, because he could not bear the thought of separation from the men he loved and with whom he so long had labored.

I do not remember when Uncle John's school broke up, but I know it was the war that broke it up, and I have be-

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A FAMILIAR SCENE IN PARKER COUNTY, TEXAS, WHEN J. B. CRANFILL WAS ROBN.

fore me now his soldierly form and bearing as he donned his gray Confederate suit and started for the army. My Uncle John was a masterful man in every way. In some ways he was the brightest of the six brothers who fared forth from the old Kentucky home.

I have heard my father relate an incident which illustrates Uncle John's magnificent sense of humor. As I have hitherto related, my father moved from Kentucky to Upshur County, then from Upshur County to Denton County, from Denton County to Parker County, and from Parker County back to Upshur County. My Uncle John was with him on all these journeys. Old Texans who recall the wanderings of the early settlers will remember how commonplace it was for them, when they met out on the road, to ask each other many questions. The common salutation was:

"What is your name? Where are you from? Where are you going? What was your name in the old States? How many children have you?" etc., etc.

As my father and Uncle John and the rest were moving back from Parker County to Upshur County, they were met by one of these inquisitive pioneers. He looked at my Uncle John—great, tall, stalwart young fellow that he was—and asked:

"Where are you from?"

My Uncle John replied:

"We are from everywhere else but here, and we are trying to get away from here just as fas as we can."

My Uncle John fought through the war and was killed at the battle of Mansfield, La. It was in one of the very last engagements of the Civil War that my Uncle John received his mortal wound. He lived only a few days and died glorying in the fact that he had given his life for his country.

As I have said before, he was a magnificent looking man. He had but recently married when the war came on, and when he left home, he left his dress suit, his top hat and his

other fine doings back at home for his wife to keep for him. It was not long after his death before his widow married again. I can never forget the indignation that I felt when I saw her second husband wearing my Uncle John's clothing and his hat. I had for the first time in my life a feeling that I wanted to commit a murder. I was but a little boy. I could not have been more than seven years old, but the memory of that man wearing Uncle John's fine clothes and his silk hat lingers with me as one of the pathetic incidents of my child life.

My father took sick when he was in the army. The company of which he was a member had struck camp near Tyler, in Smith County. The camp was known as Camp Ford. There may be soldiers in Eastern Texas who were members of his company who will remember this old camp. He was so very ill that it was thought he would die, so my mother took us four children and after a long and tiresome journey in an ox wagon, we reached the camp where my father was sick. He was suffering from a form of heart trouble. Of course the privations of army life had much to do with his illness, but he was sick besides, and there never was a gladder, happier soldier in the army than my father was when he saw us come into the little tent where he lay prostrate on his bed.

We staid in Camp Ford six weeks. That was the only army life experience I ever had. I look back upon it now with tears. I was but six years old, and there were many of the dear, grizzled Confederate soldiers there who had been long from home and whose hearts were hungry for the love and caresses of a little child. Those soldiers literally spoiled me to death. They let me ride their horses; they picked blackberries for me; they gave me such little delicacies as they could command, and in every way showed me the sweetest, dearest and kindest attention that any little boy ever enjoyed. I remember that during the time we had a

mock runaway soldier to deal with. He made out that he was going to desert, and away he went out through the woods, with the other soldiers after him. One of the great big soldiers took me on his back and let me run along with the rest, and such a merry chase we had!

These dear fellows gave me tobacco-stamps and told me it was money; they gave me Confederate bills and told me how very, very valuable they were, and in every way they not only loved and petted me, but they teased me as well.

It will not again perhaps become apropos in this chronicle to say a word about our Southern soldiery. To my mind they were the most charming, lovely, courageous men that ever fared forth upon a hopeless quest. They were every inch men to the manner born. They were generous, noble, brave and true, and while many of them fought, as my father did, against their heart convictions, yet they went forth panoplied and ready for the fray to do battle for their country. Stonewall Jackson is my ideal soldier. I venerate Robert E. Lee, but I do not think that any Southern general deserves to outclass Stonewall Jackson. There were, however, many Stonewall Jacksons in the private ranks—men who had not had the opportunities of military training at West Point, but men, nevertheless, who had in them all the elements that made Stonewall Jackson great. I love the Southern soldiers. There is not one now of the great Southern army, however old and however bent his frame, but commands my heartiest respect. I love them for the things they loved, and I love them for the things for which they fought. If I had been a grown man then, I would have had exactly the views my father held. I never believed in slavery; I never believed in secession; I never believed any great deal in the statesmanship of Jeff Davis, although I doubted not his patriotism nor his honor, and I never believed in any of the steps that our Southern leaders took in

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the direction of bringing about the Civil War. I do believe in the memory of the soldiers that are gone and in the goodness and patriotism of the men yet left among us.



III

SOME OTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD

I HAVE not lived in Eastern Texas since we left there January 21, 1866, but I have a tender recollection of our residence there for the five years from 1861 to 1866. I never can forget the sweet gum trees, the sassafras bark, the hickory nuts or the blackberry patches that so charmed our childish hearts. I would give much for a good chew of sweet gum now, and my heart has longed full many a time for a supply of the old scaly-bark hickory nuts that we used to gather in old Upshur County, and sassafras tea was a luxury in war time—a luxury we enjoyed to the fullest possible extent. The sassafras roots jutted out from the sides of the gulleys everywhere, and all we had to do was to gather them and scale the bark. We were then ready for the nicest beverage that was available during the time of war.

Speaking of the war, I must recite in this connection the courageous manner in which my mother met the trials and tribulations of that unhappy time. We were poor people before the war. My father had studied medicine and was practicing before the war began. He had not accumulated much, but we had our cow, our horses and had gathered together some little luxuries. The home in which we lived was a rented home, but my father was arranging to buy a home. We owned no slaves. The only negro that we ever had was the one we had when the war broke out, whose name was Till. She was hired from some slave-owner for

an annual rental, but I do not remember the amount that my father paid for her. She staid with us until the war was over and for some years afterwards, but none of our family, so far as I knew, were ever slave-holders at any time.

My mother was a devout Christian. When the war began, she clung more closely to her Bible and her religion than she had ever done before. There were only five of us in family. Counting the colored woman that we had, there were six. There was no man about the house. Every responsibility for the conduct of the home fell upon my dear, sweet little mother. She was a small woman, never in her life weighing over ninety pounds, but she was a very bundle of energy and determination. Every night during the great war, when my father was away, my dear mother would take the family Bible from the table, would read a chapter to us little ones gathered about her knee and would then bow in family prayer. She carried us up to God, asking for His help, for His guidance, for His protecting love and care, and then she would pray for father, who was away, for the armies of the South, for the reign of God's great grace everywhere and for a final triumph of the right. In all the experiences of my child life, and indeed, in all of those of later years, nothing has ever come to bless my soul more graciously than these Scripture readings and these prayers of my sweet mother. She gave us an object lesson in religion that will linger with me to my dying day and will gladden me when my redeemed spirit is with God.

Never, in all my wanderings in after years, when I was a wild, reckless, thoughtless Texas cowboy, did I entirely get away from this devotion of my mother. At another time, far later along in my youthful years, when I was out plowing in the field, I heard a voice but I could not locate the voice, and creeping up a little closer still, I heard her praying for me. She called my name, she pleaded with God to

have mercy upon her boy, to make him a good man, to cause his life to be a blessing to the world.

These incidents I am setting down here because I cherish them with a grateful heart, and because I feel that their recital may be helpful to other mothers and to other sons, and if I may be pardoned a word of preachment as I go on with this chronicle, I exhort mothers who may read what I am here writing down to so live in the presence of their children that those children will look back upon their childhood lives as the happiest period, and richest in sacred memories they can ever have. Even if I had wandered farther still than I ever went in my wild cowboy life, I would never have been able to get away from the impression made upon my young heart when, as a very little child, I knelt in that little family prayer meeting in the old East Texas land.

My father was not wounded in the army, but when he returned, his health seemed almost shattered. He had been through some hard campaigns and when the war was over he came back to find that what little he had was gone, and, like the average Confederate soldier, he had to begin his entire life anew. He had his faithful little wife and his brood of children, but beyond that, nothing. However, my father was the thriftiest man I ever knew. I make no exceptions. I believe if he had been suddenly let down into the heart of the Desert of Sahara, he would have soon had a good horse, a wagon and other equipment for service. Exactly this happened to him after his return from the Confederate army. He went immediately to work and got together two teams—one team of horses and one of oxen. I neglected to tell you that he did bring back home from the army his fine blooded saddle horse. I wonder how that ever happened, but it was true. By some means, he kept his horse all through the war, and when he came back, the horse was in fairly good condition. This was a stock of horses that he secured in Parker County, and he kept that same

breed of horses unto his dying day. From 1858 to 1903 is a long stretch of years, and yet up to within a year of his death, he owned some of this same blood of horses.

When he had gotten his new belongings together, he started forth with his little family to move again. We left Calloway January 21, 1866.

The entire state was in an unsettled condition. There were roving bands of soldiers from both armies. The war had turned loose upon this new country many strange and desperate men. My father had with him one young man friend, whose name I do not now recall. He was a faithful man and my father esteemed him highly. He, together with our own little family and the negro woman, constituted the party. We had the two teams, one a two-horse team and the other of two oxen. The young man rode the fine big horse my father loved so well. My father drove the horse team, and the ox team was driven by turns by the colored woman and my brother.

On a certain day as we were entering Leon County, we missed our way. It seemed a strange coincidence that every man and every bunch of men we met seemed to tell us the wrong road. It aroused my father's suspicions. He soon imbibed the idea that these men had been following us and had gotten in ahead of us to throw us off the route so as to rob us of our horses and what little belongings of value we had. Towards evening, my father, in absolute defiance of all the directions of all the men we had met, used his own judgment and again we found ourselves in the main thoroughfare. It was then quite late and it was necessary for us to find a camping place. This we did in a little motte of elm trees where we found an abandoned house that had been used during the Civil War, but now was vacant. My mother found blood on the floor and the walls, and when we went to draw water from the well, our bucket struck something solid. We became afraid that some man had

been murdered in the house and thrown into the well. These things were discussed at supper, and the incidents of the day, together with the weird surroundings of the place, generated a feeling of insecurity.

About ten o'clock that night, my father awoke, and I, who was sleeping in the wagon with my father and mother, heard him wake my mother and begin to tell her of his dream. He said he had dreamed that we had been attacked by a band of robbers. He had been able to rout all the robbers but one very large woman, who withstood all of his assaults. He had cut the muscles in her arms with his bowie knife and had shot her, but nothing he did served to check her advance. With that he awoke.

The young man who was journeying with us heard him talking to my mother, but was so far away he could not hear what he said. Being himself aroused, however, he approached our wagon and told my father that he had had a very strange dream, whereupon he recited exactly the same dream my father had dreamed. The coincidence was so sensationally suggestive that after a little counsel together, my father and the young man and my mother decided that we would arouse all of the family, harness up our teams and drive on. It was a bright winter night. The moon was full, and in a few minutes every one of us, children, dogs, horses, oxen, men and all, were as wide awake as we ever had been in our whole lives, and we took the road with great eagerness. I never saw oxen travel so. Never did I see horses so alert to get away, and the whole bunch of us seemed rejoiced in the thought of going forward. We traveled twenty miles before we stopped and struck camp some little while after daylight at a point near Cotton Gin, Free-stone County. We never knew whether the robbers came that night or not. If they came, their birds had flown, and whether there was real danger or not, we never knew.

In his move, my father was making for Comal County.

Uncle Charles Galloway had moved to Comal before the Civil War and had settled on York's Creek. He and a number of his sons were living there and my father was journeying to settle near him. We rented land the first year from a man named Davis. The land had not been cultivated during the war. It had grown up in cockleburs and weeds of various kinds, and rattlesnakes and other reptiles abounded everywhere. I never knew, in all my rattlesnake experiences, of so many of the *genus crotalus* as we found in this Comal County farm; but every one of us entered upon the work with zest and earnestness. I was big enough to wield a hoe, and with the negro woman, my brother and my father, we soon had cleaned up enough land on which to plant a crop. We planted it in corn and cotton. Happily, not one of us were bitten by a rattlesnake, but our escapes were almost miraculous. Our negro woman cut off the head of a rattlesnake and the snake, head and all, was dead. She picked up the snake's head to look at it, and by some means became inoculated with a slight amount of the virus. It took very prompt attention on my father's part to save her life.

York's Creek was about equidistant from San Marcos and New Braunfels, being about eight miles from each point. My father did most of his trading at the latter point, but frequently went to San Marcos. As soon as the crop was pitched, he replenished his stock of medicines and let it be known that there was a doctor in that section of the county. He soon began to establish a medical practice in connection with his farming operations, and so, on the whole, it was not a disastrous year for us. We made fairly good crops, both of corn and cotton, and inasmuch as cotton was 25 cents a pound, we sold it to good advantage and found ourselves, in the fall of the year, much better off than we were at the beginning.

Comal County is a prickly pear county. That is what we

called them, though now they are called cactus. It had been a very hard time for the cattle. There had been no provender made in several years and so the old time Texans utilized the cacti as feed for their cattle. I was one of the boys that helped to do it. We cut bunches of cacti down even with the ground, built bonfires of mesquite twigs and bushes, and after having pierced the prickly pear with pitchforks, we burned the thorns off and gave it to the cattle. They ate it voraciously and it undoubtedly saved the lives of thousands of head of stock.

Mr. Davis, our landlord, had a boy named Billy. He was my playmate, but he was four or five years older than I. He was a big enough boy to do a man's work, but I was not. I loved play with all my heart and the great game that we had in those days was mumble-peg. It was played by throwing a knife into prickly pear leaves. The knife would stick in the prickly pear, if it was correctly thrown, and after the game was played, the boy that lost had to "root the peg." The peg was a little stick sharpened to a point and driven in the ground. The boy that was victorious had a right to drive the peg. He could strike it two strokes with his knife handle with his eyes open and had to strike the last stroke with his eyes shut. Sometimes the peg was driven down into the dirt and the boy had to grabble in the dirt in order to get it up, which he did by pulling it up with his teeth.

One day, when Billy and I were finishing a game of mumble-peg, Billy's father, who had set the young man to a much more important task and had thus found him "playing hookey" from his work, said to him: "Ah! And here you are again playing mumble-peg. It seems to me that your highest ambition in life will always be that of mumbling the peg." And the father's sad prognostication came true.

That fall my father moved again. If he had remained in any one place in Texas where he originally settled, he would have become a man of wealth. As it was, he lost so much in

moving that he was never able to accumulate any great amount of money or property. This time we moved down into the edge of Gonzales County close to where it joins Caldwell. The point was within three miles of where Luling now stands. At that time no railway had been projected through that part of Texas. The nearest railway point was Columbus, about one hundred miles away. In that section were some old-time Kentucky friends of my father. There were Henry Scoggins and Henry Wade and old Uncle Billy Wade and Mrs. Zillah Hale, who was the widowed daughter of Uncle Billy Wade. All of these he had known in his old Kentucky home, and I think that is one reason why he moved down into that section of Texas.

There are some memories of Comal County that I shall always cherish. The farm we tended that year was on the old San Antonio road. This was the great thoroughfare between Nacogdoches and the boundless West. It was the road over which the Texas troops journeyed when they went to their immolation in the Alamo. Along this road was the great frontier telegraph line that stretched from the East to San Antonio and beyond. There comes down to us a story from those frontier times that may be of interest to the reader.

Tom Ochiltree was a remarkable character. He was born in Eastern Texas, but belonged to all Texas and was withal a thorough cosmopolitan. At one time Ochiltree was a reporter on *The Galveston News*. He went out West to give the details of a feud in which a number of lives had been sacrificed. Telegraph tolls were ten cents a word. When Ochiltree reached the end of the telegraph line, he found the following message from *The News*:

"Wire us the facts. We will get up the embellishments in the office."

Whereupon Ochiltree at once fired this answer back at them:

“Go to the devil! I will furnish the embellishments and you can get up the facts in the office.”

I do not vouch for the authenticity of this story, but I remember the old frontier telegraph line under which I lounged on many a summer day, as I listened to its wierd music while the messages were carrying their news of cheer and tragedy.

It was in Comal County that my mother taught me to read. I still had the blue back Webster speller and we bought a new McGuffey's First Reader. The First Reader of that period was fully as elaborate and as difficult as the Second or Third Reader of school book lore is now. I went into books like a fish goes into water, and found no difficulty in mastering the arts of reading, writing and spelling. I cannot remember when I learned to punctuate or capitalize. I absorbed this knowledge from the books I read. When I reached composition and rhetoric, I found that I had already known the very rudiments they taught. Education in those good old text books was of a better quality than the training our children are receiving now. While the text books were a little more difficult, their work amounted to much more than the school work of the present time. I am impressed with the fact that the average graduate of our colleges of today is sadly lacking in the very rudiments my mother taught me.

It was not difficult for me to understand punctuation, capitalization and spelling, and in this fact was a prophecy of my future years. Newspaper men are born. Like poets, they come into the world without any heralding and with instincts and intuitions that fit them for their chosen task. God makes them and in the highest sense equips them for their life estate.

It was not long before I mastered, “Twinkle, twinkle, lit-

tle star," and all those grand old poems and stories with the morals that dear old McGuffey gave to us, and I went on through the spelling book clear into the reading part where the old man was chunking the boy out of the apple tree with clods, along there somewhere with "Old Tray" that fell into bad company, and so there began the ground-work of such intellectual culture as I afterwards achieved.



IV

DOWN IN GONZALES COUNTY

WHEN my father reached the new field of operation, he found his old friends a great help to him in establishing a medical practice. He did not attempt to farm when he reached Gonzales County. We only had a small field there. He branched out into growing sheep, cattle and horses, but gave most of his time to the practice of medicine. There was much sickness and the people had begun again to be prosperous. United States currency was of little value, Confederate money was all dead, hence most accounts were paid in gold. Cotton was 25 cents a pound and even the negroes were fortunate in making excellent crops. Father had a large medical practice and was away from home most of the day and night. He was a magnificent collector and people somehow loved to pay him what they owed him. His professional earnings were placed in shot-sacks and kept very secretly.

Upon one occasion, when mother and father wanted to know exactly how much money they had, they asked all of the children to leave the one room in which we lived, so that they could attend to some private matters of their own. I was curious to know what these matters were, so I peeped through a hole in the wall where a chink had fallen out and saw them counting the gold. How much they had, I do not know, but when we got down into Bastrop County, during Christmas week of 1868, less than two years from that time, father had sufficient funds with which to buy a modest farm.

One of father's best friends was Henry Scoggins. He was a gambler and a whiskey drinker, yet a man of big-heartedness and generous to a fault to his friends. He was a fighter and a man who in gentler times would have been called a desperado. He carried his weapons all the time, as all the Texans in that time did, and was ready at a moment's notice to either shoot or be shot. During our stay in Gonzales County, he was shot all to pieces once and knocked in the head another time, and he cut the throat of a man at another time.

One night, when we were all in bed, a man galloped up to our gate and called for father. We soon learned that it was Jim Scoggins, old man Henry Scoggins' grown-up son. We were all alert in a moment and I heard him say to father:

"Pa and I have just been in a big fight over at Johnson's store and I have killed old man Sorrells."

We all felt very sorry for him. He did not have a penny in money, but he was riding a splendid horse and of course was making his way into some distant county. Father loaned him some money and he went on his way. We rejoiced next day to find that old man Sorrells was not dead. Young Jim Scoggins thought he had cut his throat, but instead he had simply cut deeply around the back of his neck, severing some muscles and ligaments but penetrating no main veins or arteries. The whole thing came about through a row between Henry Scoggins and old man Sorrells. They had been drinking and gambling together and old man Sorrells was about to kill Henry Scoggins when the son Jim got into the fight, with the result I have stated.

At another time, at a horse race that Henry Scoggins was conducting, he got into a difficulty with the man on the other side and the man quickly drew his gun to shoot him. Scoggins darted under his horse's neck and the man fired. He shot only one time, but he gave Scoggins six distinct and

separate wounds. He was all doubled and twisted up under the horse's neck and that bullet did more execution, not to kill him, than any bullet of which I ever knew. It was hard work for my father, with all the care that he could give him, to bring his old friend through, but he entirely recovered and was none the worse for his dangerous experience.

In many respects Henry Scoggins was a remarkable character. He became a widower and courted Mrs. Zillah Hale. They had known each other in their childhood in Kentucky, and now they were each alone. Mrs. Hale was the most beautiful woman I ever saw in my boyhood. She was of the Grecian type and a typical Kentucky beauty. Henry Scoggins besieged her to marry him. She was perfectly aware of all his bad habits and refused to marry him. He kept on courting her. She kept on refusing him. He made love to her as arduously and as steadily as any young swain would have done, always with the result that he came away with the mitten. He was quite profane. One day, after Mrs. Hale had refused five times to marry him, he went again to see her. He felt quite indignant on account of the way she had treated him. Going into her house and seating himself, he turned to her and said :

"Zillah, I want to know what in the —— you mean by refusing so often to marry me."

In her sweet, gentle way she replied :

"I mean to marry you the next time you ask me."

That settled it. He asked her again, was accepted and they soon were married. It was, however, not a happy marriage, because as long as the old man lived he kept up his wild and reckless ways and led her quite an unhappy life.

Father was still of a roving disposition. No sooner had he become thoroughly prosperous in Gonzales County than he decided that he would move some fifty miles further south and settle in the edge of Bastrop County. He had acquired no land in Gonzales County, but had made a splendid

new start in life and was well equipped for taking up his profession and for making a sane and sensible land investment when we reached Bastrop County.

One point in the move was that in going to Bastrop County we approached forty or fifty miles nearer to the market. The Southern Pacific Railway still had as its terminal point the town of Columbus, and this was our railroad point almost all the time we lived in Bastrop and Gonzales Counties.

During our stay in Gonzales County, father abandoned the old-fashioned wagon we had, which was a wooden axle with lynch pins and the tar bucket hanging on the coupling pole, and bought what he called a "thimble-skein" wagon over at Belmont, some twelve miles away. I went with him to buy the wagon, and my father paid the \$125 for it in gold. It was not of the beautifully painted type that we see nowadays, having been manufactured in a local shop, but it was an iron axle wagon that we greased with axle grease. The purchase of this wagon marked a distinct advance in our fortunes. It was very useful in marketing such products as we grew, and it also elevated us very considerably in the scale of respectability. The man that could afford a "thimble-skein" wagon that was greased with axle grease was in many respects a bloated aristocrat, and while father was never puffed up on account of any prosperity that came to him, I did notice that he sat a little straighter in his saddle after that.

It was Christmas week of 1868 when we moved from Gonzales down into Bastrop County. We almost paralleled the lines of the two counties on our way south, so that when we reached our final destination in the edge of Bastrop County, we were still only a mile or two from its intersection with Gonzales County. While we had shifted our location some forty miles, we had not very considerably changed if we went by the geography.

I entered school at Harris Chapel when we lived in Gonzales County. This school was taught by Miss Lou Scoggins, the very amiable and cultured daughter of Henry Scoggins. She was a most lovely woman and I loved her dearly. Hers was the first "really and truly" school that I ever attended. Meantime I had been to the writing school taught by Mr. Pyle, but Miss Scoggins kept a sure enough school. The first day I was in that school, I was placed in a spelling class of girls. There were nine of them. I started in at the foot. During the day, when Miss Lou was giving out a spelling lesson, she began at the head of the class and gave out the word "major." They all missed the word. I spelled it correctly, went head and stood head of the class all of the time until I was promoted to another class.

I was not a beautiful boy to look upon. I was barefooted, my hair was long, I was still wearing homespun clothes, and when I first entered that school, many of the pupils in better circumstances looked at me askance. When, however, I showed them that I could spell and could walk along with them in the quest of knowledge, they ever after treated me with the most cordial respect.

Another experience in the old Gonzales County home will never be forgotten. We lived a little way from the beautiful San Marcos River. This is one of the prettiest streams in the world. It bursts out of the mountain side at San Marcos, a river at its birth, and it is beautiful, clear and sparkling from its source to its mouth. It was in this crystal stream that I learned to swim, and in its waters I came very near being drowned. Had it not been for Billy Hale, my dear, good boyhood friend, I would have sunk in the waters to rise no more. As I was sinking for the third time, he reached me and carried me to shore. I have seen him many times since we were both grown, and I love and cherish him as I do one next of kin.

Another incident in our Gonzales County life lingers with

me as I write. One day I was playing with Linn Echols, a grandson of old Uncle Johnnie Echols, when another one of the children ran out and said to Linn:

"Your grandfather is dead."

Linn jumped up, and with a radiant expression on his face, said:

"Well, I'm going to have his knife!"

That was in a remote place, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," but wrapped in the little playmate with whom I played that day was as large an endowment of human nature as you will find in the gamblers of Wall Street. He must, in his way, have loved his grandfather, but when he learned the old man was gone, the first thing of which he thought was how he would profit through the dear grandfather's death.

It was in Gonzales County in the winter of 1866 that I first learned the meaning of those numerals. Some one had written them quite large on our barn door. They attracted my attention. While I had learned how to read and spell, I had not learned anything of figures. I finally went to my mother one day and asked her what these figures meant. She explained what the numerals signified. Her tender, kind and loving recital of our Saviour's birth and of all those gracious stories about His childhood and His life, which she delighted to relate, made an impression upon me that lingers with me still and will until my dying day.

About this time, I had my first pair of red top boots. I never had before enjoyed the luxury of wearing boots. My father bought my brother and me each a pair and we were two of the happiest boys in Gonzales County. I did not keep mine long. Soon after they were given us, my brother and I, while playing down by the well, became involved in an argument. I was impetuous and somewhat intolerant, particularly regarding my brother, whereas on the other hand he was very gentle, patient and kind with me. He was four

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DR. T. E. CRANFILL, ONLY BROTHER OF J. B. CRANFILL.

years older and had been taught that he must be very careful not to run over his little brother. I was the baby of the family and spoiled. My mother petted me and my father indulged me more than he would have been willing to confess, so on this, as on other occasions, I tried to run it over my brother and soon became quite heated in the argument. Anger followed heat. We had pulled off our boots to wade, and so, when the real quarrel began, the handiest weapon was one of my boots. I threw it at my brother. He dexterously dodged it and it went into the well. That was the last of my red top boots.

If I could then have taken the lesson seriously to heart, it would have saved me many pains and penalties in after years. When my boot fell into the well, all my anger was gone and I burst into tears. My brother, with whom I had been in such heated argument before, ran to me and took me in his arms to console me for the loss of this belonging that I so dearly loved, but the boot was gone, though the dear brother whom I had so earnestly tried to punish remained and was a consolation and help to me through many eventful years, as he is today.

Bastrop and Gonzales were cattle counties. The cattle industry took its rise in those and adjoining counties. DeWitt and Bexar were also noted for their wealth of cattle, but none of them excelled Gonzales County in the output of cattle in the decade that followed.

It was not counted theft for a man to brand any unmarked yearling that he found out on the range. So well was this established that unprincipled men presumed upon the custom and stole cattle that had been branded. Great abuses arose, and many is the time that my dear father was vexed beyond endurance from the fact that these cow thieves stole his cattle. It will be remembered that the word "maverick," now a good dictionary term, grew out of the post-bellum cattle industry. The man from whose name this

term arose was Sam Maverick, of San Antonio. He was a great cattle man and afterwards became a distinguished business man. He had, during the war, allowed his cattle to run wild, so that when the war closed he went on the range to gather them up again. Many of them were unbranded. They had received no attention during the four or five years of civil strife, and Mr. Maverick thought it entirely legitimate for him to appropriate any unbranded cattle that he found. He assumed that all of these were his. Other men took up the same plan, and so it was a scramble between these new cattle men as to who could appropriate most of the unbranded calves and yearlings. Indeed, some of the unbranded cattle in the first stages of the Southwest Texas cattle industry were four and five years old. Mr. Maverick was more of an adept in coralling the unbranded cattle and they were called mavericks. Father was out of sympathy with the whole plan, and denounced it as cow-stealing. It rendered him quite unpopular among the cattle men. I wonder how he ever got through alive. He was out riding at night very much of his time, covering wide stretches of country, and he, at all times, expressed himself openly concerning this kind of cattle operations. He taught my brother and me that we should never, at any time, dare to drive in an unbranded calf or yearling unless we knew positively it was ours. He was scrupulously honest, and I rejoice in the heritage he gave me of an unsullied name.

But the cattle business waxed great. The seasons were excellent, the range was magnificent and the cattle men industrious. From the first of our experiences in Bastrop County, it became my most cherished ambition to be a cowboy. I knew many of the young boys who were going up the beef trail and it was hard for me to wait until I would be large enough to take my place with them and follow the slow moving herd to the Kansas and Nebraska markets up the old Chisholm beef trail. How I loved to think of

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WHEN SPRINGTIME CAME THE BRANDS OF A COW OFT BESPOKE THREE OWNERS.

such splendid herd bosses as Gladney McVeay, Ell Barnard and men of their type; and "Nick" Miller, who was the baron of that part of Gonzales County, was my ideal of a great and successful man. When he returned from the army, he was as poor as the rest of his neighbors, but was a man of a far vision. After the inauguration of the Maverick round-up, he was quickly in the thick of the campaign. He was not only an expert on his own account, but he employed such splendid cattle men as Gladney McVeay, Ell Barnard, John Greenhaw and others of like type who gravitated to Mr. Miller as the steel filing gravitates to the magnet. Within a few years Nick Miller was the richest man in Gonzales County.

The cowboys began to round up the cattle sometimes as early as the middle of February. The cattle were thin from the deprivations of the winter, but when grass "rose" they soon picked up in flesh, and as they were gathered they were put in herds and kept on the range so that they might increase in weight and improve in condition ready for the trail. When a herd would be gathered, it was necessary to brand all of the herd with what was called the "road brand"—a brand that would be common to all the cattle that were to be driven. Every cow man had his own peculiar road brand, and this road brand was put on the cattle's left jaw. The cattle would be driven into pens and these pens would narrow into chutes. When a chute would be filled with cattle, the rear gate would be closed and the cowboys would walk along on the fence on each side and put on the road brand. Other cowboys would be busy heating the branding irons. Hundreds of cattle could be thus road-branded in a day.

A herd of cattle was not a fixed quantity. It would range all the way from 1500 to 15,000 head. The ideal size, however, was 1500, and when this number would be gathered, duly road-branded and the outfit organized, the herd would start up the trail on its long journey for the Western cattle

market. The old Chisholm beef trail ran by way of Austin, Round Rock, Georgetown, Belton, Comanche Springs, Crawford, Valley Mills, and on up through Fort Worth to the Indian Territory and from there into Kansas. The great cattle market of that period was Abilene, Kansas, and later on it was rivaled by Omaha, Nebraska.

The cattle industry bore an important relation to all other lines of endeavor. Not much was being done as early as 1868 on the farm. Three years had elapsed since the close of the Civil War, but the farmers of Southwest Texas had not fully pulled themselves together for their farming operations. The average settler combined his stock raising with his farming, and that is what my father did.

Part of his farm was prairie and part sandy land. We settled near Hallmark's Prairie, at a point about equidistant from Gonzales, Bastrop, Lockhart and LaGrange. The four counties of which these were the county sites cornered near my father's farm. We lived on the main thoroughfares from Lockhart to LaGrange and from Bastrop to Gonzales. Later on, the postoffice known as Jeddo was established near my father's house, but when we moved to this new home, the nearest postoffice was Hopkinsville, Gonzales County, five miles away. The next nearest postoffice was Cistern, Fayette County, otherwise called Cockrell's Hill.

Our market was Columbus, fifty miles away. There were stores nearer to us. A few years after we moved there, a store was established at Jeddo. Meantime we marketed at Hopkinsville or Cockrell's Hill, and for larger purchases we went either to Gonzales or Bastrop. The rate of freight for hauling from Columbus to our point was \$1.00 a hundred and the chief freight hauler was Daniel Johnson. He had two boys, George and Daniel, and these were our nearest neighbors and closest friends. Daniel Johnson kept his wagon busy all the time hauling produce, such as corn and cotton, down to the market and bringing

back such freight as was needed for the neighbors and the store-keepers. That was not a wheat country and is not today. Flour was very scarce and the price was \$12 a barrel. I do not think that we ever saw a biscuit in that part of the country until Uncle Daniel one time brought some flour back from Columbus. The man who could buy a barrel of flour was a very distinguished citizen. The only man then who dared to invest such a startlingly large amount in flour was Daniel Johnson and he made the money by freighting, so it did not come hard for him. We grew our own corn, our melons, our vegetables and had some fruit, but flour bread was a treasure to be remembered forever and ever. I never shall forget how eager I used to be to go to stay all night with the Johnson boys in the hope that their mother would cook biscuit bread for breakfast, which she often did, especially on Sunday mornings.

The story goes that during this period a boy once found a biscuit. Never having seen one, he thought it was a terrapin and built a fire on its back to make it crawl. Great was his surprise when this terrapin literally allowed itself to be baked and baked again, and never would crawl. Later on he found out what the biscuit was.

The schools were few and poor. The school that we first attended was one taught by a one-armed minister by the name of Johnson, now long since in Heaven. He was a good man, but all were in dread of his tremendously muscular left arm. Our schooling was fragmentary. We would get as much as two months of schooling, perhaps, in the summer time, and then after crops were gathered, which usually was about November 15, we would get some schooling between that and corn planting time. Father's plan was to begin corn planting on February 14, unless it fell on Sunday, his theory being that the early corn, if it hit, made a splendid crop, whereas the late corn usually suffered from drought and turned out poorly. It thus fell out that the

best we could possibly do in the matter of schooling would be to get from three to four months in the year. Sometimes extra things would intervene to keep us at home, and it was thus that our schooling came in a way to do us the least possible good.

I do not lay any of this at the door of my dear father. Other farmers and stock raisers in the neighborhood kept their boys in the field and out with the cattle all the time. The schools were very small and it was only the fewest number of boys who were allowed to attend. Things were down to bedrock. Times were strenuous and hard, and the boy who could earn anything whatever was needed at the plow or in rounding up the cattle. My father believed profoundly in education. He did the very best for us that could be done, with the means at his command, and I cherish the memory of his loving kindness with a grateful heart. We had never heard of colleges and knew nothing of the great wide world of learning. It was a Godsend to us to have the little schooling that came our way, and in that schooling we laid the foundation for those literary and mental achievements which became ours in after years.

We had to economize at every point. Brother and I helped in buying our books. After we became larger and were able to handle ourselves well, we often would look out for some dead cow as we went on our ponies to school, and finding one, we would stop, take off the hide, throw it across a neighbor's fence and bring it home with us in the afternoon.

The matter of saving cow hides was a corollary industry of the other branches of the cattle business. The hide was worth nearly as much as the cow. Cattle were very cheap. Beef was worth nothing, and the cattle, even when driven to the Western market, brought such small prices that it was hardly worth while to drive them. During the winter months, many of the cows would become thin and would get down "on the lift," so that it was simply a question of a

short time when they would be found dead. After they died, it was by general consent everybody's prerogative to skin the cows and thus save the hides. My brother and I would ply this branch of the industry on our own account as best we could. This was done with father's approval. The plan was marred by manifold abuses. I recall one thief who did much to bring this sensible plan into disrepute. He would not wait for the poor "on-the-lift" cattle to die. He would drive a nail into the cow's brain just behind the horns and then would have a dead cow to skin. Another industry arose somewhat later which was unique. I never knew of its repetition elsewhere. Cattle were very cheap and hides were valuable. Hogs were also valuable. Pork sold for many times the price of beef. Men established "slaughter houses." They would buy cattle, drive them to these slaughter houses, kill them, take off their hides, prepare the hides for market and feed the flesh to the hogs. This industry did not long survive, because the price of cattle increased and the price of hogs declined. It furnished opportunity for many a cow thief to take his neighbor's cows, slaughter them and hide the evidence of his crime.

MY FIRST BOOK—BASTROP COUNTY SCHOOL
DAYS

FATHER was very kind to brother and me. When we would be particularly industrious in our own crops, gather them quickly and get them ready for market, he would allow us to help our neighbors and thus make money for ourselves. I picked 125 pounds of cotton, for which a neighbor paid me \$1.25. With this money I bought a book entitled, "How to Read Character." I had become interested in this subject through reading the article on phrenology in "Chambers' Encyclopedia," which my father had bought at one of the numerous sales he attended. In the earlier days of Texas, the settlers were nomadic. Wagons were poor and scarce. The average settler was not able to afford more than one or two wagons and teams. When moving time came, the family who were going to move gave out that they were leaving soon and would sell at public outcry such of their belongings as they could not take with them. It was my father's custom to attend these sales and buy the books. In this way he acquired a regular "Joseph's coat" of a library, but it contained very many valuable works. Among them was "Chambers' Encyclopedia," and in this volume was the article on phrenology to which I have referred.

Later Daniel C. Bellows, a phrenologist, came to our neighborhood lecturing. He was an expert reader of character, was well versed in literary lore and was a born actor. He read beautifully. There was an explanation for his being

so far from the centers of influence and culture. He was a drunkard. Every time he got a little money ahead, he went on a spree until his money was gone. He would then go out lecturing again to earn more money with which to get more whiskey. He visited us in a lucid moment and lectured on phrenology at the little Hardshell Baptist church house.

One of the methods he adopted in his character reading was to call each evening for volunteers to come forward for free phrenological examinations. He would blindfold himself so that everyone would know there could possibly be no collusion between him and the examinee. One evening the village blacksmith, Uncle Asa Bellamy, went forward. He was the senior deacon of the Hardshell Baptist church, of which my father and mother were members. A good man, but as thoroughly a Hardshell and non-progressive as could be found in Texas. When Uncle Asa came to the front Dr. Bellows had no more idea who the man before him was than he would have had if he had met him in Central Africa. The first thing he said after putting his hands on Uncle Asa's head was this:

"This man would rather go to hell a Hardshell Baptist than to Heaven anything else in the world."

That settled it. Ever after that, during Dr. Bellows' sojourn there he was a masterful man. He did much business. He examined all of our heads, agreed to write charts for us and did so much work for us that my father sold him a good horse and saddle. He did not pay in full for the horse and saddle. He was going to send the money back from his next engagement, which, of course, he never did.

Thus my interest in the subject of phrenology was intensified. After having read the article in "Chambers' Encyclopedia," I was naturally greatly interested in the lectures of Dr. Bellows. I was then about twelve years old. When I received my book, I took it out to the field with me, reading at the noon hour and reading again and again as my mule

would turn at the end of the row. It was not long before I knew it by heart, and I soon began the examination of the crania of different animals. I gathered a great collection of the skulls of cats, dogs, rabbits and other animals, both of the smaller and the larger type, and now and then would get one of my neighbor boys off to one side and feel his bumps.

Phrenology has always been to me a very engaging study. I believe there is much in it, but there have been so many charlatans and frauds who have practiced it that the science has been brought greatly into disrepute. That there is a science in it, I have never had a doubt. I know, of course, that such eminent physiologists as Dalton and others have inveighed greatly against it, and I think that perhaps no standard work on physiology of today admits that phrenology is what it claims. At the same time, after I studied and practiced medicine and after I made still further investigations of the subject, I believed in it.

I will return to the question of our school books and school days. Before doing this, however, I must refer to what I regarded as one of my father's great weaknesses. He sold the traveling phrenologist a horse and saddle largely on credit and never heard of him again. He was in this way victimized by more frauds than any intelligent man I ever knew. I have had my own day along the same line and am having it yet. Often I am reminded of my dear father, because any one who will come and tell me a pitiful story and put some new twist to it can appeal to my sympathies and get me to help him. Crying always gets me. I have helped more unworthy tramps, drunkards and professed unfortunates than any man of my years that I now know of, but I am really not to be classed with my dear father along this line. He would help any poor straggler, no matter what kind of a story he told.

Once a very sick man came to my father's house and appealed for medical attention. We took him into the house,

gave him a bed on which to sleep, gave him medicine, gave him food, waited on him like he was a brother and kept him with us for six or eight weeks until he was entirely recovered. On one fair night, when my father was out on his rounds practicing medicine, the scamp stole one of his best horses and left for parts unknown. We never saw the man nor heard of the horse afterwards. At another time my father took in another doctor as a partner. The doctor was down at the heel and altogether to the bad. He was a very pitiful spectacle. He did not have a change of clothing and was up against it hard. However, he had a good address and showed evidence of culture and refinement. My father took him in, and you may be sure he took my father in. Father sent him out to see patients, finally gave him a half interest in his practice and was rewarded by the greatest exhibition of treachery I have ever known, culminating in an attempt on the part of this man to murder my father.

These are samples of the manner in which my father helped the helpless, and while he was often victimized, I do not know that I would have it different could I call him back and have him live his life again. I feel the same about my own case. I have suffered much at the hands of irresponsible vagrants, tramps and frauds, but now and again, as I have journeyed on I have helped some worthy man to get on his feet and I have found afterwards a rich reward in the splendid gratitude exhibited and in the good record subsequently made.

The schools my brother and I attended were all commonplace but one. I make no railing accusation against them. The teachers received poor pay and did poor service. When I was about twelve years old, however, we came in contact with one genuine God-made teacher. My father sent us to Hopkinsville to school, five miles from home. We had to ride our ponies there and we had our work to do mornings and evenings, so we had very little time for anything in the way

of study at home. We had to do all our studying at school. The teacher to whom I refer was George W. Betts. He was the first school teacher and the only one I ever had who awoke in me a real, genuine, all-absorbing thirst for knowledge. I had loved books all my life, but I had never awakened to the real importance of learning until I met Mr. Betts. Long years the dear man has been in his grave. I wish that he were living now to read this tribute that I pay him. He was a born teacher. He loved knowledge and had the greatest gift for its impartation of any school teacher I ever knew. He taught the school called the Hopkinsville Academy, which my brother and I attended two to three months each year for about three years. We progressed very rapidly.

The Hopkinsville school days were the happiest of my childhood. All my life I had loved books and papers and longed for knowledge. Now I had found a teacher whose heart and mind conspired to make him a genuine instructor. His was a splendid personality, he loved his students, he was himself a finished scholar, and there was activity and progress in everything he did and said.

I hated farm work. There never was a day when I was a boy working on the farm that I did not resolve in my secret soul to quit farm life just as soon as I was big enough to do so. I never seriously purposed to run away. Mine was a wise father and he discounted in advance any purpose we had to run away. Now and then he would call us to him and speak to us as follows:

"Boys, there are a large number of young fellows who, it seems, would love to run away. Some of them are running away. I do not want you to belong to that class. Whenever either of you feels that you can do better somewhere else than you can in your home, come and tell me so and I will arrange for you to go away in peace. I will equip each of you with a good horse, saddle and bridle, give you

some money to help you along and always welcome you back home."

This took all of the starch out of the runaway game, and my brother and I never seriously purposed such an escapade. However, I detested farming operations to the very bottom of my soul. I hated every feature of it. I did not like to get up early. I did not like to plow or hoe or pick cotton, and I did not like the plan of retiring practically at dark, for I loved to read at night. Mr. Betts was my ideal of a way out. He so thoroughly met my heart's desire in the matter of books and schooling that I felt that I could equip myself for something besides farm work.

Among our text books were Ray's Arithmetic, Composition and Rhetoric by Quackenbos, Ray's Algebra, Clark's Grammar and the McGuffey's series of readers. Mr. Betts was strong on spelling, punctuation and composition. He was able to do what many teachers are incapable of performing—he could speak and write the English language perfectly. Clark's Grammar was a grammar in which we learned to diagram. That was very difficult for me, but arithmetic, and indeed all the branches of mathematics, were easy, as well as composition and rhetoric. So strong was my brother in English composition that during one of our periods of absence from school covering a number of months, he kept up his studies in composition and took first honors at the ensuing winter examination. We both loved study and we craved to go to school with an unutterable longing. Looking back upon it now, it seems pathetic that we had so little opportunity to receive a really genuine education.

We had all of the features of the traditional country school. At the end of each school term, we had our exhibition, where we would read compositions, make speeches, act charades and finally close with some kind of joyful entertainment. Meantime, we had our long hours for playtime.

I have always thought well of this plan. Some of the happiest moments of my life were spent on the old Hopkinsville playground. We knew nothing of football or baseball, but we became experts in town-ball and bull-pen. One day at the noon recess we had both a town-ball game and a bull-pen game going on in different parts of our playground at the same time. Boyd Mullen was left-handed and he was one of the men who was throwing at the boys in the bull-pen. All at once, one of the other boys, who was engaged in the game, came running up as hard as he could and very much excited, and said:

“ Oh, boys, boys! Run here quick! Boyd Mullen has knocked Doc Stewart sensible! ”

It was a fact that when we reached the bull-pen Doc Stewart was laid out upon the ground unconscious, but he soon came round and was none the worse for having gotten into the range of the man who threw with his left hand.

It was during these years that an incident occurred which I look back upon even now with great emotion. I was allowed on one afternoon recess to go down to the store. There had come into the store some evidently well-to-do people, because they had bought their little three years old boy a big package of long stick candy. Mind you, I was just as fond of stick candy as any boy you could find, but our resources were few and I had no money with which to buy stick candy. This little boy began nibbling on a stick of candy and dropped it, almost under the counter. Soon his parents came for him and he left the stick of candy lying there practically untouched. I began a debate with myself as to what would be right in the matter. I wanted the candy as bad as any boy ever craved a stick of candy in his life. I reasoned the matter out this way: The child's father had bought the candy and paid for it, so it did not belong to the people in the store. The father and mother of the child had taken the child away and it would never come back to claim

the candy, so there it was. As I reasoned thus with myself, I approached a little closer and yet a little closer to the candy, and finally I picked it up and took it with me. I called the attention of the storekeeper to the matter, and after having explained it to him he told me I had done exactly right. I never shall forget how good that candy tasted.

Another incident occurred during this period that left its impress upon my mind. A traveling overland country circus came to Hopkinsville, and my father, true to his noble nature, agreed that all of the children should go. He brought mother out to Hopkinsville, with my sisters, and we all went. Mr. Betts gave a holiday for the circus, and it was really a red letter day of my boyhood. There were the clowns, the man who sold the prize boxes, the few animals they had and the acrobatic performances, which were very interesting. Among the other very engaging attractions was a sideshow in which there was a man who had never had any arms. This man could load and shoot a pistol, could write with his toes and could perform many other wonderful feats with his feet. In the circus proper, the most interesting thing to me was the badinage between the clown and the ringmaster. The two chief jokes of that day linger with me still. After they had been badgering each other for quite a while, the clown and the ringmaster darted from the main tent into the side tent, the clown in advance of the ringmaster. The latter, with apparent offense, jerked the clown back behind him and said:

“Get behind me! I won't follow a fool!”

The clown very gracefully and gently dropped to the rear, and replied:

“I am not so particular. I will.”

The ringmaster asked the clown:

“Did you ever fall in love?”

“No,” said the clown, “but I fell in a well once.”

To which the ringmaster replied:

"You fool, you! What possible connection can there be between falling in love and falling in a well?"

The clown responded:

"They are both mighty hard to get out of."

It was surely a great day for the Hopkinsville population when this circus came. There never had been a circus there before, and the school boys and girls had the time of their lives.

Another incident during this period of my school life was the commission of a murder. One morning, when my brother and I reached school—we were some thirty minutes earlier than necessary—we found quite a crowd gathered around the little Hopkinsville saloon. When we came nearer, we found that a man had been killed in the saloon about an hour before. The murdered man was a stranger. He had come into Hopkinsville a few days before unheralded, had given his name and had secured work of some kind. He was up early that morning and went into the saloon to get a drink of liquor. The man who was pursuing him, having evidently learned that his victim was in Hopkinsville, rode into the town, hitched his horse, inquired for the man, was told where he was by some unsuspecting citizen, and hastened right over to the saloon, where he found the object of his search. He at once opened fire on him without giving him a chance for his life, and put five or six bullets in him. The man died instantly, and the murderer coolly again mounted his horse and galloped away. No citizen of that town ever knew the real name of the murdered man or of the murderer. There was perhaps some little attempt made to follow the murderer, but nothing serious was done to capture him.

I can see the pale, upturned face of that dead man now as I write, as well as I saw it on that summer morning in the long ago. It was a pathetic sight. He was weltering in his blood there in front of the saloon counter, and there was not

a friend to weep over him, and no woman's gentle hand was there to give him that tender care that comes to loved ones gone.

My brother and I attended the Hopkinsville school at intervals for more than two years. It was the one epochal period of our boyhood life. We made gigantic strides in our quest for knowledge and discovered what we were made of.

At one of the school exhibitions I read a composition entitled, "The Advancement of Civilization." In this composition, though I was a boy of only twelve, I used such big words as "reverberation" and the like, and my teacher, who was the soul of gentleness, kindness and affection, thought that I had "cribbed" the composition. So strong was this feeling upon him that he taxed me with it. It almost broke my heart. The composition was entirely original; I had not even had the help of my father and mother in its production, and for my teacher to think that I would be guilty of dishonorable conduct was a wound from which I have not yet recovered. Of course, when my teacher saw how it affected me, he took me to his heart and tried to make it right, but nothing he could ever say made it right, because I knew that for a time, at least, I had been under suspicion. One view I afterwards took of the matter was that it was, in fact, a compliment to my intelligence, because I had done better than he thought I could do, but it was a distinct blow at my honesty, as no honest boy or man will steal the product of another's brain and claim it for his own.

We gave up going to Hopkinsville school in 1872. I was at that time fourteen years old. It was not the last school I attended, but it was by far the best. We quit largely because the school quit. Mr. Betts, having married a Gonzales lady, closed out the school and moved from Hopkinsville to Gonzales. It was a sad day for the little town when the Hopkinsville Academy closed its doors, and it was a sad-

der day for two callow Texas lads who had as insatiable a thirst for knowledge as ever pulsed in a boy's heart.

The last school I attended was one taught by Dr. Hayes, who was a physician by profession, but not finding a lucrative practice opening up to him promptly, took up the school on Hallmark's Prairie. My brother did not attend this school. There, for the first time, I fell in love. Dr. Hayes had a beautiful step-daughter, Miss Helen Bell. She was one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen. She was twenty-one when I was fourteen, but I fell madly in love with her, though I never dared to tell her of it. I loved her in secret. I would give her the most delicate attentions that any boy could devise, but she thought them the result of the natural deference that a school-boy would pay to his teacher. It was really humorous, though then I thought it serious. It was just as foolish as foolish could be, but I did not think of that phase of the subject. In 1897 I had the pleasure of meeting her, when the Baptist State Convention met in San Antonio, and of telling her of my youthful infatuation. She had married Tom Adair and they were then living at Waelder. She laughed heartily when I told her of my boyhood love for her. She said exactly what I expected she would say: that she had no thought of such a thing.

The school taught by Dr. Hayes did not last long. I attended it a part of one year. It was my last school, and I look back upon that short period of study as one of the bright spots in my boyhood life.

But everything a boy needs to know is not learned in school. There were boys born in the narrow circle which first I knew who not only dreamed of far-off college towns and triumphant, happy graduation days, but who were privileged to know about it all, to see it face to face, and afterwards come home medaled and degreed and finished to the highest point. While these were gone away, I was not idle, but busy in the fields and woods and learning those serious

actual things that make up so much of life. Those country schools were not much. Sometimes we would get ahead of the teacher. When we would come to things the teacher didn't know, he would pass us on by saying, "This doesn't need to be known," and by telling other lies like that, and make friends with his conscience by giving us a long play-time at noon. We had our Friday afternoon performances, when speeches would be said. Many were the Marys who had little lambs, with fleeces white as snow, and enough boys stood on burning decks to man a navy. And there never were as many little stars that were enjoined to twinkle, twinkle all the night as there were then, and whole regiments of boys pointed toward the rafters and exclaimed:

"How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!"

Not that any of us had ever seen a diamond. The thought that was always suggested to me when we got the stars to twinkling like diamonds in the sky was the Diamond R cattle brand that was used by one of the many ranchmen of the great Southwest. While the stars, like diamonds in the sky, were getting in their work, my mind would wander to the woods and prairies, and I would calculate as to how many "mavericks" the Diamond R brand had gone on that spring. And then I would think of my father's old brand and his new one. My father was not a born ranchman. As I have said, he was reared over in Kentucky, where the people had old-fashioned ways and notions. Over there to have "mavericked" a yearling would have been a theft. It was thus that, after the Civil War was over and we moved to Southwest Texas, he never became adjusted to the new regime, in which every man branded every stray unbranded calf that came his way. Not that only, but in the early spring, before the yearlings shed, it often happened that the too enterpris-

ing cowmen branded those that had been already branded, and when the long hair was no more, the same lean, inconsequential calf bespoke two owners.

It was to save the like of this that my father changed his brand. It was first a simple boot—that was all. The “boot brand” became well known, but it was so small that many times our booted yearlings came home in the spring with other and newer brands upon them, and thus came about the change. The little boot passed out except for horses, and his new brand was five letters—his Christian name—and spanned the yearling’s side from shoulder-blade to thigh. I put it on many a lean and hungry calf—all of them our own—and when it was well put on this is the way it read: EATON.

I never graduated.

I quit, but not before taking my degree—the degree of C. S.—Common Sense—that qualified the alumnus to parse, conjugate, solve problems in university algebra, analyze a gem from Shakespeare, make a Friday evening speech, skin a cow, “bust a broncho,” brand a calf, fence a field, shoot a gun, swim a river, work a farm, or teach a school. And out of such country schools have come our Lincolns, our Spurgeons and our Charles Dickenses. Every year our colleges turn out their coterie of kid-gloved effeminates who are set to swarm for a brief period around law offices, doctor shops and school rooms, and then sink into oblivion. They lack the grit and gumption of the gawky country lad who took a course in shop or farm while the leggy city youth was smoking cigarettes and running ’round at night.

VI

SOME BOYHOOD REMINISCENCES

IN direct connection with the question of our school days, I will set down here some corollary facts that may be of interest to the reader, and especially to boys and young men who are striving to secure an education. My brother and I did not depend upon the school for our education. When I would go down to the field, I always took books with me, and later, when my father found his cattle increasing and I was sent out to herd them, I always tied books to my saddle, so that when the cattle were quiet I would read my books. I spent many a happy hour thus in the further quest for knowledge.

My father abhorred fiction. He denounced all books of fiction as lies and deceptions and most heartily opposed either the purchase or perusal of such works. Such novels as my brother and I read, we had to read surreptitiously. I remember as well as can be the first "really and truly" novel I read. It was *Beulah*, by Mrs. Augusta J. Evans, who became later Mrs. Wilson. My father never saw this book. If he had, he would have confiscated it and gently laid it in the fire. My oldest sister borrowed it from some neighbor, and after she had read it, let me read it. I read it out behind the house in the chimney-corner, at meal-time, when I would hurry through the meal and run out and read before my father finished. It was rather a difficult task, as I read every word of it standing up, and was constantly afraid that my father might hasten through and find me, but he never

did. I afterwards read *St. Elmo* and others of Mrs. Wilson's works.

At about this time, my brother and I borrowed from Jesse and Bryan Heard, who lived at Hopkinsville, seventeen dime novels. They were of the heroic type, such as *Three Buckets of Blood*, *White-headed Zeke*, *The Sailor Crusoe*, and other works of that kind. They were blood-curdling Indian stories, and when we had finished the assortment, we were about ready to secure tomahawks, scalping knives and other accoutrements and go out as Indian hunters. My father knew nothing of any of this, but I am afraid my mother did. She did not share his views on the question of fiction. She had the literary bent, and could see no harm in a good story, whether it were fact or fiction. She never encouraged us in disobedience, but now and then, when my father's views ran contrary to hers, and when she felt it was entirely right to do so, she would help my brother and me in the matter of securing such books of fiction as she thought we ought to read.

She helped me, without my father's knowledge, in another way. I wanted to learn to play the fiddle. To use a latter day expression, I was crazy about it. One day when I went to Hopkinsville to mill, I bought a fiddle from Ben Key, on credit. It had only two strings, and a poor excuse for a fiddle bow, but I took it home and gave it into the custody of my mother. She hid it in her own trunk, and we kept it secret from father. He had as great an antipathy against fiddles as he had against fiction. He thought the devil was in the fiddle because the fiddle was the instrument that was used at all the country dances. He had the old-time notion that the fiddle was wholly an instrument of evil, and he abominated it with an unspeakable aversion. Not so, my mother. Her father had been a fiddler in the old Kentucky home, and she had a soft spot in her heart for

her boy, who also wanted to learn to play. There were no violin teachers down Southwest Texas way. The old-time Texas fiddlers were self-taught. They would catch tunes now and then from other fiddlers, but on the whole they learned the tunes first, and after familiarizing themselves with the use of the fiddle and the bow, they played those tunes on their own violins. Daniel Johnson, old Uncle Daniel Johnson's youngest son, was a good fiddler and a dear friend of mine. He helped me more than any other boy. Soon I had become rather proficient on the fiddle. I never felt that I could play the violin, but I played the fiddle handsomely and had a happy time over it.

Such fondness as I had for the fiddle was bound to come to my father's knowledge, and when I grew older, I told him all about it. He was a stern man and his views remained unchanged, but when he saw how I loved music, he told me that I need not hide it any longer—that I might have the fiddle and play it at home. Dear, kind, noble, generous heart was he, always yielding when the hearts of his children were involved. He never did become reconciled to novels, but in after years I played the fiddle for him many times. As he grew older, his views changed, and while he never cared much for fiddle music, he lost a great deal of his former antipathy to the instrument.

One of the greatest festivities of those years was coon-hunting. Raccoons grow perennially in most parts of Texas, and they were very prolific in Bastrop County. Saturday nights, when our week's work was done, the neighborhood boys would gather together, and we would go out hunting coons. Sometimes we stayed even beyond midnight and were always reprimanded for it. The dogs would tree the coons and we would so punish them as to bring them out of the tree so that the dogs could kill them, or shoot them out of the tree with our guns and revolvers. The traditional Southern luxury is 'possum, but really the coon is

more palatable than the 'possum, if he is properly cleaned and cooked. We would go coon hunting about the time of frost. We caught some splendid fat coons one November night, skinned them and dressed them while we were out hunting, and when we reached home threw them on the gallery roof to take up the night air and the frost. The next day my mother baked one and I do not remember ever to have had a more toothsome dinner than that meal was.

It was during these nights that I first began to fool with smoking. I thought it very smart to smoke and that no boy could be really grown up unless he formed this habit. At first I began to make shuck cigarettes. We would carry the shucks out with us, and make the cigarettes as we lingered around the fire at night. After I learned to smoke the shuck cigarettes without discomfort, I would borrow a tiny bit of tobacco and put in one, and it was thus that I began to learn to smoke tobacco cigarettes. Later our cigarette rollers were made of brown paper. There were many Mexicans there and they were all cigarette smokers. In this way I began to form a liking for tobacco smoking, which, I am ashamed to say, I kept up, at intervals, for several years.

My father learned to use tobacco when he was six years old. His father was a tobacco grower, and when he was a lad, he had much to do in assisting in the growing of Kentucky tobacco. He learned to chew and smoke and kept both up to his dying day. He used tobacco very sparingly in his last years, but quite intemperately in earlier life. Thus I was reared in the atmosphere of tobacco using. It was common in Southwest Texas in those days, and it was not at all remarkable that the boys followed in the footsteps of their fathers. Every father should look well to himself before he confirms himself in a habit that may become destructive to his son.

It was during this period that I received my first religious impression. A sermon was preached at the little school-

house near Jeddo by Rev. John Orchard, one of the pioneer Baptist missionaries. He was an Englishman by birth, but was giving his life to religious and missionary work where he thought it was most needed. He preached a sermon at the school-house on this text: "For we are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." I even remember some of the divisions of his sermon. I was at the time but a very little boy, but his sermon impressed me deeply and I cherish its memory and the memory of this good man with a grateful heart.

Another text by a Missionary Baptist preacher, Rev. L. S. Cox, greatly impressed me. It was this: "He that loveth not our Lord Jesus Christ, let him be *anathema maranatha*." Those were awfully big words to fire at a little boy, but I remember the text and the sermon and the gracious manner in which the sermon was received.

The most vivid religious impression, however, which I received in those days came from a sermon preached by my own dear father. I do not know that I have yet revealed in this chronicle the fact that he was an ordained Baptist preacher, at that time affiliated with the Hardshell Baptists. He was preaching on "The End of the World." He believed the end of time was then impending and preached it with such power that I felt sure the world would end before I could get back to my mother. I ran out of the house before the sermon was over, crying like my heart would break, and ran every step of the way home—something over a half mile. When I got home, my mother was not yet in bed and I fell into her arms to tell her that the end of the world was coming that night and I was not ready for it. My sad plight touched her deeply. She consoled me as best she could, and told me that, while the end of the world must come some time, it might not come that night, but that whenever it came I should be ready for it and should give my heart to Christ and be a Christian boy. That was a religious impression

from which I never entirely escaped, though in after years I wandered far from God and became quite a wicked boy.

Most of the preachers that I knew in my boyhood were Hardshell Baptists. They called themselves Primitive Baptists. There was a whole family of Bakers who were preachers—Jim Baker, Abe Baker, John Baker and William Baker—four of them. They were good men, and Jim Baker, especially, was a man of very much more than the ordinary ability. He died but a year or two ago, after having lived to a great age. Abe Baker was the one that we knew best. He was often in our home and was a man of fine character in every way. The last time I ever saw him was in the little old school-house down on the south edge of Hallmark's Prairie, when he preached a sermon on a Sunday morning shortly before we left that part of Texas. He knew me well and loved me and I loved him. I was at that time in my eighteenth year. He went through the audience, after the manner of the Hardshell Baptist preachers, shaking hands with those he desired to impress. He finally came to me, and putting his hand on my head, he said:

“This may be the last time I will ever see you in this life. Remember your Creator.”

That was a most impressive exhortation and one that lingers with me now. The dear good man has long since been in heaven and I cherish his memory with a grateful heart.

His brother, John Baker, was exceedingly kind to us boys. He was a splendid barber in his way. He didn't shave any of us, because we had nothing on our faces to shave, but he used to trim our hair and he did it well. He was jolly, humane, gentle-hearted and loving, and while he did not class with Jim Baker and Abe Baker in the matter of culture and intelligence, he had as big a heart as any man could carry in a bosom of his size.

Speaking of Abe Baker, he had had a remarkable religious experience. He was under deep conviction of sin up on

Tinney's Creek near his home. He had been a wild and reckless boy. So deep was his conviction that he was prostrate on his back in the bed of a wagon on a summer day while the meeting was in progress. He had lost all hope of the grace of God and had given himself up, not only to die physically but to die eternally, yet he still was praying; and as he prayed, he said that he saw Heaven open, saw Jesus actually come down, and heard His voice, and the Master spoke the words of forgiving grace and love. He arose exultantly shouting the praises of God, and from that day went to preaching the Gospel.

I never doubted his sincerity, and I am not prepared to say that he did not see exactly what he claimed he saw. He lived an upright, godly life, devoted his entire time as best he could from his farm work to the preaching of the Gospel; he never allowed any one to give him a penny of pay, which I think was a mistake, and went on to his grave singing the praises of his Redeemer.

You may think and say what you please about these dear, good men, but for my part I have no unkind words concerning them. There are many of them in this wide, sad world today—men of God who, though not fully instructed in all the ways of Christ, are doing their work for Him in their own kind way and leading countless souls into the better life.

One of my best loved uncles was a great-uncle, Charles Galloway. He was my grandmother Cranfill's brother. He was a dear, good man, but he had lived to be seventy years of age and had never joined the church. He lived as upright and godly a life as any church member I ever knew, but he had what he called a "little hope," and he did not think it was enough on which to come into the church. He was a constant church attendant and one of the most dependable church workers in the community. Everybody loved him, believed in him and trusted him. On a certain Sunday

night, after Rev. Abe Baker had preached one of his most appealing sermons, the congregation was finally dismissed. After the benediction, Uncle Charles said to the preacher :

“ Brother Baker, if you had opened the doors of the church tonight, I would have joined.”

Brother Baker was a man of the keenest and most unerring intuitions, so he grasped the hand of Uncle Charlie and said :

“ Brother Galloway, we will convene the church in conference immediately.”

Whereupon he announced that Brother Charles Galloway had applied for membership. My dear old uncle was cornered. He had been too timid hitherto to apply to the church to be received, but now under the circumstances he could not possibly back out. He told his experience, was joyfully received and heartily welcomed. The oldest men and women in the house were in tears, the dear old saints embraced each other in their joyous praises of God, and I have never seen Brother Baker happier than he was that night. On the following Sunday, Uncle Charles was baptized in one of the crystal pools of Peach Creek. I will have something more to say of this dear uncle again in this narrative. For the present, we leave him as a new church member at three score years and ten. He lived to be ninety-two and would not then have died if it had not been for the fact that his wife, ninety years of age, was accidentally killed. The shock was so great that dear Uncle Charles did not long survive the death of his wife.

One of the most interesting of all of our experiences of this period was the organization and maintenance of the Hallmark's Prairie Debating Society. My brother and I were the leading spirits in this movement and continued so until we left that part of Texas. My brother was always on one side of every question and I on the other. The other boys in the community looked to us to lead them, and we

took pleasure in doing so. We debated many momentous questions, such as: Resolved, that the works of nature are more attractive to the eye than the works of art; Resolved, that horses are more useful to mankind than cattle, and many other issues. The night on which we debated the horse and cow question, Jim Bellamy, who afterwards became one of the most expert mechanics in the State, was chosen to represent the horse. He was a great big, overgrown boy, weighing nearly 200 pounds. He was handy with his hands in all kinds of mechanical work, but was clumsy with his tongue. It was a great embarrassment to him to get up before an audience, but Jim was brave, and that night when the question for the affirmative was called, he arose and made the following speech:

“Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: I think a horse”—then he choked down. Then he sat down. Never more could we get Jim up in one of our debating societies. He was a splendid fellow, and one of the dearest friends we had in our boyhood.

During the time when this Debating Society was at its flood, the Debating Society at Tinney's Creek challenged the Debating Society of Hallmark's Prairie to a joint debate. We accepted their challenge and fared forth one Saturday afternoon to meet the Tinney's Creek boys on their own ground. I was leader of our crowd, and what I did in indoctrinating them in the way to victory was a plenty. When we reached the place of meeting they took different parts of the hall so that they might carry out my commands. I was the leading champion for our society and I had instructed these boys that when I would make a certain gesture they were to applaud. Applause is very contagious. One good applauder in an audience can touch the whole audience off at any time when a reasonably good point is made. The Tinney's Creek boy, who led out in the debate, had no applause at all. They all sat like blockheads, heard

his vociferations and watched his gesticulations without any emotion whatsoever. When, however, I arose to answer him and after a few minutes of introductory remarks, I raised my hand in a certain way, six of my trained leaders started the applause, and it was echoed and re-echoed all over the house. The same happened time and time again while I was on my feet, and the judges as well as the audience were greatly impressed by the approval my remarks received. It was what you would call, if you were in France, a *coup d'etat*. I am not sure whether I made a better speech than the other boy or not, but I do know that we out-generaled them, and when the debate was over, we got the decision and went away with flying colors.

One of the incidents in this debate was a story that I told. It ran as follows: Upon one occasion a rich American landlord employed as his coachman an Irishman fresh from the Old Country. The Irishman had been in his employ but a day or two when, on leaving home for the day on his splendid steed, the landlord called the Irish coachman to him and said:

"Pat, I am going away and will be gone all day. While I am gone, I want you to grease my carriage."

"All right, all right. It will be done," Pat replied.

Late in the afternoon when the landlord returned, Pat met him smilingly at the gate, and the following conversation ensued:

The Landlord: "Well, Pat, you greased my carriage all right, as I told you?"

Pat: "Faith, and sure I did. I greased it good. I greased it all over; all of the top and all of the body and all of the running gear, and greased it perfectly except the little place where the wheel runs on, and I couldn't get to that."

My application of this story was that our opponents in the debate had talked all around the question, had thoroughly discussed all facts and incidents foreign to the issue

in hand, but had never once touched the question under review.

This story made a great hit and was, as I believe, largely responsible for our victory.

During these years, my father began to take a more active interest in the cattle business. In his medical practice, he took in on account a great many cattle of various kinds, and now and then would accept a horse. The result was that he began to gather together quite an array of stock. I loved to work with horses and cattle. I was almost reared on horseback. I loved to ride. I enjoyed being out in the open, and it was a great pleasure to me to master the art of lassoing, which was so very important to every cowboy. With one exception, I was the best hand my father ever had with his stock. That exception was a mulatto Negro. He was one of the smoothest artists in handling stock of all kinds that I have ever known.

VII

“ BUSTING A BRONCHO ”

INDISSOLUBLY linked with the stock business was the “busting” of bronchos. A broncho was a wild horse. Primarily a broncho meant a Spanish horse, but the word came to be used in connection with all wild horses of every kind, whether they were grown wild out on the range or were the offspring of tame horses on the ranch or farm. Every Texas boy, at a certain period of his growth and development, found it necessary to tackle the broncho. The broncho was allowed to run wild until he was three or four years old. It depended quite largely upon the necessities of the case, whether he was taken up younger or was left to develop more before he was broken. The older he grew, the tougher the job we had when he was “busted,” but none of the jobs were easy ones. There were professional broncho “busters” in every neighborhood, and the ruling rate—what we might call the union scale—was \$5 a head for breaking them. In our case, we broke most of our own bronchos. It was only an exceedingly tough case that was turned over to a professional. I learned to ride, and, as I afterwards boasted, I could ride anything that wore hair that would stand up. I had practiced on yearlings, earlier on calves, and finally on bronchos. The manner in which a broncho was “busted” was as follows: He would first be driven into the horse lot along with other horses, and after he was thus safely penned, he would be lassoed, or roped, as we called it. The word “lasso” is a dictionary word that has found its way permanently into the literature of early Texas



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days, but as a matter of fact, we never called a rope a lasso. We called it a rope, and we called lassoing a horse or a cow, roping them. These ropes were made on purpose for the business. A loop would be formed in the end of the rope—what we would call a running noose. Some of these ropes were hair ropes and made by the Mexicans, but most generally they were the regular sea grass rope so commonly known in all parts of the West today. The size of the rope usually was one-half to five-eighths of an inch, and sometimes, for extraordinary occasions, we would have ropes that were as large as three-quarter-inch size. After the broncho was safely penned he would be roped and then the fun would begin. As soon as he could be brought near enough to the man who had roped him, he would be blindfolded. That was a long step in the direction of his subjugation. After he was blindfolded, the right kind of a stiff-bit bridle would be placed on him and then he would be saddled. There was danger attendant upon every step of the process.

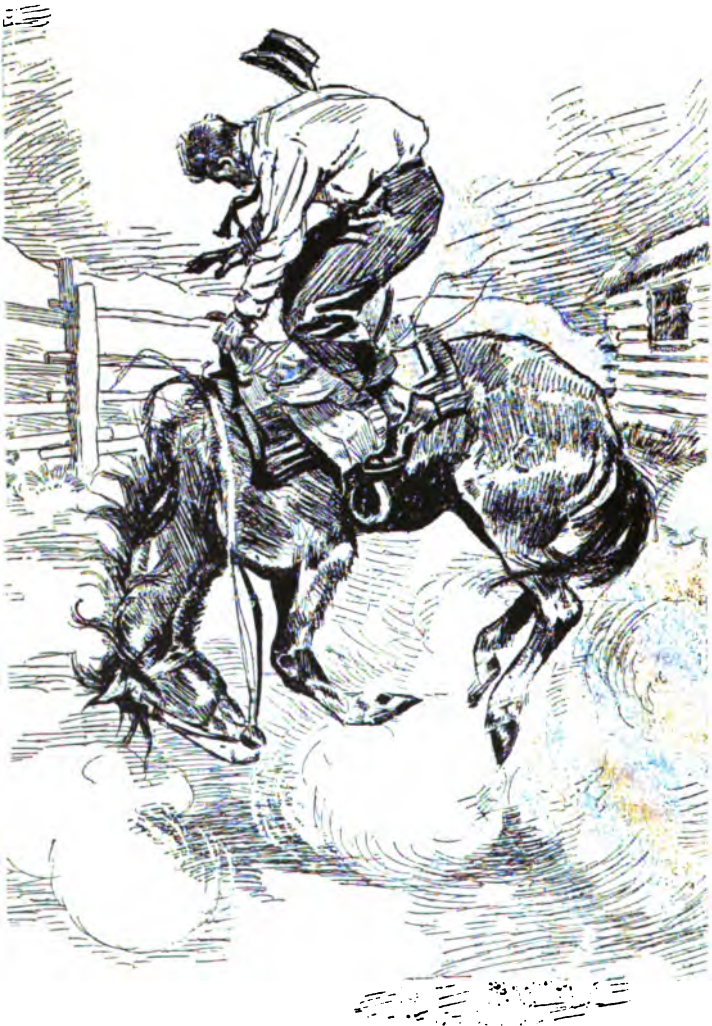
After he was saddled, a substantial stick from two to two and a half feet long would be wrapped in a piece of blanket so that it could not in any wise injure the rider, and tied on the saddle in front. In our own language, we tied it to the horn of the saddle, so that when the rider mounted the saddle, this stick was in front of him transversely. After this was done the stirrups would be tied together under the horse, so that the rider's feet would not be flying in the air. There were some very expert horsemen who omitted both of these precautions, but the rule was for the rider to be thus protected. After this was accomplished, the rope would be “done up,” as we called it, tied near the horn of the saddle, and the horse would be held until the rider would mount. Then the blind would be lifted from the broncho's eyes and he would be allowed to go and cut his capers.

We called it “pitching.” The Northern man calls it

bucking. Called by any name, it was an exercise that the tenderfoot may well wish to avoid. The broncho would begin his operations in this way, and finding it impossible to relieve himself of the rider, he would run. There was no telling where he would land when he ran. It was just as likely that he would run into a fence as any other way. He was not "bridle-wise" and the rider had to control him as best he could. The greatest danger was that he would run into a tree or into a gulley and turn a somersault, falling on the rider. There were instances in which, after all of the ordinary devices had failed him, the broncho would lie down and wallow. This usually prevailed to get the rider off, but there have been cases known where the rider stayed on him even after he lay down, hung to him and got up with him. There were some riders who were expert enough to roll a cigarette, light it and smoke it while the broncho was pitching. These were extraordinary men, and none of our bunch ever attempted such exhibitions of skill while the fun was going on. We took it all plain and straight and were perfectly well satisfied to retain our place in the saddle while the broncho was doing his best to dislodge us.

The worst trouble about some of these bronchos was that they wouldn't stay "busted." After they had had their way the first time and been finally tired out and subdued, the average man, if he were uninitiated, would suppose that the job was done. The exact reverse was true. Next morning when the broncho buster mounted him again, he had to go through with it all just as he did the day before, with some new variations. The broncho learned, as well as the rider, and there were samples of these wild Mexican horses that never were permanently "busted." They would have to be broken again each spring or each time they got in good condition. They were what would be called in ecclesiastical circles, backsliders. They would become perfectly gentle for weeks and as docile as kittens, but you leave them out

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A BRONCHO, AND HIS WAY WITH A TENDER-FOOT.

on the grass for a month or two and saddle them up for a tranquil ride and unless you were “on your P’s and Q’s,” you would be landed out somewhere in the middle of the road on your head, while the broncho would go scampering off to the herd again with your saddle and bridle on.

My father owned a mule that was of this type. Now, I do not want to tax your credulity in this narrative, so I will confess just here that I never tried to bust a broncho mule. The mules were the most diabolical buckers or pitchers in the whole range of animal life, and this particular mule, whose name was Fox, never was finally broken. One of the last things he did to me after I became his plow-boy boss was to pitch me off one day at noon when, after a hard morning’s plowing, I mounted him bareback to ride to the house. I have a notion that somewhere in the seat of my trousers I must have acquired a cockle-bur. At any rate, old Fox lifted me off as nicely as it could have been done if I had ordered it. When I said that I could ride anything that ever wore hair and would stand up, I meant I could do this when I had my prerequisites all well in order.

This old Fox mule was one of the best of saddle horses. My father used him much in his practice. He was always available, was absolutely tireless, was quick in movement, could fox-trot six miles an hour and was one of the handiest animals my father ever owned.

I came to acquire him as my plow-horse on this wise: When I was a small boy, my father put me to plowing another mule whose original name had been Lucy, but we abbreviated it and called her “Loose.” She was to all intents and purposes the meanest animal I ever knew. She was malignant in temper, lazy in movement, indifferent in her affections and a hardened pachyderm when it came to receiving punishment. She cared no more for a whip or a goad than she did for the buzzing of a half-grown fly. You could whip her with the plow lines all day long or with a

whip to make her go, and she wouldn't go, nor would she accelerate her movements on any account or under any conditions. When you would tell her to "Whoa," she would go on, and when you would tell her to go on, she would "Whoa." I fought with this mule all the time. She was exactly antipodal to all of my predilections. I was nervous, wanted to drive ahead, was anxious to accomplish something, and this mule was exactly the opposite. She was what would now be called in politics a reactionary. In religion she would have been called a two-seed Hardshell Baptist. In society she would have been called a miser. If there is anything in the Pythagorean theory, this mule in her former state had been a devil. It soon became impossible for me to deal with her at all. My brother, who was a very kind and patient lad, inherited her, and even to this day I look back upon his acquisition with the most fraternal sympathy. My father suggested to us that we trade mules, so I was given old Fox and my brother was given old "Loose" to plow.

My brother was in all respects the best boy I ever knew. He was absolutely truthful, honest, industrious and dependable. He was sober, steady and temperate in all things. He was four years my senior, and to his kind and loving guidance as a boy, I owe much of what I am. I was quick, hasty, impetuous, restless and mercurial. He always held me back and taught me to be patient and even temperate. With sadness I confess that I came to be profane, but he never did. The only time I ever heard him swear was concerning this mule. One day when he had come within about ten feet of the end of the row, old "Loose" stopped and would not go to the end of the row. This was one of her pet stunts. My brother became furious. He lost his temper and began to berate her frightfully to make her finish the row. All at once she took a plunge, ran to the end of the row, and (I know it is hard for you to believe it) she jumped the fence! There-

she hung with the plow on one side of the fence, and my brother clinging to the plow handles, on the opposite side of the fence. It was then that my brother swore. Of course I could not print his language in this biography. It would not be proper. I am by that like Artemus Ward was. He said once when he was walking down the street he heard a man singing, "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming." He said: "I did not go. I did not think it would be correct." I am sure it would not be correct to print my brother's words, but I did not then have it in my heart, and I haven't it in my heart now, to censure him overmuch for this outburst of temper.



VIII

AN OLD-TIME COUNTRY DANCE

“**T**HERE is going to be a party at George Galloway’s tomorrow night!”

This is what my sister Carrie said to me on a November evening in 1875, as I came in from a hard day’s work. The work in which I had been engaged was what my father always called “righting up” the fences. Every winter it was necessary to fill up the low places in the old-fashioned South Texas rail fences, and in some instances, a new “worm” had to be laid and an entirely new fence built.

A party at George Galloway’s was no unusual occurrence, for parties were had there frequently, and invariably meant a dance. Not the “turkey trot,” “tango,” or “bunny hug” of the cities; not the “german,” but an old-fashioned country dance, where we “balanced all” and “swung corners” from the time that the rays of the setting sun kissed the western hills until the sheen of his rising splendor proclaimed the golden dawn.

There were four of us. I was the youngest, and a boy. My two sisters had really grown to be young ladies, while my brother, four years my senior, was proudly boasting of a small mustache that struggled for leeway on his upper lip.

“Tomorrow night” was Thursday night, and, like all tomorrow nights, it soon came and found Carrie and me dyked out in our best clothes, cantering on our ponies on the way to George Galloway’s.

It was a mile and a half across the country. I had my



MRS. AMANDA J. (CRANFILL) WILLIAMS.

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six-shooter, which, by the way, was a cap and ball Colt, navy size, and attached to that was a dangerous looking and shining dirk, safely ensconced in its leather scabbard. These were articles of furniture, though forbidden by law, that were much in vogue in those days, and though, at that time, I was scarcely turned seventeen, I could put three balls into a tree as I galloped by it, and was counted a good shot.

Tuck Simms played the fiddle that night.

It would amuse you if I could describe Tuck just as he looked. He was a small man, weighing about a hundred and ten pounds, with an eye keen as the eagle's, and when I say with *an* eye, I mean AN eye, because he had only one, his other having been destroyed in some duel, concerning which he was very reticent.

He played "over the bass." If you do not know what that means, I will tell you. Being a left-handed man, he used the fiddle-bow in his left hand and held the instrument in his right. Playing in this way, he touched the "G" string first. We always called this playing "over the bass."

"How glad we are to see you!" said Cousin Sallie, as we entered the gate.

Cousin Sallie was George Galloway's wife, and was rather a low and "chunky" woman, who wore a luxuriant assortment of freckles and a kindly expression on her face.

"So are we glad to see you," I said in reply. "Who is that strange young lady?"

I had caught a glimpse of a new, but beautiful face as we entered the house.

"Oh!" responded Cousin Sallie, "that is Ebbie Mayo's cousin, Sallie Yarbrough."

"And where did she come from?" asked Carrie.

"She lives down on the other side of the Colorado on Alum Creek."

Fresh arrivals put in their appearance at this point, and

thus the conversation ended. The rude log house was fast filling up.

A thumping of fiddle strings and a general stir in the large square room, which served as dancing hall, bed room, parlor and reception room, warned us that a "set" was about to be made up. Let it never be supposed that there were any visible evidences which would indicate that this room was a bed room or ever had been. To the practiced eye, a number of large, inch and a quarter, auger holes on two separate sides of the house, would show that bedsteads had been there, because it was a custom, not to be grinned at, either, to fashion bedsteads by driving timbers into the wall and placing supports under them, and in that way crudely constructing places to sleep. They were not exactly folding beds, though on this evening, which, to me, was to be one of the most eventful of my life, the beds were folded, all in a pile, out in the yard, under the spreading branches of a kingly oak tree, in order to make room for the gay youngsters who were giving life and inspiration to the scene.

And such girls as these were who assembled at George Galloway's that night! Typical country lasses whose cheeks were painted by the rays of the setting sun, and whose hearts, all unused to the arts and wiles of fashion, were as pure as was the heart of that first maiden who walked in Eden and beheld her reflected beauty in the waters of the Euphrates. It would not have been hard to imagine old John Milton describing another scene like that scene by Eden's placid brook, when the first woman, even to herself unknown, saw in the laughing water her own reflected charms. If Milton had been present that November night and had had his eyesight brought back to him, and had not been inspired to write another epic, I, for one, should have gone back on John.

My sister Carrie and I were in the first set. We always were. She was distinguished as a dancer and so was I,

while our less fortunate brother and sister, whose feet did not move with such Terpsichorean agility, always had to take their chances.

And who was my partner for the first set? I am sure you want to know. It was none other than Sallie Galloway, my Cousin George's wife. Did I tell you she could dance? If I did not tell you, hear it now. She could. She did not look it, not at all, but she could hold her own with the best of them, and although there were freckles on her face, there were no cares in her heart, for she was as happy and as lithesome as the little baby who cooed on Cousin George's knee as its mother and I "swung corners" and "balanced all."

The new girl was on the floor during the first set. She was at my immediate left, and whenever we "swung corners," I had to swing her. I wondered if she was engaged and how long she was going to stay, and oh! I cannot tell you how many things I did wonder about her as we danced that first set.

So during the intervals, while others were dancing, and we were keeping our places, I would ask questions about her. She was dancing with Sam Galloway, who afterwards married Ebbie Mayo's sister. Sam was six feet four in his stocking feet, but he was not so tall as his brother Caleb, who was six feet seven.

If you will pardon a divergence, I will say that better boys than these never lived, although they were spending their lives then as they are spending them now, tilling the soil in their homely fashion in the backwoods where I, when a boy, shared their joys and sorrows.

"And her name is Sallie Yarbrough?" I said to Cousin Sallie.

I had never thought about it before, but it seemed to me then that Sallie was an uncommonly pretty name. It certainly must have been a pretty name, or else it could not have

been so gracefully worn by such a queenly girl as the one who stood before us.

Would you like to see her? I will draw her picture for you. She was a typical blonde with a form as perfect as that of Powers' Greek slave, and with movements as graceful as any queen. Her eyes were as blue as the azure dome and as bright as the silver light of the shining stars. She wore her hair loose, which was a common fashion, and her bright ringlets of gold, as they fell on her beautifully rounded shoulders, added a charm and grace to her perfect face and figure absolutely indescribable.

"Mr. Cranfill, Miss Yarbrough"—that is the way Cousin Sallie introduced us.

I felt a queer something creeping up into my throat as I asked:

"Miss Yarbrough, have you a partner for the next dance?"

"No, indeed," she replied.

"Will you dance with me?"

"With pleasure."

With these words, we took our places on the floor and waited the pleasure of the others who were to engage in the set.

Tuck Simms tuned his fiddle. I seem to hear him thumping the strings now as I write, and I seem to see him sitting in the corner of George Galloway's house, with his one keen black eye looking down the finger board of his fiddle as he adjusted the keys so as to get the instrument in tune.

"Salute your partners!"

"Balance all!"

"Swing corners, and all promenade!"

Tuck Simms could play and prompt both at the same time, although he was not so much of an adept in prompting as his uncle, Grant Simms, who did not play "over the bass" and who was far superior to Tuck as a fiddler.

There were no violinists in those precincts. If any of those old-fashioned country folk had ever seen a violinist or had ever seen violin tunes set to music, they would have "folded their tents like the Arabs," and silently sought the shades of the distant west in which to hide their disgust.

But there were fiddlers, and such fiddlers they were! I can hear the lively notes of "Fine Times at Our House," "Cotton-Eyed Joe," "Mollie Put the Kettle On," and "Grey Eagle," as I write. Homely old times were those times that, like the buffalo and the Comanche warrior, sleep in the mouldering ruins of a vanished age.

"And how long are you going to stay up on the prairie?" These were the very first words I ever said to her.

"Two or three weeks," she coyly replied.

"And will you spend all of your time at Ebbie Mayo's?"

"Yes, I think I will," she said.

We were again balancing to the right, and it was "right hand across" and "left hand back," and "four hands around," and "ladies, dosee" (this word an abbreviation of dos-a-dos), and "gents counter dance," and so on through the set.

I really hoped that it would never end, but it did end, as all our earthly joys must end, and all too soon, and as Tuck said in his cheery tones, "Promenade to your seats," I felt the lump come up into my throat again as I said, "Miss Sallie, will you dance with me again the next set?"

She said "Yes" as charmingly as ever princess consented to be the partner of courtier.

I did not realize it then, but I did afterwards, that in that brief interval of time, I had ceased to be a boy and had become a man.

I had passed the line of demarcation between boyhood and manhood in an instant, and oh! how sad it is that between them at that moment there was a great gulf fixed,

which, like the gulf between Dives and Abraham, no bridge could ever span.

I was in love.

And do you smile as I say it? It was no laughing matter to me, dear reader, and in all the years that have passed since then, I have never found it in my heart to laugh at the green, gawky and inexperienced country boy, with hair bobbed off, and all unused to the great world and its devious ways, who, on that autumn night, gave his heart, his whole heart, to that comely country girl.

The next set was nearing to a close. As we were promenading past the fiddler on our last round, he said to me:

"Britton, I want to see you when this set is over."

I always loved Tuck Simms, although my father objected very much to my association with him. He kept company with the toughest gang of outlaws that ever infested that portion of Texas, but I loved him nevertheless.

"And what do you want?" I said to Tuck after the set was over, as I hastened to his side.

"Who is that girl you have been dancing with?"

I felt that same trouble in my throat as I said, "Why, it is Ebbie Mayo's cousin."

"What is her name?"

"Her name—is—it is Sallie—Sallie Yarbrough," I said, tremulously.

"Introduce me to her and let me dance a set with her, while you play the fiddle."

It was not an unreasonable request, and I replied, "Of course, I will."

This was no sooner said than done. He rose and we walked across the room to where she sat engaged in a conversation with George Fry, for she was an attractive girl, and many other hearts than mine were doubtless beating faster on account of her presence that night. The introduction being over, I took up Tuck's fiddle and began to play.



MRS. CARRIE (CRANFILL) SNEAD.

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The set seemed awfully long. I sawed and sawed on that old fiddle and cannot tell whether I played a tune or not, although I was capable of playing the old tunes so much loved by the young people of that time.

But it was over at last, as all unpleasant as well as pleasant things will be over bye and bye. I gladly yielded the fiddle to its owner and at once sought the company of the fair damsel, whose gentle face haunted me then as surely as it did in the years that followed.

And so we went on until the hours of morning came and the crowing of the cocks warned us of the approach of dawn.

I really do not remember how many sets I danced with Sallie, but I know that when the party broke up, and it was time to go home, I was her escort, and that my sister Carrie, in the goodness of her heart, waited at George Gallo-way's until I saw my new sweetheart home and hurried back again.

I left her at the gate, but before leaving her had made an engagement to call on her the succeeding Sunday.

Yes, I was in love, and I knew it.

I did not dare speak about it to a soul. But on the journey home, as the stars kept us company, I thought of the bright and happy, queenly face of the matchless beauty to whom, without thought of consequences, I had unreservedly given my whole heart. Did I say it was Thursday night? Well, it seemed ten years till Sunday.

IX

A BOY IN LOVE

FENCE BUILDING is a slow business at best. I never could lay a straight fence worm, but I do not think any was ever so crooked as the one I laid after that Thursday night at George Galloway's. Not only were the fence worms crooked, but everything I did was crooked but the one thing of loving that girl.

I slept very little. There was not a minute in my waking hours that my mind was not on Sallie Yarbrough.

I hardly dared to go to see her on Sunday morning, because there was to be preaching at the little Hardshell Baptist church down on the south side of the prairie, and, as this was my father's and mother's church, and, as we always attended it, I felt obliged to go, and really I hoped that Sallie might be there, because Ebbie Mayo was himself a Hardshell Baptist, and I thought that possibly the whole family might be there. Like many other cherished hopes, this hope was vain.

There was more than the usual supply of Hardshell preachers on hand that day, and they all preached. My father—God rest his soul—was the last one to preach on that eventful Sunday. Jim Baker preached the first sermon, which seemed four hours long. And then his brother Abe followed him in a scarcely shorter sermon than the first, and then old Brother Ellis, who, if he had not been a Hardshell preacher, would have been a barkeeper, came in with an exhortation of great loudness and great length. My father closed the exercises with an exhortation that could



J. B. CRANFILL WHEN HE LOVED SALLIE.

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scarcely have been half an hour long, but it seemed to me thirty years instead of thirty minutes.

I did not go to dinner. I went as straight to Ebbie Mayo's as my agile and faithful "Old Ball" could carry me.

I forgot that I had heard four Hardshell sermons, and I forgot that I had had nothing to eat since breakfast, and could eat but little then, and I forgot that my horse was also hungry, and I forgot the whole world, which, utterly oblivious of the fact of my forgetfulness of it, went on in its remorseless rush.

I forgot all else but Sallie, and when I reached the gate and dropped the reins of my bridle over the corner of the "staked and ridered" fence, and caught a glimpse of the girl I loved, I was as happy as was the first man when he looked upon the virgin loveliness of the first woman as her brow was kissed by the early dawn.

I did not need to knock at the door, because before I could get in knocking distance, two huge dogs heralded my approach in unmistakable language.

I do not think I had ever known anyone to knock at a door up to that period of my life. The way we made our approach known was to give a loud "hello."

Every farm had its dogs. The poorer a man was, the more dogs he had. Some of these, and this was especially true of my dog, were like the immortal "Bull" of Dr. Eggleston's *Hoosier Schoolmaster*.

Ebbie Mayo had just such a dog. He combined great strength and comeliness of form with the ugliest physiognomy that can be imagined. He was of the same family as "Bull," and when he caught hold, "Heaven and earth couldn't make him let go." This fact necessarily impeded my approach, until Ebbie Mayo, who was a man of perhaps fifty, with a little patch of beard on his chin, and with slightly stooping shoulders, came to the door, quieted the dogs.

You may be interested enough to know something of my own dog, which, though now keeping a safe distance, had been to meeting with me that day and followed me, keeping pace with "Old Ball" as I journeyed toward the one I loved. His name was "Puppy." That was not a lovely name, even for a dog, but I called him that the first time I ever saw him. He was as thin as a razor-back hog the day he, as a forlorn and friendless stray dog, followed me home. I tried once to drive him off, but he switched his tail so humbly, and looked at me so mournfully out of his large, clear eyes, that I took him home. That was five years ago, when I was only twelve years old, and from that day till this Sunday morning he had been my inseparable companion. He was little more than a puppy when we took up together, and that became his name. Never in all the annals of turf, field and farm was there a braver, more faithful or more judicious dog.

"Light and look at your saddle," was Ebbie Mayo's kindly exclamation, forgetting that I was already on the ground and ready to spring over the fence into the yard.

I grasped his hand warmly, hastened into the house, and was quickly ushered into the "parlor," as I should call it now, but the fact was that Ebbie Mayo's house had no parlor, and I was invited to take a seat in the family room, from which, when I was duly seated and Miss Yarbrough was seated near me, the family quietly withdrew.

"And how do you feel since the dance Thursday night?" was my first sentence.

"Oh, splendid," she said.

"And do you like Hallmark's Prairie?" I inquired.

We always called that neighborhood Hallmark's Prairie, even after Jeddo was established, and it is called Hallmark's Prairie until this day. It was named for an old citizen of the community, John Hallmark, whose son "Mat" was the

first boy that ever gave me a licking when I was "almost new."

"Yes," she said, "I have been very much pleased with the people and have made many pleasant acquaintances."

"I am sure," I replied modestly and somewhat timidly, "that you have made a good impression on the people here, for I have heard nothing but the highest praise of you."

"Indeed?" she inquired, "and I wonder why anyone should praise me?"

"And I wonder why every one should not praise you!"

She blushed innocently and naturally, and I continued, "The prairie has not been favored with such a charming visitor within my knowledge."

And then I stopped and my heart fluttered as I wondered if I had not said too much.

Her kindly eyes met mine as she modestly replied, "I am sure that I am not worthy to have such things said about me."

And then I looked out at the door to see how my horse was getting on, and turning toward her again, remarked, "It is a beautiful fall, isn't it?"

Some people, even in that remote country, said autumn, but I applied the plainer term and called it fall.

"It is indeed," she replied. "Are there any hickory nuts in this part of the country?"

I assured her there were and that I wished it were not Sunday so that we might go nutting.

"Can you climb and thrash the trees?" she asked.

Could I climb and thrash the trees? I could have climbed to the top of the Tower of Babel if she had been looking on, and could not only have thrashed for her all the hickory nut trees in Christendom, but could have thrashed the whole Roman Empire in its palmyest days.

"How is the pecan crop?" I inquired.

"Splendid, and we have been pecan hunting two or three

different days, as you will see from the stains on my fingers now."

Yes, I did it. She reached her shapely hand slightly toward me, and I timidly reached mine out and looked at the stains on her fingers, and I held her hand in mine for the first time, and Bob Burdette tells the truth in his lecture on "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache," when he says that a man can hold her hand just as well the first time as he can after practicing it a thousand years.

It was her left hand that she extended to me and I unconsciously took her extended fingers in my left hand.

"Are you left-handed?"

We each asked the question of the other in the same breath, and both answered "Yes."

Another link in the chain of destiny!

She did not let her hand linger there and I did not try to detain it, but that touch had in it a swell and flush of magnetism, that tingled in my fingers and rushed madly to my heart.

There are some who do not believe in magnetism, but they never saw Sallie.

I have seen ignorant negroes hobble around among a mass of trolley wires, all unconscious of the terrible electric forces that hedged them about, and I have seen listless dolts, both men and women, passing through the world, surrounded by storms of electric power on every hand, and all unconscious of the hidden forces that linger in the human heart.

Oh! that thrill—tremulous, entrancing, inexplicable, dangerous! I had stumbled on this discovery and did not as yet know what it was any more than Franklin knew what the lightning was when he caught a few of its kindling sparks in his handkerchief. She felt it too. I did not know it then, but I know it now. There was a mantling of blood to her cheeks, and there was a flash in her eye that I could not explain then, but I knew it later all too well.

"And how long are you going to spend on the Prairie?" I queried.

"Until next week," she said.

"And why not spend Christmas with us?"

"I must be at home with Pa and Ma and my little brother."

If I were writing a fictitious romance, I would say that she referred to her father and mother as "Papa" and "Mama," but she didn't. It was plain Pa and Ma, as was the custom in the higher walks of country life. In the lower strata, parents were called by the cognomens of "Pap" and "Mam."

"And where will you spend Christmas?" she inquired.

"I have never spent Christmas anywhere but here around home," and then there was a pause.

"What do you do at Christmas time?" was my next question.

"Oh, we have dances and candy pullings, and sometimes the boys get up a 'chivaree,' if there are any new married couples, and we pass the time away in great glee. There is to be a party at Smithville on this side the river the night before Christmas, and I have promised already to attend that."

As Smithville was only about fifteen miles from Hallmark's Prairie, and as I had often visited it in hunting cattle, I knew full well where the house was that she designated. The party was to be at Aaron Burleson's, who was one of the most expert fiddlers and whiskey drinkers in Bastrop County. He was afterwards waylaid and killed, but before he "bit the dust," he had killed his eight or ten men.

"Have you never been to a party near Smithville?" she asked.

I confessed that I never had, but that I had often hunted cattle in that section of the country.

"I think I should like to go to this one," I said.

"Well, come by all means," and what a pleasant invitation that was!

"If I come, may I go home with you?" I asked.

And really, my dear reader, this was a brave thing to do, but I write it down here for the good of any faint-hearted boy who may read these pages, that the way to win the heart of the woman you love is not to stand on the order of paying her the kingliest attentions of which you are capable. If faint heart never won fair lady, faint heart never won any lady at all. Sometimes faint heart is won by some buxom maiden or last summer's widow, but, when you are in love, make bold to advance, whether you know the countersign or not, and lay siege to the object of your affections mightily. A woman who is worth winning despises a halting, shambling, stammering, faint-hearted man, and would rather wipe her feet on him than to do anything else with him.

"I should be glad to have you go to our house and spend Christmas Day with us," she replied.

I looked at her as she gently turned her face toward mine, and I wanted to look at the pecan stains again, but I did not dare, so I said, "It is a bargain. I will be there and go home with you and spend Christmas day at your house."

Never on earth shall I forget it. I had already counted it up. Christmas day would be Saturday and the next day would be Sunday, and I knew that if I spent Christmas day, I would have to spend Sunday, because it would not be polite to go away on Sunday morning, much less to leave there on Saturday night for a twenty-three-mile ride, with a dangerous river between me and home.

I really did not observe that it was supper time, although Ebbie Mayo's clock had been ticking right before my eyes, and striking the hour, it seemed to me, every five minutes, and Miss Meely Mayo, his daughter, had tripped in and lighted the lamp, and I heard dishes rattling, and after a little time, Ebbie Mayo beamed in on us and said, "Britton,

if you and Sallie don't come to supper, there won't be anything left."

I had not eaten a bite since breakfast, as the reader knows, but I wished then that there had never been anything like supper invented. But I went in, and, thanks to good luck, I sat by Sallie at the table, and once or twice our elbows touched, and I felt that same indescribable thrill of which I have spoken before.

And after supper, what? Well, I stayed until late bedtime, which was ten o'clock.

Bedtime in the country comes very early. It was related of my father that once upon a time a neighbor called at five o'clock in the afternoon, and found all the family in bed. That was a malicious fabrication, because I have never known all the family to be in bed before seven.

Before bedtime came, Miss Sallie had agreed to write me on her arrival home, and to keep me informed as to any change in the program concerning the party at Aaron Burleson's.

But at last good-bye time came, and good-bye time is always the saddest time of all. I grasped her willing hand, and she returned my grasp with a coy warmth that I remember now, and I felt that thrill surging in my heart again—and was gone.

There were stars that night that came out and shed their silver light on me as I galloped over hill and dale toward my father's house, and the stars seemed happy too, and the autumn leaves that were still falling gave out tender music as the winds sent them rustling to the ground.

I was happy.

Never in my life had I been thus happy before.

I had left the old farm, over which, through many a weary mile, between plow handles, I had followed "Old Fox," and I had left the lowing herds of cattle, which I had tended many a day; and I had left the books which I had studied

faithfully, and that had been tied to my saddle as I rode through the forests full many a time; and I had left the little country schoolhouse where I had received the crude education that made me what I was and what I am; and I had left everything on earth that had prose in it, and had gone into the realm of pure, genuine, innocent, primeval love, which, since the days that there was a garden planted eastward in Eden, has thrilled the heart of city and country lad alike, and has fashioned for good or ill the destinies of the many generations that have come and worked out the little story of their lives—have been born, and lived, and died—and passed into the shadows of the grave.

It was the same old story that has been told over and again these many thousand times, and is ever new, and is ever fresh, and ever causes tender hearts to beat faster, and ever fires the ambition and inspires the soul and elevates the life of every man and woman who worthily and truly loves.

After arriving at home and giving "Old Ball" a liberal feed of corn and oats, I went to bed and dreamed that Sallie and I had married and had a little country cottage, with the vines growing about the door, with our farm and cattle around us, and in our simple country life were unspeakably happy in each other's love, and journeying through life's mazes to the better land.

X

A HARDSHELL BAPTIST FOOT-WASHING

MY FATHER and mother were members of the Hardshell Baptist Church that had its habitat on Hallmark's Prairie. It was made up of most excellent people. The Hardshell Baptists are very like the Missionary Baptists in their creed, but differ somewhat in the interpretation of their creed. They believe in what they call foot-washing. They base this belief on the 13th chapter of John.

On a certain Sunday on Hallmark's Prairie, I went with my father and mother to the old-time rawhide lumber church down on the south side of the Prairie. You may not know what rawhide lumber was. It was lumber sawed from oak trees. It was called rawhide lumber because it wouldn't stay put. It worked beautifully when "green," but when the lumber dried under the heat of the summer sun, it warped in every direction. In some respects it reminded me of the hat, the ownership of which was ascribed to Grimes. It was said that his hat "hung down ten thousand ways and the like was never seen." This rawhide lumber warped in every conceivable fashion. For that reason it had to be nailed very securely. If it were not thus nailed when green, it never could be nailed, because a nail can't be driven through a rawhide lumber plank after it seasons. This church had a pine lumber floor and pine lumber seats, many of which did not have any backs to them.

On this particular Sunday, Brother Abe Baker preached, and then my father preached, and Brother John Baker

closed with an exhortation. These dear people would begin their services at about eleven o'clock in the morning and close them some time in the afternoon, the time for the benediction varying with the number of preachers present and with the time it took for the Lord's Supper and the Foot-Washing.

After all three sermons had been duly preached and a closing hymn had been sung, Brother Baker came down out of the pulpit, opened his Bible and read the following verses from the 13th chapter of John :

“ Now before the feast of the passover, when Jesus knew that His hour was come that He should depart out of this world unto the Father, having loved His own which were in the world, He loved them unto the end. And supper being ended, the devil having now put into the heart of Judas Iscariot, Simon's son, to betray Him; Jesus knowing that the Father had given all things into His hands, and that He was come from God, and went to God: He riseth from supper and laid aside His garments; and took a towel, and girded himself. After that, He poureth water into a basin and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith He was girded. Then cometh He to Simon Peter; and Peter saith unto Him, Lord, dost thou wash my feet? Jesus answered and said unto him, What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter. Peter saith unto Him, Thou shalt never wash my feet. Jesus answered him, If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me. Simon Peter saith unto Him, Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head. Jesus saith unto him, He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit; and ye are clean but not all. For He knew who should betray Him, therefore said He, Ye are not all clean. So after He had washed their feet and taken His garments, and was set down again, He said unto them, Know ye what I have done to you? Ye call me Master and Lord: and ye say well, for so I am. If I then, your Lord

and Master, have washed your feet; ye also ought to wash one another's feet. For I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done to you. Verily, verily, I say unto you, The servant is not greater than his Lord, neither he that is sent greater than he that sent him. If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."

Preparation had been made by the deacons in anticipation of this exercise. The bread and wine had been procured, as well as the basins and towels and water for the foot-washers.

I reluctantly reveal a secret here. These dear, good people, when a foot-washing time was approaching, always very carefully washed their feet before they went to the foot-washing. Not only that, but they put on the cleanest kind of clean hosiery.

After Brother Baker had read the Scripture I have quoted, he laid aside his coat, girded himself with a towel, poured water into a basin and approaching Deacon Jack Bellamy, he knelt in front of him and said:

"Brother Bellamy, may I wash your feet?"

Brother Bellamy assented, and the dear man of God, thus kneeling in front of Deacon Bellamy, began to wash his feet. Deacon Bellamy in the meantime had removed his shoes and stockings. While this was going on, the women of the church, at the other end of the building, were carrying on the same exercises. The men washed each other's feet and the women did likewise. The greatest of decorum was preserved and the occasion was always a most solemn one.

The foot-washing began after the Lord's Supper was concluded. They first took the bread and wine just like other Christians do. This was done in great solemnity, and then the foot-washing followed. After Brother Baker had washed Brother Bellamy's feet, Brother Bellamy in turn washed Brother Baker's feet. At the same time, my father was busy washing the feet of old Brother Asa Bellamy, and he

in turn washed my father's feet. It was thus that, going from one to the other and reciprocating this evidence of humility and love, these dear people proceeded with their foot-washing. Many were the strangers who came down Hallmark's Prairie way to witness the foot-washing exercises. But in every case, as far as I can recall, those who came to scoff remained to pray. There was nothing laughable in this solemn religious observance. Whatever else may be thought of it or said of it, it was true and will remain ever true that these simple folk believed profoundly that they were doing the will of God. I must testify, to be sincere, that on every occasion when I was present at a foot-washing, there was what the dear old folks would call a splendid meeting. They would, when the exercises were concluded, grasp each other's hand, shed tears of Christian joy, give voice to expressions of tenderest Christian love, and oft-times these dear old soldiers of the Cross would be clasped in each other's arms. Many were the misunderstandings and embryo feuds that would be settled on these foot-washing occasions. No man could ever allow an enemy to kneel and wash his feet, and no man could ever remain an enemy of the man whose feet he had washed. It was thus that whatever the meaning of the teaching of the Scriptures, the ceremonial had its part in cementing the hearts of these dear people in the tenderest bonds of Christian and neighborly affection.

Now and then, as the exercises would close, some of the sisters would shout aloud for joy. On one occasion, and on only one, my mother shouted. There were others who thus gave expression to their joy in this simple service for each other, and as they believed, in their obedience to their God.

I was a Missionary Baptist a long time before I became convinced that foot-washing ought to be omitted. Dr. B. H. Carroll preached a sermon on the subject that settled me forever on the question. I recite the point, that it may help

others. After Jesus had washed the disciples' feet and told them that He had given them an example that they should follow, He added:

"If ye know these *things*, happy are ye if ye do *them*."

Dr. Carroll's point was that Jesus gave His disciples an example of humility and loving service; that it was not just one thing that the foot-washing illustrated, but many things. It was an injunction to humility, to service and to brotherly love all in one. It was an exhortation to helpfulness and kindness of soul. Dr. Carroll made the point that if we limited the exercise simply to washing one another's feet, we robbed the words of Jesus of their broad and comprehensive significance. I had not been convinced by the arguments usually employed by those who opposed the foot-washing ceremony. The point was that they had been walking for quite a little way, their feet, which were not covered with shoes, but sandals, had become soiled with the dust of the road and Jesus did for them a needed service in washing their feet. That did not seem convincing to me, but Dr. Carroll's point did.

XI

SOME WORDS CONCERNING MY FATHER

MANY REFERENCES have been made and will be made in this story concerning my dear father. He was to me more than any other man. He was a companion to his sons. He loved us tenderly, he treated us with the utmost kindness, he made us obey him and we respected him. As has been stated, he was a preacher and a doctor. He never went to medical college. As a doctor he was self-taught. He became one of the best practitioners of medicine I ever knew. He was not a learned man, as men count education now. His tuition was in the school of life. His learning was profound, but it was acquired first-hand with men and nature as his teachers. He accumulated a large medical library and mastered every book in it. He belonged to the reform school of medicine and, if living today, would be called an eclectic. He combined all of the best things in the medical practice of his time and was far and away the best doctor known to me.

The latter day theory in medicine is, for instance, that fever is not a disease, but a symptom. It has come also to be taught in our medical schools and by our medical experts that a very large percentage of the ills to which flesh is heir are caused from what we now call auto-intoxication. My father did not apply this high-sounding term to this condition. He called it "engorgement of the system." He would treat what he called engorgement of the liver, or engorgement of the intestinal tract, by "cleansing the system." He was also great in his practice in setting up reaction. He

taught my brother and me, both of whom were medical students, that at least seventy-five per cent of all the ailments in our latitude was due to obstructions and diseases in the alimentary tract. We had not then come to the time of the germ theory of disease, but my father gave medicine that would kill any germ that ever "rose or reigned or fell." I not only studied under him, but I practiced with him. From my boyhood I would go with my father to visit his patients. He treated them in the simplest kind of way by what he called emesis, or by diaphoresis or by purgation. In many cases he used all of these means for eliminating poison, and with his magnificent common sense and his inherent medical intuition, he succeeded most grandly in his medical work.

The old style medication contemplated simply the curing of sick people. The latter day science has to do with methods of preventing sickness. My father's work was almost wholly pathological, yet in many instances he practiced, in his simple way, what we now call hygiene and sanitation. He stoutly opposed mineral poisons for medicines. He was not in favor of mercurialization, nor did he administer any of the minerals as medicines except upon rare occasions. If he practiced in our time he would be called, by some, a hydro-path, because he used many of the hydrotherapy appliances. He believed in water, hot and cold, externally, internally and eternally, and frequently coupled this water with what he called "composition tea" and lobelia, with a sprinkle of capsicum and ipecachuana.

There was another thing about him as a physician to which I have briefly referred. He was an intuitive diagnostician. He did not need the latter day appliances in order to ascertain the trouble with his patients. He had never fooled with microscopes or clinical thermometers, but he was as quick to detect an infection of typhoid fever, pneumonia or measles as the scientist who is equipped with the latest methods of procedure.

He was honest to his heart's core and frank to bluntness. If he visited a patient who was not really ill, but was suffering from some imaginary ailment, he told him so plainly and without equivocation. In this way he lost some clients, but he kept his conscience clean. He never administered what the doctors call "placebos." He hated shams of every kind. He believed in driving directly to the mark and in telling the plain truth without garnishment or double dealing.

His practice extended over Gonzales, Bastrop, Fayette and Caldwell Counties. He often rode as far as fifty miles to see a patient. His reputation extended over these four counties and he had friends in all of them who would have no other physician if he were at all available. Many is the man he saved from death who had been given up by other doctors. It was the traditional thing to do, when any man or woman was given up to die, to send for my father. Many of these alleged incurables he cured, and it was thus his reputation spread and grew until he stood head and shoulders above any doctor in those four counties.

His theory of medication was to "cleanse the system." Those who are at all versed in the mysteries of medical lore know that there are but four methods of elimination known to the human frame. Poisons contained in the system must be eliminated either by the lungs, the skin, the kidneys or through the intestinal tract. In every trouble, one or the other of these avenues is closed, sometimes two, and now and then there is a congestion of all, and this, of course, is a very dangerous condition. My father's plan was to arouse the secretions and cleanse the system. In this way, his patients recovered, and when they were again in health they had escaped the multitudinous *sequelae* so much known to practitioners of the old school. He never salivated a patient and never left one with the terrible effects of unwise medication.

Looking back upon my father and his career as a physi-

cian, I wonder how it came that he did things so well. The only explanation of it was that he was "to the manner born," and that, coupled with this inherent congenital equipment, he was possessed of a remarkable fund of common sense, which carried him through every difficulty. If he were living now and I were sick, I would rather have him come and look after me than any man that ever lived. I would, without hesitation, cast aside all of the late day medical equipment and trust to my father's good sense and medical skill rather than to any of the up-to-date doctors.

Aside from my father's work as a physician, he was a splendid citizen and an able minister of the Gospel. He studied and marked his Bible, held many of its passages sacredly to his heart, and presented the Word of God both with pathos and with power. He believed profoundly in the inspiration of the Scriptures and in all those sacred doctrines that have made great men and blessed the world since time was young. He never had any doubt of any truth or any statement in the Book of God. In his pulpit ministrations he never apologized for, but always proclaimed, the Gospel.

I would not have you think for a moment that my father was a perfect man. He had his faults. One of these was an impetuosity that often betrayed him into hasty speech and action. He had a quick, explosive temper, and while he was forgiving and tender in his nature, he was as brave as a lion and was ready to resent an injury or an insult at the drop of a hat.

It was wonderful about those old frontier men. They carried their guns and revolvers everywhere they went. My father, in the frontier times, would take his arms with him right into the pulpit and lay them beside the Bible. No one knew when an attack would be made by the Indians, and those old-time Texans believed that "self-preservation was the first law of nature." While he believed profoundly in

predestination, he was like the other old Primitive Baptist preacher of whom I heard. He was going from home one Sunday morning to a church appointment where he was to preach, and before he left he took down his gun and saw that it was in first-class condition. His son twitted him with the remark:

"Father, if you believe in predestination, why are you afraid of Indians?"

"Ah, my son," he replied, "I did not know but what the Lord had predestinated that I should kill an Indian today."

That was the way my father viewed the matter. While he believed in the purposes of God and in God's care of us, one by one, he at the same time availed himself of every common sense protection. During all of my youth time he kept his arms right by his bed. If he did not have his revolver under his head as he slept, he kept it in reach of his hand, and was always ready for the sudden attack of savage or marauder.

A wave of indignation swept over the old Texans when the first six shooter law was passed in 1873. I was then fifteen years old and had become very expert in the use of a revolver. My father allowed my brother and me to acquire the use of firearms early in our lives. I cannot remember when we did not have these implements of destruction in our home. He had passed through the war, had lived on the frontier, and had found himself surrounded, through all of his life in Texas, by hostile conditions. When the first six shooter law was passed, we were living in Bastrop County. This law was adopted during the administration of E. J. Davis, the great Republican or Radical of that time. He was the most cordially hated man that was ever in public position in Texas, and when the six shooter law was passed, there was a coincident order empowering negroes to be policemen. Many of the negroes were equipped with arms and the white men were deprived of arms. It was almost revolutionary—so much so that the old Texans

ignored the law almost universally, and the result was that a good many negroes and some white men lost their lives.

During this period, I remember a Democratic barbecue that was held on Hallmark's Prairie, at which Joseph D. Sayers, of Bastrop, then a young lawyer, was the principal speaker. One of our white Republicans had taken a Negro policemen there to keep order and to see that the white men were not armed. Joe Sayers was as brave as a lion. He had been a gallant colonel in the Confederate service and was then one of the rising young men of Texas. He afterwards went to Congress from his district and later was Governor of our State. Jones & Sayers were my father's attorneys, and so it was not remarkable that all of us were at this barbecue on this eventful day.

When Sayers arose to speak, he looked around, and spying the white Republican, or Radical as we called him, he began to denounce him by name and added:

"I want Mr. —— to understand that I am here on this ground armed. I have a pistol in each one of my pockets and I defy him and all his Negro police to disarm me. The first man that approaches me to disarm me I shall shoot dead on the spot, and I know that my friends here will finish up the balance of the bunch."

It is needless to say that there was no effort that day to disarm Mr. Sayers or the other Democrats who were present. This will give, however, some insight into the situation in Texas at that time.

My father believed to his dying day that any law prohibiting the carrying of arms was an outrage on the liberties of the people, just as he believed that no man should be allowed to fence vast bodies of land and thus keep the common people from enjoying the blessings of free air, free water and free grass. He contended that any law prohibiting the carrying of fire-arms was designed in its very

essence to disarm the honest, law-abiding citizens, but that it would at no time disarm the criminals.

My father was a magnificent business man. He was the best horse trader and best judge of horses I ever knew. He would, in the springtime, come down into the horse herd and would here and there pick out what my brother and I would call a "stack of bones" and say to us:

"Boys, bring that colt home tonight so that he can be put in the barn and fed."

We would laugh at what we thought were our father's miscalculations, time and time again, but his judgment never failed. Every one of these raw-boned plugs that he would select would, with the stimulus of proper feed, soon bloom out into one of the finest horses in Bastrop County. It was thus that he not only conserved his own herd of horses, but he was able, by this horse sense, to buy promising colts from others and thus make a great deal of money on his horses.



XII

SOME REMINISCENCES OF THE '70'S IN OLD BASTROP COUNTY

I HAVE referred in a previous chapter to the barbecue on Hallmark's Prairie. This was a procedure that was emulated in many other sections of the county and State. The people were just emerging from the strife and carnage of Civil War. They had not yet emancipated themselves from the effects of the exultation of their victors. The South was stunned and subdued, but never conquered. We had the Negro question to deal with, we had our ruined homes and fortunes to repair, and we had to grow a new generation of men who would take their places in the walks of life and cut their full width through the disasters the great Southern people had suffered. It is not remarkable that the white folks of Bastrop County—the whites were in the minority there at that time and probably are today—often met together to compare notes and to take a new hold upon things political and social.

While Joseph D. Sayers was one of the foremost young men of that time and place, the great man of the Democratic party in Southwest Texas in the 70's was Wash Jones, of Bastrop. He was head and shoulders above any of his contemporaries. I have not heard him speak since I was seventeen years old, and since then I have heard the greatest men of the world in their most majestic flights of oratory, but I give it as my deliberate conviction that for natural oratorical ability Wash Jones has never had a superior on the American platform. There was one grave reason why

he never came into his own. The nearest that he reached it was when he became a member of Congress. If it had not been for whiskey, Wash Jones might have been president of the United States. He was so far in advance of the men of his time, and so far removed from them in ability, that anything might have been possible to him had he let liquor alone. Even as it was, he was a tremendous power in all that part of Texas. His home was at Bastrop, and inasmuch as he was one of my father's warmest personal and political friends, I, as a boy, learned to know him well. I would ride half across the county to hear him speak, and this always with the approval of my father.

One of these great barbecues was given near Cockrell's Hill in Fayette County July 4, 1871. My father was busy with his practice that day and so I was permitted to go alone. I was at that time thirteen years of age. This barbecue was very largely attended. I was a very little boy, and in the absence of my father I feared I would have a rather short shrift for my dinner. The speaking was to be in the afternoon. There had been a "tournament" in the morning.

When dinner was announced I hastened to the table in the hope that I might secure for myself a reasonably full repast. I found myself standing by "Pod" Cockrell, a brother of "Chig" Cockrell, who kept the big store on Cockrell's Hill. "Pod" Cockrell was a very staid and crusty old bachelor, about five feet nine inches tall, squarely built, with heavy muscles, deep chest and very long flowing beard. He was awe-inspiring to a boy, but none the less the boy who stood beside him that day essayed to play a joke on him. Mr. Cockrell got a full cup of coffee, but the boy got none. When Mr. Cockrell looked over the other way, the boy very quietly slipped Mr. Cockrell's cup of coffee over beside his own plate, and when Mr. Cockrell looked around and saw that his coffee was gone, he had the funniest expression on his face that I have ever seen. He looked along

by my plate and espied the departed coffee. At once he grew very grave and ministerial in his demeanor. Turning upon me he said:

“Young man, the next thing it will be a yearling, and then a horse, and a little while later you will be an out-and-out criminal. If I were you I would stop now.”

I am sure that he did not know that I was Dr. E. A. Cranfill's boy, or he would have appreciated the joke and would have gently asked me to replace his coffee. Instead of that, he gave me that terrible lecture from which I have not yet recovered. When he turned away, I gently slipped his coffee back, and none of that barbecue tasted good to me. However, I managed to secure enough food to stay my hunger and was on one of the front seats when Wash Jones began his great oration on the Declaration of Independence.

I never shall forget his stateliness, the majesty of his presence, the resonance of his deep bass voice, the wonderful sweep of his eloquence, or the tremendous influence he exercised over his auditors. He held them in the hollow of his hand. After reading the Declaration of Independence, he began his address by saying:

“I have selected for my text today these words: ‘We hold these truths to be self-evident—that all men are created equal.’”

There he stopped, and from that short sentence he spoke almost three hours. The address must have begun at about 1:30 o'clock and it was nearly 5 when the tremendous arraignment of the South's enemies and oppressors reached its climax and its close. I have never forgotten that speech, and, as long as I live, I shall look back upon it as one of the red letter occasions of my life. It deserved to class with the orations of Henry Ward Beecher, Henry Grady, Jas. G. Blaine and Charles H. Spurgeon. Of course it was not a sermon. Wash Jones was not a religious man. He held all religion in the deepest veneration, but he had not made a

personal profession of religion. While this was true, he was dealing with questions that stirred the very nerve-centers of the people's hearts, and in a high and noble sense, that speech that day was a sermonic classic.

There were other orators known to me as a boy, but none of them deserved to class with Wash Jones. There were Judge Burgess of Seguin; W. B. Miller of Gonzales, a brother of Nick Miller, the great cattle man; John Ireland, who afterwards became Governor of Texas, and W. B. Sayers, brother of Joseph D. Sayers. Over at Gonzales there was a lawyer by the name of Parker, who was what Colonel Jones called a "Hardshell Democrat." He used to go around to the barbecues and praise the Radicals, but Wash Jones would not have any of that. He assailed them politically and personally, and our present day politicians who are unfamiliar with the history of that period know nothing of strenuous politics.

A tournament was a riding contest. The plan of procedure was to erect poles at certain distances apart and place on these poles arms, to which rings would be attached or hung on nails. The riders, each with a spear, would run past these poles, the object being to catch these rings on the spear. This was great sport and indulged in by the cowboy gentry of that period with great avidity. On nearly every barbecue occasion there would be a tournament in the morning or in the afternoon, and the victorious knight would be privileged to crown his sweetheart queen of the occasion. The exercise called not only for expert horsemanship, but good marksmanship, because taking aim at these rings was just about like taking aim at any kind of game. The rider's horse was also a factor of no small moment in the equation. A well-trained tournament horse was much in demand. It did not follow that a cow horse was inherently adapted to this exercise. Cow horses and cow ponies were trained, and became as expert in helping to handle the cattle as the cow-

boys themselves. A trained cow pony was worth his weight in gold, and a trained cow horse was in many ways very valuable. The most of the cowboy work was done by horses of medium size, and these horses were trained to do the much needed things when the cowboy was in action. The same was true of a tournament horse, and the man who went into a tournament without a trained mount would always lose. This was a fashion that gave great zest to many a neighborhood occasion, and every youth at some stage of his pilgrimage had to go through the exercise and prove himself worthy of the foemen who gathered to test his mettle.

Christmas occasions were characterized by constant rounds of country dances. The Southwest Texas youth who did not attend a dance party every night of Christmas week except Sunday night, was not of much consequence. I have often ridden as far as twenty miles to attend a dance, and after the dance was over I would ride home and be ready for work in the morning.

XIII

THE STORY OF A GREAT AFFLICTION

WHEN I was about twelve years old, I went to stay all night with my friends, the Jenkins boys. They lived about a mile from my father's house and were my much-loved playfellows at school. I had frequently thus gone away to spend the night with neighbor boys and there was nothing that I enjoyed more than this. On this particular night, I ate rather a hearty supper and, as was the custom among the farm people, we retired early. I slept with the grown-up boy, Alex. Jenkins, who was afterwards many times sheriff of Bastrop County. At that time he was a young fellow on his first pins, and, like the other Jenkinses, was an unusually fine young man. After we had been in bed for some thirty minutes, I suppose, and after both of us had fallen asleep, I awoke with a terrible sense of suffocation. I began to yell and soon aroused the entire household. I thought I was dying and told them so. Alex. soon had his pony saddled and went post haste after my father. Meantime Mrs. Jenkins had found the camphor bottle, and with the use of this and other restoratives I was quieting down by the time my father reached the Jenkins home. I was not feeling all right, however, and my father took me up behind him on his big horse and took me home.

This was the beginning of a life-long affliction. After this I was very reluctant to go away from home to spend the night. It was true that I did go many times, but always with a feeling of insecurity and uncertainty. I felt perfectly safe at home when my father was there, and comparatively

safe even when he was away, because my mother had learned to be a first-class physician herself in her own sweet way. She had ministered to the sick many times, and I have known her to even save life. The trouble that I had that night was what my father called "palpitation of the heart," and he said it was occasioned by acute indigestion. Whatever it was, I suffered much excruciating agony, and through the years this physical trouble, which began that way in the years long gone, has been a great handicap. I did not allow it to spoil my childhood. I went now and then to spend the night with the neighbor boys, and later on, when I had reached fourteen or fifteen years of age, I went away quite often in the Autumn, when our own cotton crop had been gathered, to assist in picking cotton for our neighbors and thus earn a little ready money. My brother, however, was always with me and he used the old-time treatment that my father loved so well, so that when I was away from home with him and took one of my "spells," he would immediately fill me up with composition tea, lobelia and ipecac, and I would soon be relieved of the original trouble, even if I had a worse one in its place.

While I did not know it at the time, the trouble antedated the first spell of this kind that I had when I was visiting the Jenkins boys. It was congenital. As I have recited in this chronicle, I was born on the Texas frontier, and during all the months preceding my birth, my mother was hourly in terror of the marauding savages. She expected at any time that they would swoop down and make a finish of the family. It was under these conditions that I was born, and I have been told by my mother that when I was not yet a year old, I was attacked with terrible convulsions and they thought I would die. I bit my tongue almost in two a little later on, after my teeth had come, in another spell of this kind. There are scars on my tongue today from the effects of these early nervous troubles, but you would never know

it if you heard me talk, because my tongue, I would have you understand, was in no wise disabled by these childhood troubles. The fact was, however, that I was a nervous boy, though I did not discover it until this time at the home of Mr. Jenkins. I had been well all my life, so far as I can remember, and after I had passed the period of early childhood, I never again suffered an attack of convulsions of any kind.

All my life, however, I have suffered with recurrences of these attacks, and as I have grown older, they have assumed protean shape and form. Every day of my life, I have used up all the surplus nervous energy that I accumulated the night before. I have never had what you would call a reserve force of nervous energy. I have lived a very active life and have been a hard worker in every line of work in which I have engaged. It was so in my childhood. I worked like fighting fire, and it was no wonder that O. S. Fowler, the great phrenologist, said of me when he examined my head in Waco, when I was about twenty-eight, that I would make as furious a charge in order to capture a mouse as I would to circumvent an elephant. That was exactly the truth. I have never quite been able to differentiate between small things and large things in my workaday life. I have fought hard day by day, battling with whatever obstructions crossed my path, and I have not been fortunate in my ability to conserve my nervous energy.

If I had been a woman, I would have sometimes been called hysterical, but I have now outlived the former symptoms of that kind. In this childhood spell of which I speak, I really did think I was dying, and many have been the times in my boyhood and later in my maturer youth and years, that I felt my hour had come. I know exactly how a man feels when he is dying, and I will not be surprised at any of the symptoms when I am in *extremis*. My dear mother, from whom I inherited much of this neurasthenic

diathesis, said to me after death was on her that she felt like she had an attack of hysterics. She had the characteristics *dyspnoea* and the other symptoms that had so much annoyed her during her pilgrimage.

This trouble assumes many forms, one of which is insomnia. Many have been the nights that I have passed over hour by hour without being able to sleep. Most people sleep the sounder, the more sleep they have lost. My trouble has been that the more sleep I lose, the less I can sleep, so I have had to be very careful to take every advantage to find rest for a tense and irritable nervous system.

In my childhood these spells would always be accompanied with distressing symptoms. I have been examined by the most distinguished heart specialists in the world, and have never been told by any of them that I had heart disease.

Once when in boyhood I suffered an attack of this kind, I jumped out of bed, cleared the room at about two bounds and ran like a deer. I had that sense of suffocation that my Uncle Charlie, my father's youngest brother, must have felt when he had similar spells in his boyhood in the old Kentucky home. Uncle Charlie came running to the house one day, panting for breath in an agony of uneasiness and terror, and said:

"Oh, mother, I have almost lost my breath, and I would rather lose anything in the world than my breath!"

I have had this experience over and over again—I do not doubt, a thousand times—and I pity any man, woman or child who ever endured the agony of this kind of suffering. Many is the night when I have prayed the Lord to send me the toothache or an ingrowing toe-nail or an attack of appendicitis—anything in the world that would be a pain. A pain would have been such a relief. I had no pain whatever, but was suffering that excruciating agony that comes from a sense of impending dissolution.

Now, I have never been afraid to die when I was in my

normal health. I have no particular fondness for dying. The fact is that I like this world, I love the people in it and I am charmed with the opportunities for usefulness that stretch out on every hand. While all of this is true, I realize that life's end sometime must come, and normally I have not been afraid of its end. However, when I have had spells of this kind, it has not been a normal condition, but an abnormal one, so I have been in absolute terror of death, even when I was living the best Christian life I ever lived at all. All physicians will understand what I mean, and all others who have ever had this sort of trouble will also comprehend what I have here related.

The most disagreeable manifestation of the trouble that I have ever suffered has been that of a super-sensitive nervousness concerning the matter of sleep. I have been a great burden to my family in many ways and this I profoundly regret. I raised a daughter to be grown, as well as a son, and I know that, while I tried hard to make their childhood and youth-time years the happiest of their lives, I have been to them a great burden with respect to this affliction. I never could bear to have noises around my home at night, and on account of this super-sensitiveness I have had to retire early and court sleep instead of sitting up in order to get sleepy. It has been one long agonizing nightmare, and while it seems now I will live out perhaps more than the average span of life, unless a tree falls on me or I get run over by an automobile, the fact remains that my life has been immeasurably marred by this affliction. Even before I had eye trouble and was thus disabled from night reading, I was cut off from much study at night from the fact that it so excited my brain that after too much cerebration after supper, I could not find any sleep whatever when I had retired for rest.

Now, this accounts for my absence from many public functions of various kinds. I dearly love social life. I love my friends as few men have ever loved their friends. I have

a supreme joy in being with my friends in a social way. I love the prayer-meetings. I love the Sunday night services. Indeed, I love all the services of the church and I love to be at public meetings. The fact, however, is that on account of this congenital neurasthenic condition I escape every one of them that I possibly can. Sometimes it has happened that under great stress of either social or religious obligation I have gone out to these meetings at night, and even if I did not do anything but sit and hear a sermon or engage in the singing, it has cost me a night's sleep. The man who is physically organized otherwise cannot understand this. My brother never could. He is just as different from me as day is from night. He can sleep anywhere you put him and in any position that he finds himself. He can cuddle up on a seat in a smoking car and sleep soundly for ten mortal hours. I could not sleep in such a position as that if my life depended upon it.

One night, after preaching in one of our city churches, I did not sleep. Next morning I asked my wife if she could account for this remarkable fact—that whereas my sermons put the audience to sleep, they kept me awake all night. I am taking my readers into my confidence in this recital, in order that when I am gone I may be better understood. I know that there are brethren and friends who have wondered why I slipped out of conventions and public meetings at evening time and sought my room when they thought I should have attended. I am now giving you the explanation. I have to take every advantage to get mental rest and to get quietude for my nerves, or I am unfit for the next day's tasks.

I have been a great bore to hotel keepers and sleeping car agents wherever I have traveled. I always write and ask for a room away from the elevator, fronting on the court, off the street car line. If I get a room that is exposed to the noise of the street or the noise of the elevator, it is good-

bye sleep and subjection to all the agonies of brain exhausting and nerve-racking insomnia.

I have counted all the sheep in the universe. If there are sheep in the other planets, I have counted them. I have gone for hours and hours, trying my best to get one minute of quietude in sleep and have failed. I pity profoundly from the very depths of my soul every one who is thus afflicted, and if there were any panacea for this trouble in this world, I would give for it all of my possessions. I am not selfish in this. I know that my own tenure of life cannot be very long at best. While this is true, there are many others similarly afflicted, many more than this reader knows, and I wish that I could leave behind me some surcease of pain and strife and weariness and tears for those who suffer as I have suffered.

My dear daughter has said to me many a time :

“ Papa, I have walked on my eyeballs all my life.”

The dear child is right. That may have been what caused her eye trouble some years ago, which is now very happily recovered. It is the same with friends who have been around me. I have made some of my dearest friends somewhat miserable when they have been guests in my home by quietly suggesting that they tip down the stairs next morning or up the stairs at night, and refrain from any kind of noise as they walked around the premises.

Now I have delivered myself on this subject, and I would make an apology containing more words than all the pages and chapters of this book if it would erase from the past pages of my life the discomfort I have given others and the pain I have myself suffered on account of this affliction. I could not help it. I would have helped it if I could. I would have been as phlegmatic and tranquil of nerve and brain as my dear brother if I could have been, but it was not for me.

Now, as I have said this much, I am going to say some

more. I have learned that by reasonable care I can avoid many of these attacks, and I am going to give to the readers of this chronicle some of the simple suggestions I have found helpful. I formed the habit of smoking shuck cigarettes and then afterwards put tobacco in them. Later on, I learned how to smoke a pipe, and after I grew up I became a cigar smoker. I never did smoke regularly and I never chewed tobacco, but I kept up the tobacco habit at intervals until I was thirty-one years of age, at which time I abandoned it forever. The use of tobacco on the part of nervous people is equal exactly to buying their own coffin nails and driving them into their coffins. I strongly adjure every tobacco user in the world to give up this habit. If he hasn't this trouble now, he will have it later on if he keeps up his nerve-racking indulgences.

The old-time Texans were all great coffee drinkers. The first thing in my father's home when my father and mother got out of bed was to put on the coffee-pot—and they got out of bed early, you may be sure of that. They were fooling with the coffee by four o'clock on the summer mornings and by five on the winter mornings. They would make the coffee strong enough to float an axe, and then they would drink their first cup while they sat around the hearthstone and while the breakfast was in preparation; then when breakfast time came, they would drink another cup, and later in the day they would drink still other cups. My dear, sweet mother drank coffee three times a day conscientiously as long as she lived, and, if you count this first cup in the morning, she drank coffee four times a day. She did not think it hurt her, but, looking back upon it, after she has for many years been in her grave, I believe it was a deadly curse to her. I know that it was poison to me from the time of my childhood, but I did not know it then. I drank coffee along with the rest, and then I suffered with these nervous attacks so frightfully that I had to take nearly all

the medicine in my father's medical saddle-bags to get me straight again. As I learned to know more of myself I abandoned coffee just as I had abandoned tobacco, so that for years I have not indulged in any nervous stimulant or any narcotic of any kind.

There is another matter of grave moment to every one thus afflicted, and that is the question of diet; and there is a companion question, that of exercise, which is of supreme importance. Long ago I theoretically became a vegetarian, and now I am practically one. I do not eat a pound of meat of any and all kinds in a year, and the time is near at hand when I never expect to touch meat of any kind under any circumstances. Not only is that true, but I have learned that the right kind of physical exercise, taken in the right way, is one of the best possible preventives of a recurrence of these nervous afflictions. I believe that if anyone so afflicted will steer clear of tobacco, coffee and meat and take plenty of time in which to masticate his food, he will be a long way in the direction of comfort; and moreover, if he will take due and diligent exercise each day—walking is the best of all exercise, I think—he will find himself so far comfortable that he will not recognize in himself the same person that he was before he adopted these simple hygienic suggestions.

I was a great horseback rider in my boyhood, and lived out in the open air practically all day long. If I were not on my horse, I was working hard at farm labor. While all of this was true, this out-door physical exercise did not serve to ward off these recurring spells from which I suffered. I have them less now than ever before, but I find as I go along that I am a little more susceptible to noise and the discomforts of public functions than before. I do not know how I will end up in the matter, but I am expecting the time to come, if I shall live to be as old as ninety or a hundred years, that I will have to spend much of my time

alone. If I do, I will keep writing on this chronicle, so that those who follow after will have a good time reading what I have said about it. I know it must be exceedingly interesting to every reader to know the meanderings of the mind of a nervous man and the distresses he has felt on account of his neurasthenic diathesis.

I have found great benefit from water. I drink a great deal of water, and I am a very persistent user of water in the various kinds of bathing. I take a cold plunge bath every morning of the world, no matter how cold it is, and use water of the temperature of the room or of the hydrant, wherever I am. This has been one of the best preventives of all the other ills to which flesh is heir that I ever adopted, and I will give you a gracious fact about myself, and that is, that while I have suffered much with this nervous trouble, I have escaped many of the other troubles that afflict the human race. I have never had pneumonia. I have never had malarial fever. I have nothing like tuberculosis or asthma, and on the whole, I am a very healthy individual. Of course, if I had not had this neurasthenic trouble, I would have been a perfect specimen of physical manhood, and so, after all, while I have suffered much, I do not complain of the fact, but rather thank God that it has been no worse. I am a good deal like the old lady, concerning whom I told a story in my first book, entitled *Courage and Comfort, or Sunday Morning Thoughts*. This old lady was rather neurasthenic and hysterical and she never was willing to confess that she was better. One morning, however, when she seemed to be in unusually fine physical condition, one of the neighbor ladies came over and said:

“Why, Grandma, you must feel better this morning.”

She said:

“Yes, I feel a little better this morning, thank God! But I always know that when I feel better I’m going to feel worse. O Lordy!”

This is characteristic of the neurasthenic, but I have been enabled by my knowledge of medicine, hygiene and therapeutics to adapt myself to such conditions as I have had to confront, and I am very thankful that in many ways my life has been cast in pleasant places.

If at any time I have ever seemed to neglect you, dear reader, or to stay away from your party, or to be absent from your association or convention, or chamber of commerce meeting, or to neglect you when you have invited me to your dinner, it was not because I did not love you, but rather because, knowing I had a certain amount of work in the world to do, I have had to forego the pleasure of doing the things you felt that I ought to do and looked for me to do, in order to accumulate enough nervous energy and strength to do the duties of the following day.

This has been the way I have lived. The trouble has been my shadow every day and will follow me to my grave. I am glad that after the breath leaves my body I can have one last long sleep.

XIV

A CHAPTER ON NERVOUSNESS, NUISANCES AND NOISE

THERE are many in this world whose chief ambition seems to be to make others discontented and unhappy. Some of these promote noises. Take, for instance, the firemen and engineers on our railway trains. Each engine is equipped with a demoniacal whistle. An engine makes enough noise any way, when you take into account the escape of the steam and the other general noise-creating apparatus thereunto belonging, but when you add the clanging of the bell, and the screeching of the whistle, you have a machine that is of the underworld. Of course, in the ongoing of a railway train, there is a necessity for some noise. The bell should be clanged at certain crossings, and at certain other intervals the whistle should be blown, but the noise that engineers and firemen make is out of all reason and out of all proportion to the noise they should make. There is just at this time on one of the Dallas railway trains, a diabolical fireman or engineer who pulls out a freight train at about 5:30 in the morning. As he starts out of the Dallas station he begins to blow his whistle. It is a horrible whistle. It is one of those whistles that has in it compounded the groans, screeches, howls and screams of the entire antediluvian world. It is frightful in its discordant sound, and it is so loud that I can hear it as plainly when the breeze is from the South as if it were on my front sidewalk. Now, this brutal whistle-blower starts out blowing his whistle at almost every turn of the wheels, and that

screech goes on until he is safely outside of the corporate limits, and perhaps he keeps it up until he is miles and miles away.

I remember a noise that used to distress me much. I lived for twelve years in Waco, and for about five years of that time I lived in South Waco, about a block from Baylor University. Dr. Burleson was president. He meant well in the very noises that he made, but there is one man—I refer to the writer of these lines—who was caused to suffer more agony and more general discomfort and distress on account of one of Dr. Burleson's noise-making appliances than perhaps any other man that ever lived in Waco. By some means Dr. Burleson possessed himself of an enormous bell. He did not hang it in the air, but suspended it right close to the ground. Every morning at six o'clock, rain or shine, Sunday and every day, this bell tolled to wake up the 150 or 175 girls that he had in his boarding hall. Now, living in South Waco at that time there were perhaps six or seven thousand people, and if one of them could sleep through the tolling of this bell, he surely had a cast-iron nervous system, and all the aural avenues, including the eustachian tube, were closed. As I have already told, I am a poor sleeper. Sometimes it is far into the night before I can compose myself to find any sleep at all. Often it happens that I do not fall asleep till early morning. This happened many times when I lived on Speight Street in Waco, so close to dear Dr. Burleson's school. Just about the time I would then be sound asleep, this bell would toll and my chance for sleep for that day had reached its end.

Dr. Burleson has long since been in his grave. I would not say an unkind word of the dead, nor would I say an unkind word of the noble man if he were alive, but as a matter of fact, while he never thought of it, the tolling of that bell every morning at six o'clock—a bell so loud that its intonation sounded like the coming of an earthquake—

was absolutely against every principle of righteousness and in violation of every tenet of Christian ethics. He did not mean it so. Of this I am very sure. But the fact remained that for all of the years of his mortal existence, this abomination of desolation, standing where it ought not, tolled alarms to the horror and discomfort of all the nervous people in the community, and perhaps to the fatal ending of many nervous ailments.

That is one thing I have against the Roman Catholics. In every Roman Catholic church in the world, they begin their morning by tolling a six o'clock bell. I roomed near one of them once, and the Roman Catholic bell was just as harassing to my nerves as was Dr. Burleson's bell, with the exception that the Roman Catholic bell was not as loud as Dr. Burleson's bell. Dr. Burleson's bell was the loudest I ever had close to me, but the Catholic bells are loud enough to bring wakefulness to the eyes of those who suffer from nervousness, and to disturb the tranquility of many sufferers who languish on beds of affliction.

Nuisances of this sort should be abated by law. I do not believe that any engineer, or any college president, or any Catholic priest, or any other functionary anywhere, has the right to maintain this kind of nuisance. It is against the peace and tranquility of the public and in violation of all the high principles of Christian ethics.

This brings me to another point on which I have wanted to speak for thirty years. It is with regard to the evangelists who promote six o'clock morning prayer meetings. I believe in prayer. Profoundly do I reverence every man who thus finds communion with his God. We do not pray half enough. Prayer is one of the most neglected of all Christian duties. But these six o'clock morning prayer meetings are as senseless as they are unnecessary. In a large measure, they are hypocritical. They are advertised and promoted for the purpose of showing forth a degree of piety that

the leaders in them do not possess. A man can pray just as well after he has arisen from a sound sleep in the regular way and had his breakfast. There is no virtue in jumping out of bed at five or 5:30 o'clock, rubbing one's eyes, hastily pulling on one's clothes, and hurrying away to some church house to meet a lot of misguided fanatics who think that by disturbing their neighbors, cutting off their natural supply of sleep, and hurrying together at six o'clock, they can thereby promote righteousness. In these evangelistic efforts many of these very same people do not get to bed until midnight, and here they are jumping up at five in the morning and scurrying away to meet other idiots of the same kind in a useless prayer meeting. I have attended but one of this sort and that was by accident. It was when the Texas Baptist Sunday School Convention met many years ago at Brenham. The train was quite late and we did not get to Brenham until just about 5:30 o'clock. We were met by some brethren and advised that a six o'clock prayer meeting was to be held soon at one of the nearby churches. We had nothing else to do, and so I followed the brethren in. The breakfast hour had not yet come, so it was no loss of time to go in and witness one of these six o'clock morning performances. I was not in very much of a praying mood. I had been on the train all night, and getting up at 5:30 is not exactly in my line. However, I helped them sing and I helped them pray, but they were a sleepy, languid looking bunch, and I do not believe that ten per cent of the men and women there really were in earnest in coming to the prayer meeting. They came because a cranky evangelist had advertised the prayer meeting and they thought that in order to be in line with his plans, they had to shake themselves loose from the best end of a good night's sleep and congregate with him to make a show of themselves in this kind of religious observance. I class this along with the ringing of the six o'clock Catholic bell and all such heathen sounds.

Then, there are the steam whistles of factories, planing mills, flouring mills and enterprises of this sort. The first year I came to Dallas, I lived at what was then 469 South Ervay Street. This was in the neighborhood of the Dallas cotton mills. These mills employed some 300 hands, and in order, as the management thought, to get these people out of bed and into the factory on time, they had to arouse 15,000 people every morning by blowing their abominable whistle at five o'clock. They are doing that today. One morning not long ago, when I was struggling to make even with the loss of a very large part of the night, I was aroused by this same raucous noise, and I recognized it. The wind was blowing exactly from that location, and although, on a straight line, it is over four miles from where I now live, this whistle woke me up and spoiled the only chance I had for enough sleep with which to perform next day a reasonable day's work. Then there are others of these factories that begin their noises at six o'clock, then on to 6:30, then to seven, and finally the 7:30 whistles are the crowning abominations of them all.

You may be a good sleeper. You may be able to turn in at ten or eleven o'clock and sleep straight through till six or seven without turning over, and feel absolutely refreshed and ready for the day's work. You are an exception. Many are poor sleepers, particularly in large cities where the nerve-tension is great, and where life is strenuous. There are many occupations that demand early rising, but I never could understand, and do not understand now, why a civilized community will allow outrages of this kind to be perpetrated from year to year without complaint or comment.

If there were any sense in all of this, it would be a different matter, but the great store-keepers do not blow whistles to bring their men and women to the store at eight o'clock. There are many large department stores, and many other large shops and factories, that do not find it necessary

to indulge in this kind of indecorous conduct in order to bring their operatives to their places on time. There are thousands upon thousands of business offices here and there, in which the stenographers, book-keepers, clerks and other employes have regular hours of work, and yet none of these find it necessary to disturb a whole city in order to bring themselves to their work on time.

One of our latter day devices for making night hideous is the motorcycle. I do not know of anything more outrageously bad than the explosions of a gasoline engine. Automobiles have mufflers, but the average motorcycle has no muffler, and the average rider of a motorcycle has neither sense nor conscience. It is no wonder that now and then, when one of these motorcycle operators gets his head broken, there is scant sympathy for him. It is because he has no sort of consideration for the public, and at any and all hours of the night rides through the streets making these uncouth and sleep-destroying noises.

I heard a story of an old country gentleman whose mules got terribly frightened at a passing automobile. Finally, with the assistance of the automobile man and his gentleness of demeanor, he was enabled to pass the mules, and the farmer drove on. He had not been going forward very long until, coming down the road, passing in the same direction, there raced one of these up-to-date, noise-producing motorcycles. His mules were worse scared at that than they were at the automobile. He jumped out, grabbed the bridle of the near mule, with his wife grabbing the bridle of the off mule, and the motorcycle shot by like a meteor. He looked at it as it flashed by and said:

“ Well, I didn't know that blamed automobile had a colt.”

These and similar devices for the creation of noise are shortening human life, are causing disease, and are in every way inimical to public health and comfort. In every city there should be a Commissioner of Tranquility. He is more

important than the Street Commissioner or the Police Commissioner. If we would join hands in an effort to abate nuisances of this kind, life would be more bearable, and many a man who is now on the verge of insanity or the grave, would be saved.

I realize that even in country places there is not absolute freedom from noise. There are animals out there and some of these animals make noises. The worst one of all is the donkey. He will bray in spite of all creation. He brays at about the same time the city man begins to bray, and the man who makes the noise in the city is next of kin to the donkey that makes the noise in the country. It is somewhat different in the country, any way, because the farmers are usually out of bed and at work much earlier than the town people, but there is no excuse for the town donkey, who ought to have more sense, while there is plenty of excuse for the country donkey that has been raised without such training as would cause him to abate his braying and let the people sleep.

I hope some time that our up-to-date civilization will take hold of this question of unnecessary noise with a vigorous hand. Much can be done, but nothing, so far as I know, ever has been done. Once in a while, some agitation is made in some city concerning the matter, but it usually dies in embryo, and the strident noises of the town go on. In some of our cities the noises are so multitudinous that they drown themselves, and subside into a thick and constant roar that lasts all night. There is some relief in this, as in the countless noises there is no noise at all, but a monotony like unto the falling of rain on the roof, which may promote sleep instead of driving it away.

There are men everywhere who are thoughtless concerning the comfort of others. The tobacco smoker is just as thoughtless as the noise-maker. He has a notion that the fumes of his miserable pipe or poisonous cigar are as de-

lightful to the sensitive olfactory nerves of his neighbors and friends as they are to him. Now and then some man of this kind will take out his match and his cigar and look around and ask if smoke is offensive. Smoke is offensive to those who have not been immunized by living in the house with some tobacco-user. In many instances it is very offensive, even to these. There are thousands of delicate women who are literally being smoked into their graves by thoughtless, tobacco-smoking husbands. Some are the subjects of many and grievous ailments, brought upon them by the nicotine poison communicated to them by their husbands. It is a shame! It is not popular to say this, but I am not writing this book for popularity. I don't care whether *anybody* buys it or not. I am not dependent upon its sale for my living, and am going to say for once just what I think if the world comes to an end before the bookbinder gets the jackets on the first thousand copies.

Another thing about tobacco smokers is that they seem to delight in getting into elevators or into close compartments, or into small rooms, and infecting every cubic inch of decent fresh air with the fumes from their poison-disseminating cigars and pipes. It is horrible! It only shows that men who are otherwise kind and thoughtful can be so far hardened by a grievous habit that they will be entirely indifferent, both to the health and the comfort of their friends and neighbors.

I hope that this will be read by many tobacco smokers. They are killing themselves smoking, but that is not of as much consequence as the corollary fact that they are killing their friends and neighbors, as well as members of their own families. It is pitiful that men will not abstain from hurtful indulgences of this sort, but if they will not, they surely should have good breeding enough to go out and smoke somewhere by themselves rather than infect an entire room or home with their toxins. I hate tobacco smoke with

every fibre of my being. I do not like to smell it. I do not like to be in the neighborhood of a man that smokes, and I abominate that callousness that tobacco smokers accumulate in their thoughtless indulgence in this vice.

You may ask me if I think tobacco smoking is a sin. Yes. Anything is a sin that carries with it the disaster that follows in the wake of tobacco using, and while it is not such a sin as robbing a bank or committing a murder, it is, in a sense, the commission of suicide, because no man who is a persistent user of tobacco can possibly fill out the full measure of his life.

Now I have said what I think about tobacco smoking; and while tobacco chewing does not bring as much discomfort to the public as tobacco smoking, it is none the less a vile habit and should be abandoned. My chief repugnance, however, is to tobacco smoking. A man may chew and chew and, as Dr. Burlison would say, may "spit in his 'boosom'" or swallow his tobacco juice, while a tobacco smoker poisons the air, and at times so many tobacco smokers have been on the street where I have been walking that the entire atmosphere of the city has been impregnated with their diabolical poison.

I have stayed away from many a banquet and other public meeting because of the 300 to 1000 cigars I would have been forced to smoke had I attended.

XV

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE

NO nervous man is quite so nervous as he thinks he is. This is exactly the point at which Christian Science, so-called, scores. Christian Science is neither Christian nor scientific. It has never cured a man that was really sick and never will, but it does steady the nerves of nervous people, and particularly hysterical women, and in this way, through the law of suggestion, it helps them to believe that they are not sick. Nervousness, while distressing, is not itself an organic ailment. One of the most nervous women I knew in my yourth was an old maid that had spells of hysteria in which she and her friends all thought she was going to die. I was studying medicine. She was one of my first patients. I helped her through many a spell, and even with my knowledge of medicine, which was growing all the time, I was fearful lest she should die in one of these attacks, but she lived to be more than eighty years of age.

Nervousness rarely kills. There may be an entire collapse of the nervous system that will bring a speedy dissolution, but the rule is that the nervous man, while racked with distress, moves on through life, possibly outliving the more vigorous man, and distancing the athlete who, through disuse of the lobes of his lungs, dies of tuberculosis, while the neurasthenic is still living on his small quota of sleep, and doing comparatively well.

The thing for a nervous man or woman is to forget about it. I have been unable to do this, but here I am, as I write this chronicle, in my 55th year, weighing 220 pounds, in

perfect health otherwise, able to do a strong man's full day's work at my regular occupation, and in many ways entirely comfortable, but I have been happily fortunate in this, that I have been inclined to be fleshy and am now what you would call a fat man. It is unusual for a fat man to be nervous. Many of the fleshy men are phlegmatic, but in my case I have had the combination of high nervous tension and a tendency to become stout. I am glad this is so. It is better if you can forget about your nervousness, forget about the noises, forget about the many distressing things in life, compose yourself, and find tranquility and rest, but this is not always possible, and since it is not always possible, there are some simple suggestions that I leave with you here that may be helpful to you.

Avoid all nervous stimulants. Tobacco, coffee, tea and all stimulants of every kind, the nervous man should avoid as he would the grip of the devil. There is absolutely no hope for a nervous man if he habituates himself to the use of these nerve-racking beverages, or forms the habit of taking opiates or sleep-producing drugs of any kind. The best thing for a nervous man is the neutral bath, taken at from 92 to 98½ degrees and in which the patient remains for from twenty minutes to two hours, depending upon the gravity of the trouble and the particular symptoms in his case. I have found the neutral bath to be the greatest relief I have ever had. It should be taken at night, and after the bath is over, the patient should be gently rubbed dry with a sheet rather than a rough towel, and after composing the nerves, should retire.

Every nervous man should be very careful about his diet. He should avoid heavy foods of all kinds, and take only those that he knows are sure to agree with him. What is called the heavy protein diet should be avoided. The greatest authority on dietetics in the western world is Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Michigan. He lives upon the

lowest protein diet he can get. This naturally drives him to a diet of fruits, grains and nuts, as they are low in protein. Vegetables, as a rule, except the legumes (legumes "is beans"), are low in protein. Bread is rather high in protein and so are eggs. The whites of eggs are almost pure protein, and a diet of eggs is the very worst thing a nervous man can eat, unless it happens that he is what is called a hyperpeptic instead of a hypopeptic.

The neurasthenic should chew his food. Thorough mastication insures prompt assimilation and digestion, and while the nervous man may not be aware of the fact, there is a most vital connection between his digestion and his nervousness. The pneumogastric plexus is called the abdominal brain. It has a very intimate connection with all the nerve centers, and if a man's digestion is out of order, that of itself will bring him a sleepless night. Therefore it is of exceeding importance that the nervous man should carefully choose his diet, and thoroughly masticate his food. He should avoid over-eating. Most of us eat twice what we should eat, and do not chew one-fourth as much as we should chew. If the average man were to divide his food by two and multiply his mastication by four, he would find his nerves stronger and his general health improved.

I am a thorough convert to vegetarianism. While I still nibble at meat to a limited extent, I am thoroughly convinced that meat foods of all kinds should be tabooed. I do not believe, to begin with, that we should kill our friends, the lower animals, in order to eat them, nor do I believe that a meat diet is wholesome or necessary. We can procure all of the food elements by securing the right kinds of fruits and vegetables, and we do not need meat in order to fill out a perfect bill of fare. The fact is that many of the ailments to which flesh is heir are caused by a meat diet. This is particularly true in the neuroses.

I close this chapter by repeating what was said at the

outset—I had some words to say in my own way. I have now said them, and I do not regret a word I have said. If they help anybody, I shall be glad, but in the meantime I beg to assure the reader that the writing of these chapters has greatly helped me. The sentiments I have expressed have been pent up in my system for nearly fifty years, and now that I am entirely relieved, I trust you will rejoice with me.

And just think! To a most interesting autobiography I have added a medical college, a sanitarium, a diet kitchen, and a cooking school, all for the ridiculously low price of a copy of this chronicle!



XVI

THE STORY OF A MOB

THE SPRING of 1874 is to me a most memorable one, because it marked an era in which for the first time I became the owner of some much needed books. I already owned some and there were many in my father's library, but I wanted others and craved that these others should be my very own. These books which I bought were *A United States Dispensatory*, *Combe's Phrenology*, *Buck's Theological Dictionary*, a Latin grammar, and a compilation of prose and poetic gems called *Golden Sheaves*. I bought them from the Scoby boys with "quirts" that I made with my own hands. A "quirt" is a short, hand-made riding whip, with a wooden or an iron handle incased in rawhide, and is itself plaited from strands of rawhide which are of a piece with that which covers the handle. Its name is from the Spanish *quarta*. It is used extensively by the cowboys and *rancheros*, who were its inventors. The "quirt" has its uses and abuses. The "loaded," or iron handled "quirt," is a dangerous weapon, and is used by the cowboy to fell an unruly *caballo*, or to brain a foe. In 1874 I was a cowboy, and on rainy days would turn my hand to making "quirts," which were current in many a cowboy trade.

The Scoby boys had a good reason for trading off their books. When they were almost too small to take cognizance of life and its stern realities, and while yet they lived upon a Massachusetts farm, their mother died and left them and their broken-hearted sire alone. Their father was a benign-

nant Christian gentleman, and when his sweet wife died, he answered what to him was the call of God and came South to spend the remnant of his days in helping an ignorant and needy race. He sold his farm, and casting one long, last loving look at the old New England hills, he came to this new and as yet unknown and undeveloped State of Texas to teach a Negro school. To him his mission was as noble as was the mission of David Livingstone, who gave his long, eventful life to Africa, and died at Ilala on his knees.

When old man Scoby came to Texas, he built a little two-room log cabin out in a remote corner of Bastrop County. I have passed his humble cottage many a time as I hunted cattle in those virgin woods. Gathered there each day, for free tuition, were a score or more of little Negro boys and girls, and no teacher ever worked more earnestly to impart knowledge to the young than this man did. The old teacher was exclusive and retired. He had no friends except the Negroes, and here and there a solitary Christian man, who sympathized with his efforts to do good, but who scarcely dared to claim him as a friend.

Old man Scoby came to Texas in the spring of 1873. In May, 1874, he had been teaching the little Negro school about a year. That was election year. In the following November, State and County officers were to be chosen. Bastrop County in that day had many Negro voters. How the story started, I do not know; nobody knows; but the tidings spread abroad that old man Scoby was doing all he could to carry Bastrop County for the "Radicals" with the Negro vote. I did not believe the story then, and do not now. He was never off his little place, and there was no opportunity for political intrigue. That did not stop the evil tale. It took wings—the wings of demons—and went forth.

So great was the prejudice engendered that the tiger was unchained—that ferocious tiger that has crimsoned our land with blood and caused the blush of shame to mantle every

good man's cheek. Victor Hugo says there is an untamed tiger in every man.

The mob was formed. It started for the old man's cabin home. It started in the shrouding darkness of a moonless night, and gathered force and frenzy as it went. Before the final resolution to commit the murder had been formed, the company became wild with liquor at a wayside saloon. It was thus the twin devils went forth together in their march of death. And let it be known everywhere that the Southern mob and Southern bar-room are as much akin as were the twins of Siam. I have never known of a sober mob. First comes the hell-born thirst for human blood, and after that the insatiate thirst for rum. Spell the word "murder" backward and you have red-rum! Spell red-rum in any way, and you have murder!

On that moonless night in May, the mob swept on. Past waving fields and flowery vales; past home-like cottages that nestled in the glen; past purling streams, where gentle murmurs spoke of God, and warned the murderers against their purposed crime; past sleeping herds which, weary with long browsing in the luscious grass, had lain them down to rest. At last the mob, now hushed and silent, but still intent upon their deed of blood, drew near the little cottage gate. All was still. The old school teacher slept as sweetly as he did when as a little boy he lay upon the trundle bed. The mob "halloed," and the old man, thinking some belated cowboy had lost his way, sprang to the door and out into the yard, where, with a Christian welcome in his heart and on his lips, he was shot to death.

There in a Christian land, hard by the country church, where preachers talked of Heaven and of God, the bloody deed was done.

Old man Scoby was shot because he taught a Negro school. It was murder—bloody, ghastly, cruel murder!

Some there are who palliate such deeds, because they are committed in our native land. It makes me hate them more!

Kind neighbors came next day and buried old man Scoby out in his little farm. His bones rest there today, unless some new settler has plowed them up and thus scattered them afar. Full many a day, when as a cowboy I was rounding up the herd, or searching for the stray cows and steers, I have seen his lonely grave, covered with long spring grass, with here and there a flower. His murderers were never known, and—I blush to tell this truth—no effort was ever made to find them out. The two boys sold off the books and furniture, almost gave away the little farm, and went their way, I know not where.



XVII

CLOSING SCENES IN BASTROP COUNTY

I DID go down to the party at Smithville on Christmas night of 1875. The party was at Aaron Burleson's and he played the fiddle. He was one of the handsomest men I have ever known. He was about 5 feet 11 inches tall, was well set up, weighed 200 pounds and did not seem to have a pound of surplus flesh. He wore a long brown beard and was a regular Adonis in looks. Whiskey was his ruin. On this particular night, he was sober. Although Christmas was near at hand, he was at his own house, and while he had imbibed a drink or two of liquor, he was not drunk. He was a magnificent fiddler, and the dance was one of the most entertaining that I ever attended.

But Sallie wasn't there! I was lonely and heartsick on account of her absence. I waited and waited and time passed and passed and passed. Artemus Ward says it's a way time has. Seven o'clock came, eight o'clock came, nine o'clock came, ten o'clock came and then I despaired. But I was at the dance, I knew some of the Smithville boys, and they had already begun to introduce me to the Smithville girls. I was never the man to stand around and mope on account of a disappointment.

The test of manhood is that the man who is overborne by a great sorrow or disappointment stands erect upon his feet and faces his difficulty with optimistic courage.

Sallie was not the only girl in Bastrop County, but I thought so at the time. There were many handsome lasses at this dance, and it was not long before I was absorbed in

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the mazes of "Balance all," "Swing corners," and "All promenade." We danced all night. At sun-up I joined the Williams boys, and we went to the home of a neighbor of theirs and had our breakfast. Next day I felt very much the worse for wear. It was Christmas day and Saturday. We had ridden across the country about 20 miles the evening before, and after the all night dance we were practically "all in."

But I had not yet seen Sallie. After breakfast I saddled "Old Ball," who had enjoyed a good night's rest and some splendid feed, and turned his head toward Alum Creek. The Colorado River was at that time at a low winter stage, and I had no trouble in fording it at the Smithville ford. Alum Creek was five miles on across the river, but the Yarbroughs lived between the Alum Creek postoffice and Smithville. It was ten o'clock in the morning when I reached the Yarbrough home. It was a typical South Texas tenant house. Yarbrough was a renter. He was rich in optimism and dogs. The first thing that met me was the largest of his eight dogs. You could always measure the financial condition of the average South Texas tenant by the number of his dogs. He was poor in exact ratio to their number.

Yarbrough was a kind hearted man. The tenant house was about such a house as George Galloway lived in. It had two rooms, the larger one being built of logs, and chinked in the regular way. It had a stick and clay chimney, and on the side a shed room, built of rawhide lumber. It had a real plank floor, while George Galloway's house had a puncheon floor. There was a large open fireplace in the big room, which served for reception hall, parlor, dining room and bed room. The shed room was used for a bed room and kitchen.

It was not long before I was on the best of terms with Mr. and Mrs. Yarbrough. Sallie had told them about me, and they expected me. They told me that Sallie had gone

the night before to visit her sister and brother-in-law some three miles beyond Alum Creek postoffice. She had been disappointed in the escort who was to take her to the Smithville dance, and had left many regrets for me.

I didn't tarry long at the Yarbrough home. I was on the hunt for Sallie, and after Sallie I went. I hastened to the Alum Creek postoffice, and by the time I had reached there, it was the middle of the afternoon. I had paused long enough at the Yarbrough home to get my dinner, which was served in the middle of the day, but I was not hungry. The only purpose in my heart was to find Sallie.

Late in the afternoon, my quest was rewarded. She, with her little brother behind her on the pony, came down the road by the Alum Creek store, where I had posted myself, and it was there that I greeted her. She was a dream of radiant loveliness, and all my impressions of her grace and beauty were more than confirmed. I did not like that little boy. He was a good little boy, but at that particular time I wanted to talk to Sallie, and I did *not* want to talk to Sallie's little brother. The little brother equation has been in the way of many a lovesick swain. As we neared the Yarbrough home, Sallie remembered that the little brother had to round up the cows. She heard the cow bell ringing about a half mile off to our right. At her bidding, the little boy bounced off the pony and swiftly made his way to where the cows were browsing on the nutritious winter grass.

Sallie and I were alone. I was much embarrassed. She was not. When a boy is really in love, the girl keeps her equilibrium, and this adds to his embarrassment. She began to talk about the dance at Aaron Burleson's, Hallmark's Prairie, and the weather, and about what kind of Christmas I had enjoyed before I came down, and everything on earth except our love affair.

It is queer the way these girls act. They pretend they do not care a penny for a fellow, and yet all the time it may

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be they are holding him sacredly in their hearts. I told Sallie that I had come down to see her, and that I did not particularly care what kind of weather we were having, or were to have; that my mission was solely one in which she was the center and circumference, and that I hoped she would give me opportunity that night to go over all our matters together.

We rode on home together, and as we went, I held her hand. I never shall forget the description that the author of *Dorothy Vernon* gives of Madge Stanley's hands. Madge Stanley was blind. She was, however, a most lovely girl and the author of *Dorothy Vernon* details the beauty of her hands in a most charming way. I will not pause to enlarge upon the beauty of Sallie Yarbrough's hands, or upon her other charms. I saw her with the eyes of the young lover. She was crowned with an aureole of light and love and beauty. She was the fulfillment of all my boyish dreams. She was the ideal for whom my soul had longed. She was my angel, my queen, my Apotheosis.

The old folks were very kind. They had their supper early, retired to the little shed-room and closed the door. This left Sallie and me in the big room together. The fire burned brightly on the hearth. The full moon shed her silver rays upon the little porch. All nature seemed in unison with the love that pulsed within my heart. There in that humble home, I told this vision of beauty of my love. I urged my suit. I asked her to be my wife.

This all had happened within less than two months. I do not regret that, even as a lad, I had the courage of my convictions. After the midnight hour had come, and after the great log fire had burned until the dying embers proclaimed that another day had dawned, she told me that she would be my wife.

That was the consummation of all my youthful dreams. It was four o'clock in the morning before we separated. Our separation was not for long, for at five old man Yarbrough

and his wife were astir and preparing to get breakfast. I did not sleep more than thirty minutes, I am sure, and this was the second night in which I had had no sleep at all.

But I was not sleepy that night. I was happy in the thought of the love that I had won, and I did not really, at that time, care what else happened. It did not seem that anything else mattered.

Sunday morning dawned as brightly as dawned God's first sweet day of rest. I lingered in the Yarbrough home, went to church with the family, kept very near to my lady love, and more thoroughly ingratiated myself into the affections of the man and woman who were soon to be my father-in-law and mother-in-law.

When Monday morning came, I turned my face back to the Colorado River, to Smithville and to our Hallmark's Prairie home. Never did a happier youth leave his bride-elect behind. I knew no care on that bright December morning when I bade my lady love good-bye. She was sweetness and graciousness itself, and when I left, I promised that I would be back in less than a month, and that in the meantime I would write her often. The mails went down Alum Creek way twice a week, and came back to Jeddo twice a week.

After I reached home, I wrote her at once, and if I do say it myself, I was a good letter writer. Her letter came promptly, and so our correspondence went on happily until on the last Saturday in the following January, I went again to visit Alum Creek, the scene of my happy Christmas time experiences. But when I went back to Alum Creek, I did not go by way of Smithville. The January floods had come, and I had to go around by Bastrop to cross on the ferry. Alum Creek was fifteen miles below Bastrop on the north side of the Colorado, whereas Hallmark's Prairie was on the south side of the river.

I reached the Yarbrough home on the last Saturday even-

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ing in January, 1876. I found all the folks at home. The old folks were quite cordial, but somehow my sweetheart was not as she had been when I had bidden her good-bye a month before. After I had cared for my horse in the Yarbrough barn, Sallie and I went huckleberrying together. The huckleberries were ripe, and this was our quickest way of having a *tete-a-tete*. It seemed that some great change had come over the girl who had promised to be my wife. I did not know then what it was, and I do not know today, but I suspect it was another beau.

I read once and selected for my scrap-book a poem entitled, *Absence Makes the Soul Grow Fonder*, but it was not that old song that has been sung so many times by aching, absent hearts. It was a parody on that old song. The last verse of the first stanza read as follows:

“Absence makes the soul grow fonder of beaux at home.”

I had been away. The Alum Creek boys had been on the ground. They had seen Sallie every day, perhaps, and certainly every Sunday. The January post-Christmas dances had been in progress, and they had been to dances with her. She shone more brilliantly in the ball room than in any other place, and it was there, I am sure, that her heart wandered away from the homely, uncouth Hallmark's Prairie boy.

She was kind and gentle, but that fine, ethereal down of love had been despoiled. There was left in its stead a patronizing formality. When our hands touched, there was not that same magnetic thrill that I had felt when I first learned the joy and the tragedy of love. My heart went into my boots. All my life I have, in many matters, judged more by my intuitions than by my reason. She did not tell me that she had ceased to love me. Her words were all that words should have been. But an indefinable barrier had arisen between us that I could not bridge, and she did not seem to wish it bridged.

Between the time of her promise to be my wife and my second visit to her, father's plans had changed. The range had almost failed in our end of Bastrop County. Our cattle and horses were increasing, and the grass was gone. Father decided that we would move into West Texas, leaving that country behind forever. This change in our plans, which was very far-reaching, was communicated to my sweetheart. I told her that if we were to marry at all, we would have to marry between that and the first of March, as it was my father's purpose for us to start with the cattle about the middle of March or first of April. We really began the drive the first of April.

She told me very kindly that she still loved me and that she meant to be my wife, but that she could not go with me then. She reiterated that we were too young to marry, which really was true enough, and said that she could not think, at her age, of leaving her mother.

I was a foolish boy. I had intuitively felt the change that had come over the spirit of her dreams. I told her very frankly that if she could not go with me then, she never would go with me; that I was going with my father; that I had engaged myself to him; that he was paying me a good salary for my services, and that I was under every moral and filial obligation to stand by my word.

She was gentle, kind and considerate, but firm, and so, while I stayed all that night at her home, and talked to her until late in the night, we parted about the midnight hour, with her plans unchanged, and with my mind made up to leave early the next morning for my home, and thus to bid her good-bye forever.

The Colorado River was very high and very dangerous. As I had crossed at the Bastrop ferry the day before, the deadly drifts were swirling in the turbid waves. I knew the stream was treacherous, but I did not care whether I

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ever reached the other side or not. My heart was broken. All the hope and love and light had faded from my life.

It was after breakfast when I left her. She seemed much affected by my decision. Perhaps I made a mistake. I do not know. I was very young. It may have been that I was entirely mistaken in my intuitions. It may have been that she really loved me, wanted me to come back for her when the cattle drive was done, and desired to carry out the troth which we had plighted in the glow of the dying embers, when our new-found love had thrilled our trusting hearts.

As I left the Yarbrough home, she was standing, with her sweet face framed in the cabin door, with her auburn ringlets twined around her neck, and with tears streaming from her sweet violet eyes.

I never saw her more.

I hastened on "Old Ball" to the Colorado, where the old Smithville ford had been, and plunged into its raging waves. It was a terrible experience, but I did not care. I wanted to be drowned. All my life plans had been wrecked, and, as I viewed it then, there was nothing in life to which I could look forward.

"Old Ball" was equal to the great emergency. He was a big, strong horse. He was a great swimmer. I had tried his mettle before, but it never had been subjected to such a severe test as this. He braved the drifts, and carried me safely to the Smithville side.

I once looked back, but it was more than five miles to where I had left the idol of my heart. I dared not retrace my steps. If I had exhibited as much intelligence in my wooing as Henry Scoggins showed in courting Aunt Zillah Hale, I might have held her, but I had very little sense, I had no experience and I wandered out into the darkness of my heart's Plutonian night without compass or rudder.

It was thus that I met my life's first tragedy of love and tears.

My mother knew at once that something tragical had happened, but she was kind and did not catechize me. When I reached home, I went to my little box (I had no trunk, kind reader,) and taking off the padlock that held its contents sacred to me, I took out all the letters I had received from Sallie Yarbrough, and, going to the kitchen stove, I built up a fire and burned them one by one. It was pathetic to the last degree.

My tears fell fast.

It may not be manly to shed tears—perhaps it is not—but I was not yet a man. I was but a big, uncouth boy, with only the rudiments of the heart of a man, but I felt all the agony and suffered all the pangs that can come to one who has loved and lost.

When this sad task was done, I turned my face like flint to the future. That evening, when all the rest were asleep, I told my mother all. She clasped her arms around my neck and kissed me. She told me that it would all be for the best—that I was not to grieve or worry or repine. What a comfort was my sweet, gentle mother in that time of heart-ache and of tears! And she was right. It did all turn out for the best. In God's good providence, I buried that first romance in the new-made grave that held sacred the dust and ashes of my first love. That grave has never been disturbed, and I only open it now to the end that this may be a faithful chronicle, and one that will show to those who have known and loved me the tempests as well as the sunshine that have conspired to make up my life.

XVIII

THE END OF OUR RESIDENCE IN BASTROP COUNTY

AFTER my tragedy had found its close, I began with father and his other hands actively to prepare for the cattle drive to the great fresh grass plains of Western Texas. Spring came in earnest the first of February. By the middle of February, the flowers had begun to bloom, and if father had not been preparing to leave that country, we would surely have begun as usual planting corn on St. Valentine's day.

In an intervening moment of weakness I yielded to the great love I bore the Alum Creek beauty, and on Valentine's Day I sent her the verses of a song, which began thus :

" 'Tis said that absence conquers love,
But, oh, believe it not.
I've tried, alas ! its power to prove,
And thou art not forgot."

Other stanzas followed. I hoped against hope that this olive branch, in which I sought for a resurgence of that love which she had sworn she bore me, would bring her back, but no answer came, and this ended all the overtures I ever made or ever was to make to win back her love.

But the cattle gathering and horse hunting went on. Our cattle were scattered in many directions and we found it necessary to literally scour the country to find them. In quest of our wandering herd I once neared Smithville. Down in the breaks of Colorado River, I found one of our fine beef steers. He had become almost as wild as a deer. We

had a terrible time heading him off from crossing the river, but finally I roped him and tied him to a nearby tree. The yellow Negro was with me. It was late at night before we got the great brute home, but we did our work well. You may know that as I neared the Smithville ford, I looked longingly across toward the Alum Creek hills, but I was proud, I felt slighted, I was jealous, and so for the last time I turned away, and left the lady love to such devices as were hers.

I have not told you anything of the old South Texas way of celebrating Christmas. On our way down to Alum Creek on Christmas eve of 1875, we met several of our neighbor boys who were headed for Jeddo. When they reached Jeddo, they gathered at Asa Bellamy's blacksmith shop and began to fire off anvils. That was their way of making the Christmas noise. We have it now in our cities with the cannon fire-crackers, the blowing of whistles and the other diabolical inventions that have descended to us for the destruction of the peace, contentment and happiness of the populace. In those virgin country days, the anvil-firing went on until late at night, and sounded like distant cannonading.

Another way of making night hideous was to bore auger holes in the giant oak trees, fill these auger holes with powder, leave a fuse, and after igniting this fuse, to get out of the way and watch the powder blow the giant tree to atoms. Many of the beautiful oaks of which Bastrop County boasted were thus despoiled. In some places, it looked as though a tornado had passed through the land, or that lightning had shattered these lions of the forest.

But "time and tide wait for no man." February passed and March came on. Meantime, my father sold his farm. We had a sale, at which our furniture and many of our choice books were sacrificed, and we continued active preparations for our move to a better range.

The cattle industry was rapidly declining. The center of

cowboy activity had moved far to the westward. The grass was almost gone. The range was being fenced by settlers. We had been in Bastrop County almost eight years. During that time, vast transformations had occurred both in the land and people. The cowboy was still there, to be sure, but the great maverick-branding campaigns were no more known. It had become almost a crime to steal a cow—not quite a crime as yet, but was coming to be a crime.

I remember well one of the old-time kindly habits of those early Texans. When father killed a beef, he would always send the choicest cuts to his neighbors free of any charge whatever. Many is the time that I was the boy he would put on the horse, and literally load the horse down with these choice steaks for his neighbors. Water-melons, peaches, fruit, roasting ears, and all vegetables, were absolutely free to our neighbors. The man who would have sold a water-melon would have been run out of the country by the Ku-Klux. No man sold meat. We would, of course, sell entire hogs or entire beeves to one another, but when hog-killing time came, the same happy fashion was in vogue, and so the kindness went round.

My father's home was a hostelry for all the wayward travelers who came through that part of Texas. Many is the man who stayed all night with us, and when morning came, and the traveler would ask to pay his bill, father would give him a hearty handgrasp and tell him that all he owed him was to come back again.

The cattle roundup went on, and so it fell out that by the end of March we were about ready to begin our drive. Many were the kindnesses showered upon us by our old friends and neighbors.

God bless them every one!

God bless all who are living now, and may the ashes of those long dead rest quietly in peace!

Those were good men and true—those old-time Texans.

The chief tenet in their religion was fidelity to their friends. I regret that some otherwise good men have forgotten how to be true. These frontier men were true. They helped us, they cheered us, they loved us, they comforted us, they regretted our departure, and at last, when the day came for us to drive our cattle up the old Chisholm trail, these good people gathered round, many of them went a full day's journey with us, some went two or three, and so they made our departure as happy as ever departure could be.

I close this part of this recital with deep regrets. Tears come so fast that, as I write, I can hardly see the lines. We lived longer in Bastrop County than at any other place during all my youth-time years. We had relatives there, and multitudes of friends. Father was the leading citizen of his community, and the leading physician of four counties. His move was a tremendous blunder. He ought to have spent all of his remaining years right there. Of course, his cattle business would not have grown, and his other stock interests would have suffered much, but on the whole he would have done better, would have been happier and would have lived longer if he had lingered there among those friends and neighbors who knew him for what he was, who loved him, who trusted him, and who made requisition for his services when loved ones were prone upon their beds of sickness and of death.

I have never seen the old home since that spring morning in the long ago, but there is a tugging at my heart-strings, grandfather as I am, as I think of the humble cottage where we were a united family, and where we grew in stature and in filial love. Dear old home ! New forms and faces came to you more than two scores of years ago, and the voices we loved so well no more resound within your walls, but every atom of your fast crumbling dust is sacred to my heart, and of all the earthly homes I ever knew, you are the one that seemed most akin to Heaven !

XIX

ON THE OLD CHISHOLM BEEF TRAIL

AFTER we had left Bastrop County, traveling by way of Red Rock, we struck the old Chisholm beef trail, which went up through Austin, Round Rock, Georgetown, Belton, Comanche Springs, Crawford, Valley Mills, Clifton, Meridian, Cleburne, Fort Worth and out across Red River to the south of Gainesville.

Our party was a happy one. Never shall I forget the cowboys who journeyed with us as we left our dear old Bastrop County home. There were Tom Camp, John Greenhaw, Jim Mayo (who was a younger brother of Ebbie Mayo), one or two Negroes, my brother, my father and myself. Our cattle herd was not large, but in all the essentials of cowboy life our drive was like unto the drives of the larger herds that had been meandering up this old beef trail for some ten years past. We had our "chuck wagon," which served also as a refuge in which our women were housed by day and slept by night. We who were actually on the drive slept out under the bending sky, and in times of storm we brooked the beating rain. It is essential that there shall always be some cowboys around the cattle. Cows have their habits just as human beings have. At night they will graze for several hours, after which, unless they are disturbed by some extraneous influence or surprise, they are very quiet, although, of course, if they are not well herded, they scatter and may be lost.

When a herd first starts out on the trail, it is most difficult of management, because the cattle have not become accus-

tomed to each other. They are not acquainted with the cowboys, they do not know the cow ponies that surround them, and, in short, everything to them is new and strange. Animal life is very much like human life. We become confidential with those whom we learn to know, and animals do exactly the same. After a herd of cattle has been several days on the trail, it is very easy to manage, and it is only in some time of great stress or excitement that a stampede ensues. Many of the stampedes are caused by bad management, some by storms and others by superstition.

When a herd of cattle first sets out, every cowboy has to be up nights, and on the *qui vive* all day to see that no harm comes to his charge. It was thus in our case. During the first few nights of the drive, all of us lost much sleep. We had to be up and around the cattle, quietly singing to them, becoming acquainted with them, and allowing them to become acquainted with us, and in this way familiarizing them with the road, with each other and with us. Later on, we had a much better time, though our force was not very great, and for that reason we had perhaps a little heavier work than would otherwise have fallen to us.

We had at first no relief at all at night, but after we had been out two or three nights, we had one relief. For instance, if I were on watch in the first part of the night, I would stay on watch till eleven or twelve o'clock, at which time I would come in, wake my successor and turn in. If I were on watch the latter part of the night, of course I had the pleasure of sleeping the first part of the night. And so we took our turns, and tried to make it as pleasant for each other as we could.

Well do I remember when we reached the hills overlooking Onion Creek valley and the boundless prairie that stretches out toward Austin. I had been too small when we left the Western prairies to take much notice of them, and this was the first time my eyes had ever feasted on such a



A COWBOY, AND HIS WAY WITH A COW.

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celestial vision. It was a glorious view—as magnificent as any ever chronicled in song or story, or painted on canvas by a Corot or a Turner. My heart thrilled with rapture, as, sitting on my broncho on that high eminence, I saw Onion Creek as it meandered tortuously, but most beautifully, on its journey toward the sea, while before me on every side were the boundless prairies that told to me a story more transcendently beautiful than any I had ever read, or to which my ears had ever been attuned.

We journeyed by easy stages. Cattle do not drive rapidly. It would be a crime to hurry them. We were not in any nervous haste. We were out and away, leaving the old home behind, never to see it more, and had as our chief charge a conservation of our resources. Each cowboy had his extra mount or mounts. I had two extra mounts, and that was the rule. Sometimes a cowboy would have only one extra mount, but if he had only one he was rather badly off.

We passed through Austin on the fifth day. That was the first large town I had ever seen. I had been to Bastrop, to Jeddo and to Cockrell's Store. That had been the extent of my travels. The nearest to a railroad train I had ever seen was a railway track that was being laid out through Waelder in Gonzales County, when the Southern Pacific was under construction west from Columbus, stretching out toward the vast plains that touched El Paso and Mexico. It was in the fall of 1875 that my brother and I had been to Waelder with our cotton, had sold it there, had seen the construction camps, had met the construction gangs, and had actually seen railroad tracks, but there was nothing there in the way of a passenger train or coach.

As we passed through Austin, we saw no railway trains, yet the H. & T. C. railroad had reached there Dec. 25, 1871. Austin was a gorgeous city. On Congress Avenue we passed Sisson's music store. I had never been in a "really and truly" music store in my life, and right there the cattle

herd lost me. I stopped and bought a brand new fiddle case and bow. I had never had a good fiddle bow. We had remade our fiddle bows out of horse hair, and in this kindly service Daniel Johnson had excelled. I never could make any kind of a mechanical contrivance, but Daniel Johnson was a boy of splendid ability in that direction, and he always "filled" our fiddle bows with new hair. Now I had the opportunity to buy a real fiddle bow. Soon I overtook the herd, and we bedded our cattle that night north of Austin on the high hills overlooking the city from the north.

Our trip up the trail was without great incident. When we reached Georgetown, we had a little trouble concerning our cowboy confrere, Tom Camp. Tom was as reckless a lad as ever went up the old Chisholm trail. In spite of our protests, he would wear his revolver right through county towns. All of us wore our revolvers on the trail, and nothing was said of it. There were no officers to molest us. When we would come to a county town, where there might be constables or sheriffs, we would throw our revolvers into the "chuck wagon," and nobody would be any the wiser. This Tom Camp stubbornly refused to do. He said if any sheriff attempted to arrest him, he would show him the "Western turn." This "Western turn" consisted in twirling the revolver around one thumb and finger by the aid of the trigger-guard, and as the muzzle of the revolver would find its level again, to fire and kill one's antagonist. This is what Tom promised he would give any sheriff that molested him. It happened that I was looking at Tom when the sheriff got him. He was really off duty, having stopped in front of a barber shop to make a display of his wit and courage, and as he sat there on his broncho, the sheriff gently tapped him on the arm and told him to consider himself under arrest. This Tom promptly did. There was no "Western turn." The only turn I noticed was that Tom turned white as he yielded up his cherished weapon. We

were all quite sorry for him, and made up money to pay his fine and redeem his revolver, so that he could go along with the herd. He was, after that, a wiser man. It proved a good lesson for him. He was truly a splendid fellow, and, in fact, a brave young man, but he mistook his recklessness for courage, and in making this display of himself, brought himself into ridicule and difficulty.

The only other incident of note on the journey was at Belton. When we reached Belton, which was then quite a conspicuous county town, Tom Holcomb was playing a fiddle in a corner saloon. That caught me. He was playing "Fine Times at Our House." I stopped, dismounted and went into the saloon to hear the music. I knew the cattle would not suffer, because by the time we reached Belton, they had become quite tractable and were not difficult to drive. I introduced myself to Tom, told him I was from Bastrop County, and that I was somewhat of a fiddler myself. We at once became good chums. I did not see him again for several years. The next time I met him, I was living in Gatesville and was editor of *The Gatesville Advance*. Of this, more hereafter.

We had a very exasperating experience in Belton. At that time and for some two or three years previous, there was in force in Texas what was called a cattle inspection law. This inspection law had been passed in the attempt to discourage cattle stealing. Perhaps it had some deterrent effect, but the old-time cow men hated the law, and were very averse to obeying it. Father, however, was a law abiding man in everything except the carrying of a six shooter, so when we reached the line separating Bastrop from Travis County, my father paid to an inspection officer the fee that was chargeable to him, which was about four cents a head. When we reached Belton, the sheriff dunned us for our inspection fees. My father exhibited his receipt for inspection fees paid in Bastrop County, but the sheriff of Bell County

advised him that this fee had to be paid again in Bell County. We knew this was not true, so all of us were up in arms at once, though very quietly. We gathered around my father and listened to what the sheriff said. My father was a man of peace, though of sterling courage. He declined to pay more money, but told the sheriff that we would rope out a beef steer and leave with him with which to pay these fees. This was done. I roped the biggest steer in the herd. He was what we called, in cowboy parlance, a "stag." He was one of the strongest and most daring animals I ever saw. I roped him with a rope that was none too strong, and did this designedly. I tied him to a tree, and in tying him, dexterously cut two strands of the rope. This was not seen by the sheriff or any one else. I felt outraged at this man's interference with our affairs. I knew that we owed nothing, and felt then, as I feel now, that it was a pure case of graft, though the word "graft" had not yet come into our vocabulary.

We drove speedily across the Leon River bridge. Before we had made our way entirely across the bridge, here came our beef steer, with his head high in the air, and with a piece of the rope clinging around his horns. The bird had flown, and the sheriff was left without his inspection fee. We fully expected that he and some of his deputies would follow on, and if they had come, there would have been bloodshed. Happily, they did not follow us.

After leaving Belton, we passed on up by way of Comanche Springs and Crawford. At the latter point, we left the trail and went almost directly west through one of the finest grazing sections in Texas or any other state. We made our way up the middle Bosque, and after we had gone some ten or fifteen miles up the Bosque, we turned to the north and finally camped and settled at the head of Hog Creek, near what was then called Tilden's Schoolhouse, some five miles from the village of Turnersville, and some

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twenty miles from Gatesville. This was in Coryell County, and we reached our stopping place about the middle of May. The country around Turnersville, and throughout the Hog Creek section is beautiful, rich and productive. At that time, very little land had been put in cultivation. It was a grazing country, just such as father sought, and having rented a house, we arranged to make this rich new land our home.



XX

THE STORY OF A STAMPEDE

IN 1876, the Wilson brothers, of Kansas City, having purchased over fifteen thousand head of cattle in Hamilton, Comanche, Coryell and Bell Counties, and having arranged to centralize the herd near Comanche Springs, in McLennan County, drove to the Bennett Hills, and went into camp to await the carrying out of their orders. These cattle were driven across the Leon at various suitable fords and converged on that beautiful prairie, in the center of which now stands the town of McGregor. On the Fourth of July of that year, the entire herd was under way, headed for Towash on the Brazos River. It was a magnificent army of steers, in superb condition, kept together by a corps of twenty-five cowboys, mounted on bronchos—men experienced in their business. The herd was not pressed, the object being to let them graze on the rich herbage, with a view to keeping them in good condition and reaching the market in time to catch the best prices in the fall of the year.

At four o'clock one afternoon there were signs of an electric storm. A black cloud showed above the foothills, and the sun shining against it painted a rainbow which appeared to touch the earth at both ends. The entire herd became nervous and showed their fear by those low bellowings, ominous to the experienced cattle man as the muttering thunder. The cowboys were experienced men, and they kept the moving mass well in hand, so that when the sun set all was well, and the cattle were bedded on the plains near the South Bosque. The night settled in with the promise of a safe crossing at the Brazos the next day. A detail of four

cowboys was made for the first watch, and these mounted sentinels took their places and rode silently round the sleeping squadron of long-horns. The first watch ended at nine o'clock, and the second watch went on duty. It was during the second watch that the memorable Wilson stampede occurred.

At ten o'clock the cattle appeared to be sleeping profoundly. The cowboys say that cattle dream and see ghosts; it is certain that this drove of fifteen thousand was nervous, made so, perhaps, by the thunder-storm of the previous afternoon and the rainbow which they had eyed with suspicion. It is likely that a great many cattle in that vast accumulation had never seen such a rainbow. It was distinct throughout the arch and very broad; the lightning, too, was very vivid, and the thunder-claps that followed were like sharp artillery. The cowboys insisted long afterward that it was the thunder-storm and the rainbow of the afternoon that caused the stampede that night. Be that as it may, it was a stampede that the cattlemen who witnessed it have never forgotten, and are still telling it to posterity.

The stars were all shining and there was no cause at all for the arousing of the herd. They appeared to get up all at once, with a single purpose, and the roar that was heard seemed to come from a single throat. The Wilson brothers and their cowboys who were sleeping in their camp rushed to their ponies, who were grazing with the saddles and bridles on, and as fast as the bits could be replaced in their mouths, they mounted and galloped to the flanks of the now disappearing mass, headed in the direction of the Brazos River.

The cowboys on guard took the usual course in such cases; they kept out of the way of the charging mass, and galloped on the flanks, moving toward the head of the column, hoping to "point them off," as they call it, and start them moving in a circle. The boys who formed the

guard, in galloping along the front of the stampede, saw the eyes of the terrified beeves emitting fire, and their tongues protruding. They uttered those low notes of terror so familiar on the plains, and galloped madly along, suffering from the panic for which no real cause existed on earth.

"What's the matter with the cattle?" asked a tenderfoot, as he galloped beside an old cowboy.

"They've seen the devil, I expect," the cowboy replied, "and we will catch it before we get through with this thing."

As the herd rushed on, their horns rattled together, and all the horns of fifteen thousand head of cattle rattling together sounded like an immense concert of castanets.

Cattle are not able to sustain a long run, and this the cowboys know. For instance, a mad speed of five miles is enough to break down almost any steer; and the cattle men knew how the country lay beyond them, and in this respect they had an advantage.

The re-enforcement of the cowboys who were off duty, and who had hastily mounted and joined those on watch at the time, gave them a strong advantage in the efforts being made to stop the stampede. The plan was to get the cattle to "milling," or running in a circle. The elder of the Wilson brothers had been a cowboy from childhood. He was riding a cream colored stallion, and as he passed, he had his Colt's revolver in his hand. One of the cowboys on a gray horse was able to keep up with him. These two distanced all the others. They rode across the front of the stampede, which is a feat attended with terrific danger; for when a rider is in front of the rushing drove of mad cattle, if his horse should stumble and fall, he may be put down as a thing of the past. The herd will "wipe him out." This Mr. Wilson knew and the cowboy riding close to his crupper also knew, but they were going to take all the dangers and get that herd running in a circle if it were possible to do so.

Some cattle can outrun others, and in this case there was

a bunch of about fifty fully twenty yards in advance, and toward this leading group the two rescuers rode. Of the leading group also, some were faster than others, and this group ran in a diamond shape, with two immense steers leading all. When Mr. Wilson and his companion reached the two leading steers, they began shooting their revolvers close to them, and in that way the bunch was made to oblique, and as the leading bunch of cattle obliques, the main stampede obliques, and the first step in "milling" had been taken. By this time, the cattle were getting tired. Nearly five miles had been covered, and the breath of the leaders was coming short and painfully, but they were rushing on, because the front cattle at this time knew as a matter of fact their only safety was in keeping up the run. Those behind were coming, and they were in the majority, and the leaders were compelled to run. There was real danger for the forward members of the stampede.

In the invoice of articles contained in the regulation "outfit," there is always some kind of stimulants, and but for the stimulants contained in Mr. Wilson's outfit, it is possible that the stampede would have been halted without disaster. He had a Mexican along, one of the best cowboys in the Southwest. This Mexican and his horse always reminded those who saw him ride of the fabled centaur. He rode far forward and bent over, so that he and his horse appeared to be one animal. No horse, however rugged, "wild and woolly," had ever been able to unseat him. This Aztec had been to the little brandy runlet too often, and had filled and emptied his tin cup with surreptitious intoxicants, so that his usual excellent judgment went awry. When he succeeded in getting mounted, after having fumbled with his bridle a good deal, he was far in the rear, and the stampede had gone past him, so that when he overtook the rear end, he passed to the front on the other side, and rode on the wrong flank. When he reached the head of the herd, he was

just in time to defeat the maneuver then under execution, of bending the moving mass from a straight line to a semi-circle. Revolver in hand, disregarding the other men, he began shooting in the faces of the wild steers; and the effect of this was to straighten the run and bring the advance straight toward a precipice. This precipice was a wash in the prairie, forming a deep ravine fully thirty yards wide; and in a shorter time than it takes to tell of this *contretemps*, the head of the column was pouring over, a horrible cascade of beef, plunging madly into destruction while fleeing from an imaginary danger. When Mr. Wilson and his lieutenants saw that it was impossible to save their cattle, they saved themselves by dexterously turning at right angles at full speed and riding out of the way.

They next returned to the flank and held a council of war. A few seconds decided them, and all hands commenced shooting into the herd, the object now being to build a breast-work of carcasses, and save the rear end from the destruction that had overtaken the front. The gulley was nearly full of cattle by this time. They were snorting and bellowing, crashing and tearing, and still heaping up; and when the firing began, the wounded ones tumbled over on the others, and in a short time the gulley, like the sunken road at Waterloo, was bridged by carcasses. The herd surged up in billows, like an ocean, and bent now, because it could not do otherwise. The semi-circle was formed, and Wilson and his men crossed the gulley below, and rode around the opposite side and crossed; and in a short time they had the cattle halted, forming an incomplete letter C, and there they stood, blowing, bellowing, shivering. All hands remained on watch all night, and in the morning when a count was made, it was ascertained that 2,700 were missing. There were afterward 2,700 pairs of horns taken from that gulley. It was called Stampede Gulley for many years afterward, and perhaps will always, with some people, be remembered by that name.

XXI

IN THE HOG CREEK COUNTRY

WHEN we reached the Hog Creek country, it was almost a virgin range. There were some farms, but the country in the main was open, and the owners of cattle and horses enjoyed the privilege of free grass. The exact point on Hog Creek where we located was about one mile from Hurst Spring, which is the head of Hog Creek. We were up on the prairie north of this source of this small tributary of the Brazos River. The sage grass was rich and luscious. It grew to a height of three to five feet, and I have never seen such a gorgeous landscape as greeted our vision in that western land. Land was selling at from 50 cents to \$2.50 an acre for the wild land, and higher prices for the cultivated land. Some farming was going on, but the country was in a large measure given over to stock raising.

One of the first neighbors we found was Rev. E. M. Weeks, a Hardshell Baptist preacher. He had a large family. We soon made friends with them, and I testify that they were as kind and cordial in their greeting as any friends we had ever known. There were three of the Weeks boys—John, Dave and Morgan—John being the eldest and Morgan the youngest, and there was a beautiful girl, Miss Mattie Weeks. This was a lovely family, and E. M. Weeks was one of the most genuinely good men it has ever been my pleasure to know. In the same neighborhood was Newt Nolan and his family, and others whom I remember with a grateful heart. Some of the others were J. P. Kinchen and his family.

He afterwards became an ordained Baptist minister and is preaching today to some one of our Texas churches. His wife, long since in Heaven, was one of the noblest Christian women I ever knew. All these good friends made our life as bright and happy as might be in a strange land, and we soon adapted ourselves to our new surroundings.

We lost our cowboy friends. Jim Mayo and Tom Camp took the trail back for the old Bastrop County home, and John Greenhaw branched off somewhere, going further West. Our cattle in the meantime had become thoroughly familiar with the trail and were easy to manage. It does not take many hands to herd cattle, so my brother and I took charge of the herd after we had reached Coryell County. We drove in and penned the cattle at night.

One of the incidents of that early Coryell County time I remember very vividly. I was out herding by myself one day, my brother having ridden in to the little village of Turnersville to get the mail. It was very easy for me to keep the herd rounded up in the day time. Summer was approaching. June had come. At the noon-time hour, I always turned my pony loose for a few minutes, taking his bridle off so that he might graze while I ate my lunch, which I carried in my saddle pocket. I found myself out in the wide out-stretching prairie, and nearby was the debris of a house that some frontiersman had started to construct in the days long past. I sat down on one of the timbers of this house to eat my lunch, when I heard the familiar but startling whirr of the rattlesnake's song. I would scarcely dare to tell you how far I jumped. It might shake your confidence in my veracity. I jumped quickly enough to save my life. I had sat down immediately over the rattlesnake's den, and if it had not been for this timely, though unfriendly, warning, I would never have reached home again. I turned quickly and shot the reptile, taking from his tail twenty rattles. It is the theory of frontiersmen that every rattle

on a rattlesnake's tail counts for a year of his age, though that, to my mind, has never been confirmed. This was a monster *crotalus* and one that I shall long remember.

Father began to do some medical practice, but it was desultory and unremunerative. He never did re-establish himself firmly as a physician after he left Bastrop County.

We had some relatives near the Hog Creek home. They lived across on the North Bosque in Bosque County, at Cranfill's Gap. George Cranfill, father's uncle, had settled at Cranfill's Gap about 1854. First he stopped in Dallas County, remaining here a year or two. I have talked about him to my good friend, John Witt, the old-time Dallas County surveyor, who knew Uncle George quite well. The Cranfills out there were typical frontiersmen. There were three of the sons, Zach, Ross and Sam, in the order named. They were prosperous frontier farmers. Cousin Ross Cranfill was a Hardshell Baptist, Cousin Zach was non-religious, and Cousin Sam, the only one now living, is a Methodist.

There is a very interesting story concerning the apostasy of Cousin Sam, who, by all human environments and training, should have been a Baptist. There was once, as all well informed ecclesiastics know, an eccentric Methodist preacher named Lorenzo Dow. He traveled all over the North and perhaps some of the South. Uncle George, when he moved from North Carolina, settled in Illinois, and one night Lorenzo Dow stopped with him overnight. He was a very bright man, and left his impress upon his time. He induced Uncle George to subscribe for a paper of which he was editor, and that paper came into that Cranfill home for a whole year. Young Sam, the baby boy of the family, was at an impressionable age, and literally devoured Lorenzo Dow's paper. This paper made him a Methodist—the only Methodist Cranfill I have ever known. He is an excellent man, has reared a large and prosperous family, and is honored and highly esteemed by all who know him. He has

told me more than once of this influence that changed him from the faith of his fathers to the Methodist religion. This is a magnificent object lesson for us all. This and other like incidents have made me a persistent friend of Baptist and Christian literature. The man who writes the books and edits the papers of a people, is the influential man, say what you will.

The Coryell County section was very remote from what we now call civilization. The nearest market was Waco, fifty miles to the east. The Santa Fe railway had not yet been projected up along the line of the old Chisholm beef trail, and the grading for that line was not finished until two or three years after. We were about twenty miles from Gatesville, and almost a like distance from Meridian, the county site of Bosque County. Our postoffice was Turnersville, and was kept over on the hill between Turnersville and Coryell City by a good white lady whose name was Black. The business of the postoffice was very small. Our coming increased it some, as we subscribed for a number of papers and had many letters coming to us.

Over at Turnersville, just about the time we reached the Coryell County home, a murder was committed. A man by the name of Brantley was waylaid and shot in the little copse of timber that was some half a mile above the Buchanan Spring, which is the head of Middle Bosque. One of the most gruesome sights I ever witnessed was brought to my attention about the first of July, 1876. We had changed our cattle from the prairie between the Hog Creek breaks and the breaks of the North Bosque, and had brought them over between the Hog Creek breaks and the breaks of Middle Bosque. It was in about a mile and a half of the village of Turnersville. One of the boys who was helping us at that time, galloped over to where I was riding and told me a dead man had been found and was then lying about a half mile away in the breaks of Middle Bosque. I immediately

went over and found that the night before a most atrocious murder had been committed. Two men had camped together. In the night one of them had murdered the other, and had taken all of the dead man's belongings, including the horses and the wagon, and decamped. Before decamping, however, he lassoed the dead man's feet, strung the rope around the horn of his saddle, dragged the man feet foremost about three hundred yards, concealing his body in a thick clump of underbrush. That very morning, Dr. J. D. Calaway, the Turnersville physician, and Uncle Joe Gaston, the Turnersville blacksmith, went out deer hunting. They found this man's dead body two or three hours after he had been killed. The trail was followed, but the man that did the murder was never apprehended.

We put in our time as pastoral people will. We made many acquaintances. I soon knew all the young people in the community, and even beyond Turnersville.

There is something to be said about the old time typical Texan. He is the biggest-hearted man that the world has ever known. We found these generous Texans all over that section of the state, and all of us who have survived remember the multitudinous kindnesses we received at their hands. They were like unto the Bastrop County folks, with the additional touch of a western life, of which the Bastrop County people were in ignorance. I repeat that the old-time frontiersman was the best man, the truest friend, the kindest neighbor, the most generous antagonist, and the sturdiest type of the real and genuine American it has ever been my pleasure to know.

XXII

THE STORY OF MY CONVERSION

IN the new environment, all of the young people soon knew that I was a fiddler and could dance. Just as it was in Bastrop County, I found it up in Coryell County. The traditional amusement and pastime of those sturdy young Texans was the dance. The religious people opposed dancing there, just as they had in our old home, but I was soon in touch with the frolicsome set, and many were the country dances I attended. Over at Turnersville I was always welcome, and was at home in the Hog Creek country as well as down toward Norway Mills, a settlement of Norwegians in Bosque County. The children of the most religious families in Texas danced and gave dances, although it was not looked upon with favor by the members of the church.

On a certain Sunday in July, 1876, along with some other disciples of Terpsichore, I made up a dance which was to be given the following Wednesday evening at Turnersville. One of the young ladies who helped to plan the dance was Miss Mamie Pickens. She was the daughter of Episcopalian parents, who lived between Turnersville and Coryell City. They were fine folks. Before the war they had been wealthy, but, like Dr. Boone, who lived in the same neighborhood, and was a typical old-time South Carolina gentleman, they had lost their all in the Civil War and had come out to that new country to take a fresh start in life. The Episcopalians did not think it wrong to dance, and Miss

Mamie was eager to assist us in every way in having a good time on the Wednesday night occasion.

Meantime and perhaps a week previous, a Baptist minister, M. Ray, had been holding a meeting at Tilden Church under a brush arbor. We had reached almost the heat of midsummer, and it was more convenient for the good people there to meet out under the arbor, and more pleasant than to meet in the church house. On this Sunday night, after we had made up the dance in the afternoon, I went with Miss Mamie to this revival service. Neither of us had any religious impressions whatsoever. We went to the public gathering as young people will. We sat far back, almost on the very last seat. The arbor was crowded with people. My mother and father were there, and so were Brother Kinchen and his family, and while Rev. E. M. Weeks did not believe in revival services, being a very hard Hardshell Baptist, my father had never agreed with that view, and so he was working in the meeting with the other ministers.

The preacher preached a most earnest discourse that night—one of the most impassioned sermons to which I have ever listened. The great throng hung upon his words with breathless interest. When he had finished his sermon, he called for mourners. Many came. He then called for all who were interested in religion to come forward. That did not appeal to me at all. I had a desultory interest in religion, and meant at some time to become a Christian. That had always been my purpose. I felt, however, that a young man could not have a good time as a member of the church, and I was deliberately withholding any active interest in religion until I should have married and settled down, my theory being that a married man who had gone through with all the dissipations and indulgences of youth, could consistently be a Christian, while it would be very difficult for a single man to walk the narrow way. After these exercises had been concluded, the earnest preacher, still not satisfied,

looked in my direction, though he never had seen me. He said :

“ I am going to make another proposition. I want to know if there is in this great throng a man or woman, boy or girl, who, though not now interested at all in religion, expects at some future time to become a Christian.”

I knew that appeal was for me, because that had always been my purpose, and was my purpose then. I turned to Miss Pickens and asked her if she expected to go and give the preacher her hand on that last proposition. She shook her head. I said :

“ I will be bound to go, because I have to be honest with myself, and honest with the preacher. I mean sometime to be a Christian, but I do not mean to be a Christian now.”

She did not try to dissuade me, although she looked disappointed that I should be moved by a sermon or by any appeal. I arose and started toward the minister to give him my hand. Between the time of arising to act upon my honest purpose, and the time of reaching the preacher, conviction seized upon my soul as strong as the powers of the world to come. When I reached the preacher, I not only gave him my hand, but I knelt with the other penitents.

When the service was over, I went back to where the young lady sat and escorted her home. It was a six-mile ride across the country. It was a bright moonlight Sunday night. Between the time of leaving her hospitable country home and returning, a transformation as deep as my very soul had taken place in me. I talked to her about the matter as we journeyed back. I told her that I would not be at the dance Wednesday night, and never intended to attend another. She was much surprised. She had never been thus near to a convicted sinner, the religion of some of our Episcopalian friends being quite formal, and many of them holding what we call experimental religion in contempt. She was

kind and gentle, and bade me goodbye regretfully, as I left that night to ride my homeward way, with the moon and stars and the arching sky as my companions.

My father and mother had seen what had happened. They had not yet retired when I reached home, although it was quite late. They were waiting for me. They were in tears. They were tears of joy and gladness, mingled with prayer and hope. Their prodigal boy had faced for once toward God and Heaven. I was not yet eighteen. That was July and I was to be eighteen in September. As a young man, I was always older than my years, and while my years were not many, I had reached a point in my physical and mental development far beyond boys of my age. I was as tall then as I am now, and really looked older. The reason for this was that then I was lean and cadaverous, whereas now I am full of face and counted a rather fleshy man.

I did not sleep that night. I spent the night in prayer and penitence. All the sins of my life marshalled before me in one heart-rending panorama. I saw how forgetful I had been of God, I realized that I had trampled His mercies under unhallowed feet, that I had been a reckless, outbreaking lad, and had gone far astray from the admonitions of my father and the counsels of my mother. The sermons I had heard in the years long gone trooped in upon me and smote me with their truths. I remembered the time when Uncle Charles Galloway was baptized, at which time I had a distinct religious impression. I remembered again the night on which my father had preached on the end of time, when I ran all the way home, fearing the end of the world would come before I could reach my mother. I remembered another time not hitherto mentioned in this chronicle, when in a room of the home of Uncle Jack Bellamy there was the most remarkable demonstration of God's power that I had ever witnessed. There were but few present in that room,

perhaps not over thirty, but the minister of that night had preached a marvelous sermon, and things eternal took hold upon the assembled throng. Wicked men fell and begged for mercy, and Christians shouted aloud for joy.

All of this came before me on that first night when I realized that I was the chief of sinners. I had never been a criminal boy, but I had been wild, profane, reckless, out-breaking and God-forgetting. It all came before me and I prayed. I do not know the words of my prayers that night. I could not recall them. Many of them found no voice. I was in an agony of supplication to God for mercy, and I felt that there was no mercy for such a sinner as I.

Next day I did not go out with the cattle. I went to the arbor to the meeting. I went forward immediately for prayer when the opportunity was offered. The Christians gathered around me. God bless every one who is living now, and may the ashes of those who have gone to God rest tranquilly till Jesus comes! There never is such a welcome anywhere as greets the prodigal child on his way back home. Those old-time country folks, as noble of heart as any who ever lived, and as near to God as any Christian people with whom it has ever been my pleasure to be acquainted, prayed with me, prayed for me, counseled me, helped me, encouraged me and assured me that all would be well.

That night was Monday night. I went up again for prayer. I remember little else. I recall that after the service was over, having found no peace, I had a conference with my brother and Jim Bellamy, who had moved up into that end of the world, and told them that I did not know how the matter would eventuate. It seemed to me, as I said to them, that my day of grace had passed, but that whatever happened, I would never again be their companion in the way in which we hitherto had lived. There were tears in the eyes of these boys as I talked to them. It was amazing to them

that I, the wildest one of the three, should have been the first to heed the gospel call.

The second day I did go out with the cattle. I was much needed with them. I went out, but my soul longed for rest and forgiveness and peace. I doubt not that the live oak trees over between the breaks of Hog Creek and Middle Bosque where I found refuge on that July day of long past years, are still standing. I knelt me down out there alone with God. The cattle grazed quietly out under the umbrageous trees. I poured out my soul in prayer and begged for mercy. No human eye saw me. No human ear heard me. No human heart beat in unison with mine, but out there in those virgin wilds, far from the world and its wickedness and pain, I pleaded with God to have mercy upon me, a sinner. That night I went back to the meeting again. I had found no rest. It had seemed an eternity since conviction had seized upon my spirit. I went up for prayer again. The people sang. The people prayed. Souls were saved. Christians rejoiced. There was happiness all around, but none for me. It was a terrible night—was that Tuesday night in that July in the long ago. Little sleep had come to me since Sunday night, and no rest of mind.

When Wednesday morning came, I was almost hopeless, but I went out again with the cattle, as I had done the day before, and again I sought the same copse of trees and knelt there in that hallowed spot once more and asked God for help. I felt that I was ready to give up all, but the real hour of self-surrender had not yet come. I drove the cattle in when evening came. I ate little. When the time for service came around, I went to the meeting again. It was a bright Wednesday evening, but the shining stars had no charm for me. There was nothing on earth that I sought but the gracious forgiveness of that God against whom I had so often sinned. I do not remember what the sermon was that night.

My spirit was too far submerged in the depths of its own despair to recall anything that happened until the time came for mourners to go forward for prayer. I made my way to the anxious seat, as I had done before, but instead of sitting, I knelt and bowed my face in my hands. I remember very little that happened, until, after the exhortation the minister asked that all engage in prayer. When all had knelt and the preacher's earnest, eager voice was cleaving the skies, as he begged for mercy for those who were in sore need of help, my burden was gently lifted from my heart. I had been in an agony of prayer, but when the time of tranquility and peace thrilled my soul, the first thing that my spirit said was: "What have you to pray for now?"

Soon the prayer was ended, and following the prayer, the old-time song began:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear
And wipe my weeping eyes."

It was sung to the tune of which the following is the chorus:

"Oh, come, angel band,
Come and around me stand!
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home!"

I did not kneel again, but I began clasping hands with God's cherished saints, who quickly surrounded me. They saw that the change had come. The first man whose hand grasped mine was Uncle Samuel McLendon, a Methodist steward. Tears rained down the dear old Christian's face. Then my mother found me and threw her arms around my neck as she shouted aloud for joy. My father came, and his frame was convulsed with emotion as he took me to his heart.

That was the happiest hour my life had ever known.

I had found surcease of sin and pain and agony and tears, and I realized in its fulness the pardoning grace of God. I did not think then that I would ever have a doubt or fear or sin as long as I should live.

The song ended, the Christians were dismissed, but lingered near, and many were the happy exclamations of joy and peace and Christian love that followed that service at which I gave my heart to God.

I have had many storms and tempests as I have traversed life's fitful way. It has not all been peace. It has not all been sunshine. It has not all been joy. There have been times that in the depths of my despair and sin I have feared that I had never known the Lord. There have been many times, as I have journeyed on, that I have thought that I had no acceptance with the Saviour. I remember well what Sam Jones once said, and it is partly true. He said that a Christian's doubt is just as deep as his sin. There are other things, however, besides the Christian's sin, that make him doubt. John the Baptist was not a sinner in Castle Macherus when he sent his disciples to Jesus to ask Him if He were the Messiah or whether he should look for another.

We went home a happy family. There was joy that night over one sinner that had repented. I went to bed the happiest boy, I thought, that ever had been blessed in the forgiveness of his sins. My heart was singing. All nature rejoiced. The stars, declaring the glory of God, and the firmament showing His handiwork, had never seemed so beautiful as then. The very trees sang together for joy. There never was as bright a moon as shone down upon us on that happy summer night of 1876.

The world may cavil as it will. Skeptics may deride as they will. Infidels may scoff. It is their wont. Agnostics may say, "I do not know; I doubt." It is their way. But I testify in this chronicle—and I wish this word to live after I am gone—that there is salvation through the blood of

Christ; that it may be had by every sinning soul on earth. If such a sinner as I could find peace in the Redeemer's love, that peace may be found by every man, woman and child that lives upon the earth.

I testify also that there is reality in the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. Since that hour, however far I have wandered, however deep has been my sin, however crucial have been my doubts of my acceptance with God, I have, when the stilly hours of the night have come, come back to the time when I first found Christian forgiveness and joy. This has been my Scripture. This has been my guiding star. This conversion, which was as real to me as the love of my mother or the gracious kindness of my father—which, indeed, to me is the most vital thing that ever came into my life—has lived to bring me back from my wanderings, whatever they have been.

All of us have preached on the prodigal son, and have referred to him as a wandering sinner. But my heart's faith and belief is that the prodigal son was a wandering Christian, who went away from his God, leaving his father's house and going out afar into the enemy's land to feed upon the husks that the swine did eat. But the prodigal Christian always returns. You have had your time of wandering. You, it may be, have gone very far away, but that same great God to whom you bowed, and to whom you gave your heart in the long ago, sends His Spirit after you, and that same Redeemer whom you loved in that first hour of your acceptance with God, is exalted at the right hand of God as a Prince and a Saviour, where He ever maketh intercession for us who are left down here to struggle with the sins and temptations and beguilements of the world.

XXIII

BAPTISM AND CHURCH MEMBERSHIP

FOR three days I was celestially happy. I had passed through the crucible of penitence and tears, and had found perfect peace in Christ's forgiving love. For three days I sinned not, nor did I believe then that I would ever sin again. The nights were the happiest I had ever known, and the days the brightest. I worked in the meeting constantly, and on the following Sunday I offered myself for membership in the little Hardshell Baptist Church at Tilden. The church-house stood very near the arbor under which I had given my heart to my Redeemer.

It was a bright and glorious July Sabbath. The attendance at the little church was large. The house was full. While I was greatly embarrassed in many ways, I had enlisted under the banner of the Lord, and I went forward with steady step, though with tearful eye, when the doors of the church were opened. The old-time Hardshell brethren believed, as I believed then and still believe, that a saved man or woman who offers for membership in a Baptist church should give a reason for the hope that thrills the soul. I was asked to relate to the assembled multitude my Christian experience. That I did as best I could. It was with great imperfection and much halting of speech, but I knew whom I had believed, and I had that boldness of faith which gave me courage to tell the story of my journey from darkness into light, and from sin into newness of life.

Many were the hearty handgrasps when, after a unanimous vote for my reception, opportunity was given for those

who were to extend me church and Christian fellowship to come forward. My dear father and mother were there, and I believe as I look back upon it, after the lapse of these almost two score of eventful years, that it was the happiest Sabbath they had known since I was born.

We did not have the baptizing that day. It was left for the following Sabbath. In the meantime, the meeting at the brush arbor had closed. The Missionary Baptist church located there, received a large increase in its membership, and there were a number of others to join the Hardshell church. The leading Missionary Baptist of the neighborhood was my beloved friend, J. P. Kinchen, who was then a deacon of the church and a man who stood high in the esteem of his fellow church members and of the people at large. He and his beloved wife were especially kind to me. They held no prejudice against the Hardshell Baptists, and theirs was an unmixed joy when I came into the fold. Among all the sympathizers and well-wishers that I knew in that first glow of my young Christian life, I had none who were kinder or more helpful than J. P. Kinchen and his dear, sweet wife.

Between the two Sundays I was plunged into the depths of sorrow and despair. My walk with God seemed to have abruptly terminated. Unlike the recital told by the sweet little child, who was relating in her own language the story of Enoch, I did not take a long walk with God. She said that God and Enoch took very long, long walks together; that in these walks Enoch would go with God on nearer and yet nearer to Heaven, and that one day they got so close to Heaven in that long, long walk that God said to Enoch, "You just come on now and go with me to Heaven, because it is nearer to Heaven than it is back to where you live." My experience in this sad time of my first conscious sin after my conversion was so different from that of Enoch's that it almost broke my heart. I felt that my fault was irrep-

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arable, but, as has been the case ten thousand times since then, my sin drove me to my knees and prostrated me in the dust and ashes of penitence and tears. I feared that I should not be baptized, but after praying out of my broken heart for God's forgiving love, I again found peace. The battle had begun—the battle between the spirit and the flesh—the battle that is as old as the old, old fashion death—the battle that shall endure until life's last conscious moment ends, and my eyes are closed in their last earthly sleep.

The next Sunday was one of the brightest days I ever knew. As these words are penned, I can see the long, long procession of those dear country folk as they journeyed to Hurst Spring to witness the baptizing service. Hurst Spring bursts out of the virgin rock at the head of Hog Creek and sends forth its pellucid waters laughing toward the sea. Hard by the fountain-head of this gentle stream there is a lake some twenty or thirty feet wide and some seventy-five to one hundred feet long. It is the first lake of the little stream. On that bright July day it was as clear as crystal, as it mirrored the smiling heavens in its laughing waves. The pastor of the little Hardshell Baptist church was Rev. E. M. Weeks, but my father's dearest friend in the Hardshell Baptist ministry was Rev. Willis Russell, who lived in Bosque County, some twenty miles away. He came up at my father's request to baptize my father's son.

A great crowd had gathered—one of the largest I have ever witnessed at a country baptismal service. I never can forget the sacredness of that solemn hour. The Missionary Baptist brotherhood were there in force. Many Methodists, who believed that burial in water was Christian baptism, had also come to witness the impressive scene.

At last my time for thus obeying my Redeemer came. The noble-hearted preacher took me by the hand and led me into the middle of the stream. His was an impressive figure. Although he was a man of little literary education, he was

wonderfully versed in the Word of God, and the able and impressive sermons that I heard him preach in those first years of my Christian life, linger in my memory and are cherished in my heart this day. After he had raised his hand to Heaven and had invoked the blessings of God, I was buried with Christ in baptism "in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

I was happier then, if it could have been, than I was when I first gave my heart to Christ. I, indeed, arose to walk in newness of life.

"Heaven came down my soul to greet,
And glory crowned the mercy seat."

It was an epoch that no soul saved by Jesus' blood can ever forget.

As I reached the banks of the stream, happy-hearted Christians gathered round me, and grasped my willing hand. Tears were coursing down many radiant faces, and in all my life I have never known a happier hour than the hour when I thus publicly put on Christ in baptism, and enrolled under the stainless banner of King Immanuel.

As I have journeyed on in the dust and conflict of life's stern way, there have been enemies to question the validity of my baptism. For my own self, I have never for one moment questioned it. It would be impossible for me to go through the form of a re-baptism. While, as I have here related, I was immersed by a Hardshell Baptist minister, through the authority of a Hardshell Baptist church, I believe the baptism was entirely scriptural and in every way valid. I would not, under any circumstances, allow any of these adverse criticisms to influence me in the slightest degree to repudiate that holy ceremony which inducted me into a local Baptist church in that happy youthtime hour.

While on this subject, I take pleasure here in quoting a paragraph from the immortal address by Dr. B. H. Carroll, delivered at the Southern Baptist Convention at the session

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which convened in Hot Springs in 1890. Concerning the different kinds of Baptists, he uses these very significant and impressive words:

“Time fails me to tell the wondrous story of Baptist progress in Virginia—of their great revivals, their preachers and their sufferings. A notable and far-reaching event in their history was the happy union of the Separate and Regular Baptists under the title of the United Baptist Churches of Christ in Virginia. Writing in 1809, Robert Semple, the historian of Virginia Baptists, gives a graphic account of this union which occurred twenty-two years before. Throughout the Southern States the same union was accomplished, culminating in Kentucky one year ago. I have myself seen old church letters of the three varieties—Separate, Regular and United, and counted all of them valid.”

Following my baptism, I began such active Christian work as was possible under Hardshell Baptist auspices. These dear people have no Sunday-schools, and nothing beyond the midweek prayer meeting and the usual Sunday services. Sad to say, as I have indicated in an early chapter of this chronicle, their Sunday services are sometimes very long, but they are always impressive. I began at once to take up my cross as best I could and to follow my Saviour in every avenue of usefulness that opened to me.

When I attended the first prayer meeting, there were a number of the new converts present, and Deacon John Bullock, Elder E. M. Weeks, together with my father and others of the members of the church, thought that the young Christians should be placed in harness promptly. To that end, Tom Miller, one of the new converts, and the son of another Hardshell Baptist preacher, was called upon to pray. I think I have never heard a more rambling petition.

It was not quite so bad as the prayer of which W. W. Landrum told in the 1889 session of the Southern Baptist

Convention. Dr. Landrum said that in his early years he knew a good old Baptist preacher who was very lengthy in his prayers. He prayed for everybody and everything, and repeated it over and over again. Upon one occasion, after having prayed for the work at home, the work abroad, home missions, foreign missions, education and every other conceivable thing, together with the forgiveness of everybody's sins, he ended:

"And now, O Lord, bless those *foreign lands* where the foot of man has never trod and the eye of God has never seen!"

Tom Miller's prayer was not so comprehensive, but it was halting and to the last degree lame and blundering. As I knelt there listening to his effort, I said in my heart that if I couldn't beat Tom Miller praying, I certainly never would try. To my amazement and consternation, after the next song was sung, Deacon John Bullock, who was leading the prayer-meeting, asked me to pray. All knelt. That was the good old-fashioned country, Hardshell Baptist, Christian, Christly way. When I knelt and tried to open my mouth, my lips were absolutely glued together. I could think of nothing but my mental criticism of Tom Miller's prayer. Finally, after some five minutes of awed and horrifying silence, I turned to Brother Bullock and asked him to lead in prayer, which he did. I have oftentimes criticised sermons since that night, but insofar as I have been able, I have refrained from criticising any man's praying. That cured me.

Coincident with my conversion and baptism, I received a distinct impression that I must be a minister. I had no audible call to preach, but the impression that I must preach was so strong upon me that I felt bound to communicate that burden to other Christian friends. First of all, I talked to others who had been converted in the same meeting in which I was saved. I thought it possible that all young Christians

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had the same impression that had come to me. I found, however, upon inquiry that such was not the case. The distinct impression or call to the ministry had not come to any others of the young Christians who joined the church with me. I talked to the young men of the Missionary Baptist church there, as well as to the new members of the church of which I was a member, always with the same result.

Very soon, acting upon my convictions, I laid the matter before the church of which I was a member. It was with great distrust and with much fear and trembling that I arose in conference in October following, and told the simple story of God's dealings with my soul. The conference was greatly impressed. Some were much surprised. My father and mother were not, because I had talked the matter over with them before presenting it to the church. In their good, old-time, Christian, quiet way the church liberated me to preach the gospel.

There I was, just past eighteen, an uncouth, obscure country lad, unequipped with either literary or expert training of any kind, but, true to my sense of duty to God, I had cast my all upon Him and signified my willingness to go out into the great world and bear testimony to His love.

There was no income possible to a Hardshell Baptist preacher, because they do not support their ministry. The result was that I had to look elsewhere for a livelihood, so, very soon, finding it unnecessary longer to linger with my father's cattle, I journeyed to the North Bosque valley near Clifton, Texas, and offered my services to Uncle Billy Kemp as a cotton picker. His farm was the first one below Clifton. It was a beautiful body of splendid rich land, and the cotton picking was excellent. The price was a dollar a hundred, the cotton picker boarding himself. It was an exceedingly pleasant as well as a profitable employment. We camped out, and there were a number of other cotton pickers there, so that time did not hang heavy upon our hands.

I did not linger there very long, but made clear \$10 a week and felt very happy in the work. As opportunity offered, I did such Christian work as I could, and sought in all ways to magnify the profession of religion which I had made.

Before going down to Mr. Kemp's farm to pick cotton, father had selected a sweetheart for me. It was most auspicious in some ways, but the experiment did not eventuate with sufficient success to justify its repetition. At the same time I was converted, a magnificent young woman, Miss Josie Johnson, also came into the light, and immediately thereafter joined the Missionary Baptist church. She came of a fine family. They belonged to the old-time, quiet Southern country folk, and she was an unusually bright, cheerful, amiable and attractive young woman. She was about my age, a perfect blonde, with laughing blue eyes, and a heart as light and happy as one could find in a long day's journey. My father was very solicitous that I should fall in love with Miss Josie, and, anxious to please him, I made it a part of my weekly and semi-weekly business to visit her home. We went to the camp-meetings together, I was a frequent caller at regular and irregular intervals, and while we were never engaged to be married, I held her in the very highest esteem. When I went down to Uncle Billy Kemp's farm to pick cotton, I carried her picture in my pocket and it then seemed to me that one day I would ask her to become my wife.

Digressing slightly here, I must finish this story of my second love affair. The following spring I went down to Crawford and took a country school, more of which hereafter. I was unhappy in some ways because I feared that I had made the distinct impression upon Miss Josie's mind that I was in love with her, and I felt sure that it was my duty to go back to Coryell County and marry her. Suiting the action to my conscience, I wrote Miss Josie the follow-

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ing summer that I was coming up on a certain Sunday to visit her. It was more than twenty miles across the country. I rode faithful "Old Ball," the horse that had been one of my mounts as we drove the beef cattle up the old Chisholm beef trail. Arriving at the Johnson home at about 1 P. M., I found that they were just ready for dinner. After the meal was over, I felt sure that Miss Josie, broken-hearted as she must be on my account, would give me an opportunity to make due amends for my neglect. I was ready to declare my love, to ask her to become my wife, and at the same time to beg her pardon for having gone away without first winning her promise to marry me. Two o'clock came, half past two o'clock came, but Miss Josie lingered in the big front sitting room with the old folks, engaging in general conversation. It was all mysterious to me, because I was perfectly sure that she loved me deeply and must have suffered agonies of grief on account of my departure from the Hog Creek country.

About three o'clock a visitor came, in the person of a little sawed-off, but altogether amiable and splendid young man, named John Williamson. His legs were barely long enough to reach the ground. I had known John in the Hog Creek country days and esteemed him highly. I never thought he was destined to set the world on fire, unless he should strike a match at the mouth of a gas well, but at the same time he was a splendid fellow, and one whom any girl might be glad to number among her admirers. Very soon after John came in, the whole situation dawned upon me. Absence had made dear Josie's soul grow fonder—of John, of which I was really and truly glad. I had lived up to my sense of duty, had found my old sweetheart with a heart not even phased, and with a lover entirely worthy of her and one that three weeks later was to make her a loyal and loving husband.

I soon saddled "Old Ball," bade Brother and Sister Johnson, Miss Josie Johnson and my dear friend, John Williamson, a fond adieu, and rode back toward my Crawford school a somewhat wiser man. After that, I was not so egotistical. I never again thought that a girl was brokenheartedly in love with me simply because I had been allowed to escort her once or twice to a camp-meeting.



XXIV

ODDS AND ENDS OF EVENTS, CLOSING THE YEAR 1876

ONLY two or three events are of sufficient importance to merit notice in this chronicle as having further to do with the memorable year of 1876. One of these was my visit to Gatesville in the autumn of that year, at which point I met Dr. McMullen, a blind phrenologist. I had never lost interest in the science of character reading. As opportunity offered, I had kept up my studies, both of medicine and phrenology. As has been told, father began to practice medicine in the Hog Creek country, and while his practice was never so large nor so remunerative there as it had been in the old Bastrop County home, he did some considerable work, and I maintained my study of medical science and practice. At the same time, I read with avidity every book that I could secure upon the science of phrenology, and everything touching upon that subject challenged my deepest interest and consideration.

Going to Gatesville on other business, I found the town placarded with the announcement that Dr. McMullen, the blind phrenologist, was there, and was prepared to make phrenological examinations, and give written charts. I did not have a dollar in my pocket, but I was wearing a ring that belonged to a very near and dear relative. I knew that it would be all right for me to pledge this ring for enough money with which to secure a chart, so I went to the druggist of the town, Y. S. Jenkins, who in later years proved to be one of my dearest friends, and pawned the ring to him

for the loan of \$2.50. He was reluctant to take the ring, but I was a stranger to him, and if he hadn't taken the ring he would have been very reluctant to lend me the money. I told him very frankly who I was, and what I wanted with the money. He told me to bring the money next time I came to town, and secure my ring.

I was exceedingly happy when I found that I could get this money, and I hastened to Dr. McMullen's room to have my head examined. He was a very brilliant man. He had been blind nearly all his life, but so expert was he in the knowledge of phrenological science that he made examinations as aptly and accurately, so far as I could judge, as had Dr. Bellows, of an earlier time. He was planning to journey through the country, and after I had explained to him my keen interest in phrenology, he suggested an arrangement by which we could be mutually helpful. He said that if I would furnish the team and the vehicle and drive the team, thus journeying with him and helping him to advertise and exploit his lectures, he would give me the benefit of his superior knowledge of the science, and we would divide the proceeds equally. That looked to me like a splendid opportunity for enlarging my store of knowledge and experience, so I hastened back to the Hog Creek country, told my father of the status of affairs, and he at once interested himself in assisting me to secure the team and the hack with which to carry out the plan.

I already had "Old Ball." He was not only a splendid saddle horse, but a good harness horse as well. I bought another horse from my father; he helped me to rig up a hack and harness, and I informed Dr. McMullen that I was ready to begin the work. At this juncture, an unforeseen event occurred. John Barleycorn intervened, and utterly destroyed our plans. Dr. McMullen was a periodic drunkard, and as soon as he had secured sufficient funds from his Gatesville work, he plunged into a long and disappointing

spree. The result was that after having prepared myself to take up this work, the plan failed, and I was forced to turn my attention to other things. Meantime, I had made the journey to Uncle Billy Kemp's farm, and had spent a month or so in picking cotton, so that when the winter of 1876 was ushered in, I was still at home with my father, but without fixed occupation of any kind.

A little prior to this time, I made the acquaintance of Joe A. Lee, who was a Missionary Baptist preacher and school teacher. He had married a distant cousin of mine—a very sweet, amiable young girl. He was much her senior, but he loved her tenderly, and they had begun their married life at Parks' school house near Turnersville. It was some eight miles from the Hog Creek country to the Parks school house, but inasmuch as we were thus related to each other, we became acquainted, and our acquaintance speedily ripened into a warm and enduring friendship. Joe Lee was teaching the school at the Parks school house, so in December of 1876, when he found it necessary to take a short vacation, he induced me to come to Parks school house neighborhood and teach the little school while he was absent. This was my first introduction to pedagogy, of which I had considerable experience in the two years following.

I taught the school but a few days, but the experience, even of that short period, was of great value to me. I found that I liked teaching, and I had always loved children of every age and condition of life. I found that the children were easy to control, and that they loved me.

Having become acquainted with the citizens of the Parks school house community, and having talked with Mr. Buster and others concerning phrenology, I was solicited to deliver some lectures on that subject. Thus far I had never appeared in public except in a prayer meeting talk or two, but I was reasonably conversant with the science of phrenology, and while I had not been privileged to sit at the feet for

any length of time of any great phrenologist, I had absorbed Samuel R. Wells' *How to Read Character*, and had familiarized myself with Fowler's *System of Phrenology*. I had also read Combe's *Constitution of Man* and *Moral Philosophy*, and had dipped somewhat into the works of Nelson Sizer, who, while not a voluminous writer, was one of the greatest of the old-time phrenologists.

My lectures were duly announced in the school, Joe A. Lee, the teacher, having returned, and on the first evening on which I was billed to appear, I was surprised to find the little school house filled with people. It would hold perhaps two hundred auditors, and they were there. There is something remarkable about phrenology. Whenever a man who is reputed to be at all versed in the science announces a lecture, he always finds hearers. We naturally love to have ourselves talked about in the right way, and while phrenologists owe it to themselves and to their subjects to be true and faithful, they are never over veracious in giving the faults of the volunteer subjects who come forward for examination.

My first lecture was on the temperaments. In the old division of temperaments there were four—the Nervous, Sanguine, Bilious and Lymphatic. At a later time, the phrenologists renamed them, and reduced the number to three—the Motive, Mental and Vital. After the lecture, some four subjects came forward for free examinations, and I also had a number ask me where I would be the following day, so that they might pay for examinations. I charged 50c for each examination and \$2 for a written chart.

While the business there was not overwhelmingly or sensationally great, it was a beginning—my very first start in independent public work. I lectured there five nights, and the denizens of that far away community seemed pleased at the result.

The remaining days of 1876 were uneventful. After my successful lecture experience at Parks school house, I went back to my father's home on Hog Creek, and renewed my service with him in caring for his cattle. It had been a prosperous season with the herd. There had been a substantial increase, and my father was getting on his feet most happily in the new-found home.

Thus ended the most eventful year of my young manhood. I look back upon it now as a year fraught with more far-reaching consequences than any I had known. We had moved to the new country, I had known my first great shock and sorrow, I had become a Christian, I had been licensed to preach, I had become a public lecturer, and I had reached the ripe age of eighteen years.

I was older for my years than most young men. I was lean and cadaverous at that period of my life, and I looked older, I believe, than I look now. Be that as it may, I had entered really upon life's serious things, and thus with the opening of 1877, I confronted a new and distinct line of endeavor.



XXV

AS A COUNTRY SCHOOL TEACHER

DURING January of 1877, my brother, Dr. T. E. Cranfill, who had secured a license to practice medicine, moved from the Hog Creek country down to Crawford, McLennan County. Crawford is some twenty miles west of Waco. It was then a small country village, consisting of two stores, a school house, a blacksmith shop, a little tavern kept by Mr. Robinson and his wife, a post office and a little drug store. I never knew why my brother moved down there, but because of his going, I went down about the middle of March to visit him. The school, taught by John H. Goulby, was nearing its close. They were rehearsing for the exhibition. I decided soon after reaching Crawford to lecture on phrenology. My brother happily fell into the plan, and in talking to the teacher of the school, who soon became my warm friend, and is to this day, I found him enthusiastic on the subject, so we advertised a series of lectures, announcing them through the medium of the school, and posting notices at the post office, the tavern, and one or two other public places.

When I went to give my first lecture, I found, as I had found at the Parks school house, that I looked into the faces of a very intelligent audience, and that the school room was practically filled with people. I began as I had begun before, but being more certain of myself, and having had a taste of genuine success in that field of endeavor, I began the work more aggressively and more hopefully. Besides all that, I was some three months older, and during these three months

I had spent my time in study, and in further preparation for this work, as well as for my future career as a practitioner of medicine.

I would not have you understand that I had abandoned the plan of being a minister. I still talked in public as a preacher as occasion offered, but inasmuch as that yielded me no income, and as inasmuch as I was wholly upon my own resources. I found it necessary to take up the work of lecturing on phrenology in order to win my bread.

On the second evening of the lecture, I noticed in the audience a shy, but winsome maiden, who quietly walked down the aisle toward the front, and who in many ways immediately challenged my attention. I do not remember the kind of dress she wore. I have never been an adept in the delineation of feminine costume. I am not a connoisseur in matters of this sort, nor am I a judge of the delicate shadings and blendings of colors. What I do remember about this maiden is that she had on a sailor hat, and that in every way she was the type of girl that I could honor and admire. I did not get acquainted with her that night, but within the next day or two I had the pleasure of giving her and some other members of her family phrenological examinations. I was as full of mischief as I could be, and desiring to have a little fun, I exclaimed, when I came to examine her head, "What a pity! What a pity!" That has been thirty-six years ago, and even now she will stop betimes when I am immersed in life's stern conflicts, and ask me what I meant by that exclamation when I examined her head at the old Crawford school house.

The gentle maiden was Miss Ollie Allen, the daughter of A. D. Allen, one of the pioneer citizens of McLennan County. He, with his family, had come to Texas when this girl was nine years old. She was then almost seventeen. Moving with his family from Georgia in 1869, Mr. Allen had settled first near Waco on the farm of Dunk McLennan.

nan, for whose father, Neil McLennan, that county was named. Meanwhile, after hard struggles, and after having looked at many tracts of land in McLennan County, Mr. Allen had acquired a little farm on the Middle Bosque about a mile and a half below Crawford, and it was there that he reared his family. The same farm is owned by his widow as this chronicle is penned.

I at once became very fond of the timid maiden. She was not so approachable as most girls were. I found it difficult to secure any kind of audience with her, and I found, moreover, that her father was averse to having a young man pay her any attention whatsoever. For this reason, and for the reason that she was so young, I did not press my suit to any great extent at that time, but waited in patience for a better opportunity to tell this sweet girl exactly what I thought of her.

My phrenological lecture experience at Crawford soon was at an end. It was in every way a marked success. Not only had I enjoyed a splendid financial return, but I had made many friends in the Crawford community, among them such men as Uriah Tadlock, W. E. Costley, J. T. Fulen, A. T. Ford, Howard Meredith and others whose names I have not space to mention.

Soon the school of Mr. Goulby had its closing exercises, which I attended. Meantime, he had announced that he would not allow his name to go before the trustees for re-election. All of the public school money had been exhausted, but there would be another appropriation by the early summer, and a private school could follow that would last into December. There were many of the patrons of the school who wished that their children might go on uninterruptedly, and for that reason, encouraged by the kind co-operation of the men I have named, and of other citizens, I prepared and circulated a subscription list for a private school. Enough pupils were pledged to justify me in announcing

that on a certain April Monday morning, I would open my school in the Crawford school house. Quite a number came, among them children of Mr. Costley and Mr. Ford and, to me, best of all, A. D. Allen subscribed two scholars and sent his daughter, Ollie, and his little son, Bob. Bob was the baby boy. Pearl, the baby girl, was at that time too young to enter school, being only three years old.

As I have before intimated, Mr. Allen did not like for any young men to pay attention to his daughter, Ollie, who, as he believed, was too young to accept the company of young men. On that account, the old gentleman fudged a little when he stated her age in the subscription list. She was well on toward seventeen, but he put her age a year less than that, at which I was afterwards much amused, though at that time I was greatly fearful he had told it just as it was.

I loved my school dearly. The children loved me, and I found myself happy in that new field. There was an incentive to study, coupled with the opportunity for study. I began by boarding at the home of Mr. Robinson, otherwise known as the Crawford Tavern. It was a storehouse-like residence, and once had been a store. It had four rooms. I occupied a room with Dr. John Monroe. He was a man of splendid gifts and accomplishments, but was killing himself with drink. He lived only a few months after I met him, dying in the year 1878, somewhere down in Louisiana, when the yellow fever scourge came on.

I later made my home with Lee Allen, a brother of A. D. Allen. Lee Allen sent two of his sons to my school—Pope and Bob. Later on, during the public school term of 1878, Pope became my assistant teacher. Be it known to you that while my Crawford school had a small beginning, it grew to what was then immense proportions. The children came from far and near during the next year's school term, and I soon found myself with more than a hundred students. I

had to have an assistant, and very naturally I turned to Pope Allen, who was my room-mate in the Lee Allen home, and who was a dear good friend at that time, as he is today.

There was a short period during the spring of 1877 between the closing of Mr. Gouldy's school and the opening of mine. I had no other employment, having exhausted the material for phrenological work in the Crawford community, so I accepted employment as a cotton chopper on the farm of Uriah Tadlock, who was one of the pioneers of the village. I worked ten full hours a day, taking an hour at noon, and received 75c a day and my board. It was not a very long employment, but it was never mine to sit around and whittle sticks at the corner grocery when there was any kind of honest toil at hand.

I am as proud of my record as a cotton picker in Uncle Billy Kemp's field, and as a cotton chopper in Uriah Tadlock's cotton patch, as I am of any other material achievements of my entire career, and I found that while there might have been those to look down upon the young fledgling of a pedagogue who "stooped," as some might say, to the dull and prosaic occupation of cotton chopping, my record in this particular helped me with the more thoughtful citizens of the village and community.

Soon the time for the opening of the school came on, and it was in every way satisfactory. Later, when the private school period found its close, the public school trustees unanimously elected me to teach the public school, and thus the school went on without interregnum until the summer vacation time.

Just here I must recite a fact that points a moral and adorns a tale. In my own school days I had mastered Ray's University Arithmetic with one exception—allegation alternate and allegation medial. When I reached these problems in my own school life, I was attending the school on Hallmark's Prairie taught by Reverend Mr. Johnson. When my

class reached them, the teacher told us they were of no use, and let us skip them. We were glad enough as children to be saved the trouble of mastering these abstruse problems, but I found to my sorrow when the class in my own school reached them that I was in a most embarrassing position. Unlike Brother Johnson, I did not tell my pupils that these were useless acquirements, but frankly stated that I did not know them. They appreciated my candor, no matter if they were astonished at my ignorance, and so my classes passed them over just as I had done. Until this day I do not know alligation alternate and alligation medial.

If I may be pardoned a soliloquy just here, it is that the poorest and most direful thing on earth to a pupil in any school is to slight any feature of his work. Many pupils in our schools and colleges stuff for examinations, heedless of the actual value of the attainment of knowledge. What they desire to do is to "pass," irrespective of their proficiency. Every teacher knows what I mean in this statement. It would be the greatest philanthropy imaginable if deep impression could be made upon the minds of students everywhere that it is not what they pass over in school, but what they learn, that counts.

I slighted nothing in algebra, but I never was able altogether to find "X." It was a search that I industriously made when equations came for elucidation, but there were many "X's" that were so elusive that I never quite succeeded in corralling them, and it has been so through life. If I had space here, I would name a lot of them, but time forbids, so I hasten on with the thread of my narrative.

I pause here to retrace my steps a little way. Before I took the school, and just after I had concluded my phrenological lectures at Crawford, I fell very ill. I was living with my brother, and he gave me as prompt attention as he could. My future father-in-law, A. D. Allen, afterwards told that he was passing my brother's house as I was being

carried in. He said that he heard me remark to my brother that I knew I was going to die, because I never had any other than fatal diseases. In later years we talked this over, and he counted it a great joke. I never could remember whether I made use of the language or not, but it was all the same to him.

My brother became frightened concerning my condition, and hastily summoning Wesley Tadlock, the son of Uriah Tadlock, he sent him up to the Hog Creek country for my father. He began the long horseback ride about eight o'clock at night and it must have taken him until midnight to reach my father's house. Immediately my father saddled his horse and came bounding down Crawford way, as rapidly as his magnificent bay steed could carry him. Wesley Tadlock came on back with him, but he was hard pressed to keep up with father's pace. I was unconscious when father reached me. The first thing I remember was that daylight had come and father was bending above my bed. I had a long illness—too long to remain at Crawford for convalescence. Within two or three days father sent back to the Hog Creek country for his wagon, and bringing down a bed from home, I was placed thereon and carried back to father's cottage, where I could have the ministrations of my sister and my dear mother.

I have never forgotten the generous kindness shown me by Wesley Tadlock. I had occasion often to thank him in person, and now, after the lapse of these eventful years, wherever dear Wesley is, I send to him across the intervening vales and hills my heart's best love. It may be that his vigilance and generosity saved my life. On the other hand, my brother, who was a capable young physician, might have been able, alone and unaided, to have brought me through. That matters not in my love for Wesley. He was a dear, good boy. He afterwards attended the Crawford school

that I taught, and in later years it was my pleasure now and then to grasp his friendly, generous hand.

In order to complete this part of my story, I must go back yet some years, and in part restate what has been already told. In the old Bastrop County days, when I was about twelve years of age, I became possessed of a stray dog. One day when I was out rounding up the cattle in the glades that skirted Hallmark's Prairie, I found that I was being followed by a lean, lank, hungry, cadaverous, humble, pathetic-looking brindle dog. I do not remember ever to have seen a more pitiable canine specimen. He looked like he had been living for ages upon the atmosphere. From his eyes there beamed almost human intelligence. All my life long, helplessness and poverty have powerfully appealed to me. It was thus that when I looked upon the dog and met his pleading gaze, I spoke kindly to him. He kept on following me. It seemed that he would be too weak ever to reach our home. He was almost exhausted, but he did manage to keep up with me, though in order to have him do so, I had to slacken my pace quite a little, and at last when we reached home, I was quick to give him food, and from that moment that dog and I were inseparable companions. I named him "Puppy." He was part bulldog. I never knew the other strains of doghood that coursed through his dogly veins, but I never had a truer friend in my boyhood, nor have I had a more faithful friend or admirer in any after years. During our farming operations in Bastrop County, his services were invaluable. At my bidding he would fasten his teeth in the nose of the largest and wildest steer. Once upon a time, when cattle had broken into our field and were destroying our crop, "Puppy" caught a large beef steer, and in doing so the animal tramped upon one of his hind legs and broke it at the middle joint. The average man would have killed the dog in that condition, but I was not the average man in my

relation to "Puppy," nor indeed to any other wounded animal. I gently bound up the broken joint, wrapped it with splints and managed to get "Puppy" home. Later, my father, who was a better surgeon at that time than I, reset the bone, and by carefully watching the dog, the limb healed, though ever after he had a stiff, if not a painful, joint.

He went with us when we left Bastrop County, followed us up the old Chisholm beef trail, was near me when I looked after my father's herd, clung to me in all my wanderings, was my faithful companion in Uncle Billy Kemp's field down on North Bosque, followed me to Crawford, and had lingered with me and was near me when my time of sickness came. He was not to be kept behind when they loaded me in the wagon to take me back to the Hog Creek home.

But "Puppy," being a stranger in the West, had never learned the deceptions of the jackrabbit. He would insist on chasing them. He felt that he could catch them. It was so on this trip. I was too sick to look after him, and my father's mind was on other things. The result was that on that journey "Puppy" actually ran himself to death chasing jackrabbits. When we reached home, "Puppy" was missing, and when I found a friend who would go in search of him, he at last came upon the dead body of my faithful dog.

The grief for his loss was genuine and enduring. I have always looked back upon my association with "Puppy" with a grateful heart. He was kinder and more faithful than many friends I knew in after years. He never would have forsaken me, no matter what my perils or my cares. He would have stood by me at the cost of his life, no matter how far I had wandered from the path of rectitude or wisdom. He was far more generous and forgiving than many church members I have known. Without deceit, innocent

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of diplomacy, but rich in fidelity and good deeds, he lived his obscure, humble life, and died bravely at his post of duty. So much for this good dog, who, in your own life and in the lives of other men and boys, has had his faithful prototype.



XXVI

MORE ABOUT SCHOOL LIFE AT CRAWFORD

IT was during the first month of my school work at Crawford that I wrote my first article for a newspaper. I had written a good deal in my scrapbook and in my diary. Upon a time up in the Hog Creek country I had begun the keeping of a journal. I did not keep it long, and I never knew a man that did. I tried it for just a little while and gave it up, but I had written several sketches in my scrapbooks, and had kept some of them. It was not, however, until I became a full-fledged country teacher that I accumulated nerve enough to send an article to a newspaper. At that time down at Waco there was a paper called *The Waco Telephone*. It was under the editorial charge of A. R. McCollum, who at the present time is editor of *The Waco Tribune* and is State Senator. He was then in the prime of his young manhood, and when I sent my contribution to *The Telephone*, he quickly printed it. In writing for *The Telephone* I used the *nom de plume* of "Random." Simply as a matter of information, and to show from what small beginnings a man's life may be projected, I publish here in full this first contribution to *The Waco Telephone*:

COUNTY NEWS.

Crawford, McLennan County, Texas,
October 5, 1877.

Eds. TELEPHONE:

I will endeavor to give your readers an idea of what is going on in this vicinity, but will ask that they expect little.

The recent rains have retarded the progress of cotton picking to



J. B. CRANFILL, WHEN HE TAUGHT THE CRAWFORD SCHOOL.

THE
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some extent, but if the fair weather of today continues, the farmers will soon make up for lost time.

No grain has been sown yet, though some are preparing land.

Our little village is very quiet, and the people in this section are in good spirits (not *ardent* spirits). There is considerable sickness here now, though but few deaths. We have received lasting calls from both measles and whooping-cough, and they have interfered considerably with crop-gathering, and also with our school, which is entirely closed for the present, but will be resumed in a few days.

We have not been favored with any weddings yet, but some of our gallant swains will doubtless muster courage to "pop the question" before long, and *they* say that's all they have to do.

For fear of lengthening my first letter too much, I will close.
More anon. Very respectfully, J. B. C.

I became a regular correspondent of *The Telephone*—a work that I much enjoyed. I became also soliciting agent, and added many subscribers to the weekly edition of that bright and newsy journal. A friendship sprang up then between Mr. McCollum and myself which has endured through all the years. While it has not been mine to see much of him since I left Waco in January of 1898, I cherish his friendship with a grateful heart, and always think of him with kindness and fraternal love. I have not always agreed with him, but have always held him in the very highest esteem. He is an editor to the manner born. He has as fine a nose for news, and as keen a scent for the drift of public opinion as any man I ever knew. He is withal an able writer, and his early counsels as I began my journalistic work were of inestimable value. He has written more kind things about more people than perhaps any man that ever lived in Texas.

When I became a correspondent of *The Telephone*, I found an absolutely new and virgin world. In my school days I had read some splendid literature in the old McGuffey readers, and some in other books, and they had their part in the formation of my own literary tastes and aptitudes,

as they have had in forming the web and woof of many a young and hopeful life.

Who can ever forget the quaint stories they contained? I remember reading about "How the Water Came Down at Lodore," and of fairly reveling in

"Maud Muller on a summer's day
Raked the meadow sweet with hay."

And again, there were stories of Washington, there were selections from the brilliant and inspiring productions of Washington Irving, and in the earlier readers there were many of the little speeches that we learned to know and speak.

I also kept up my medical studies. I had *Flint's Practice*, *Dunghinson on New Remedies*, *Gray's Anatomy*, *Dalton's Physiology*, *Fowne's Chemistry* and the *United States Dispensatory*.

I do not believe that I told you how near I came to being a lawyer. When I lived down in the Hallmark's Prairie country, I decided, at the age of fifteen, that I would like to be a great lawyer like Wash Jones of Bastrop. Suiting my action to the word, I went over to Squire Simms' and borrowed his copy of *The Revised Statutes of Texas*. It was a ponderous volume then, as it is today, and I suppose that in dullness and dryness it is as distinguished now as it was when I brought that bulky copy home. I studied it one night, and gave up once and for all my ambition to become a lawyer. I would rather sift sand in the Desert of Sahara than to pore over these unfathomable tomes, and allow the moisture in my intellect to be absorbed by such dull authors as Blackstone, *et al.* I afterwards discovered that there is no such thing as "the law," anyway, "the law" being what the last judge thought about it.

The Crawford school grew and prospered. The patrons liked the school and the scholars loved the teacher. We had

our troubles, as all schools have. In that school I had three young men in my classes, all of whom were older than I. Among this number was Pope Allen, who afterwards became my assistant teacher. There were two other young men in the school, both of whom were a year or so older than I, and with these two boys I scented trouble. I treated them as best I could, but I was then, as now, a strong believer in discipline, and enforced my convictions with a gentle, but aggressive hand. Although I had just passed eighteen years of age, I meant to rule the school, and I did.

Upon one occasion these two boys violated a well established rule, and as a punishment for their disobedience I told them that they would have to stay in for a whole week of recesses and playtimes. They were too large to whip, so I administered what I deemed a punishment commensurate with their offense. I thought I saw trouble in the eyes of both, and I never knew and do not know today whether they made up between them to break the rule to test my mettle, or whether it just happened so. In any event, when the noon recess came one of them arose and announced that they would not stay in, and that I could do what I pleased about it. I stated to him that there was just one alternative—that he must obey the rules of the school and accept his punishment or be expelled from the school. The other one joined him in rebellion. I did not know what they intended, so I deliberately opened my pocket knife, which had a large, long blade, and laid it on my desk. I then said to both of them: "You must decide right now whether you will obey the rules, and accept the punishment assigned, or you must pick up your books and walk out of this house."

They saw that I meant what I said, and both of them quailed before it. Soon the first one spoke, and with a distinct tremor in his voice apologized for his insubordination. He told me he would take his punishment and be a man.

The other quickly followed, and the "tempest in a teapot" had found its end. That was the only real trouble I ever had in my school life, or that was ever threatened. I am sure that if I had shown the "white feather" those boys would have given me a sound thrashing that day, and would have run me out of the Crawford community.

There is only one event in the entire history of my Crawford school teaching life that I regret, and I do not regret that so very much. The little Allen girl kept on attending school, and I kept on becoming more and more interested in her welfare. She was always embarrassed when she stood up in the spelling matches. On that account, I found myself skipping the hard words when I would come to her, and giving her the easy ones. I did not think that this would be noticed by the other scholars, but one Friday afternoon, when we had our spelling match, I heard one of the boys exclaim to another as they left the room that I had skipped the hard ones and given the easy ones to Ollie Allen. I did not thrash that boy just then because the school was out, but on Monday morning I called him to my desk and asked him if he had neglected his other lessons and looked upon his spelling book when we were having our Friday afternoon spelling match. He said he had. You see, it was this way: While I was giving out the spelling match exercises to the older pupils, the younger ones were supposed to be intent upon their own lessons. In this case, however, this boy had violated the rule of the school, and I felt bound to administer to him a just punishment. I have always had some qualms about it, however, and while my heart ached in all the after days every time I was forced to give the little Allen girl a hard word to spell, I never again dared to skip around and give her the easy ones. You may not think this was quite fair play, and if you say so, I will hasten to agree with you, but if you had been there in my place and

known all the facts, you might not have been any better than I was.

An incident occurred during the summer of 1877 that was of more than passing interest. The community had a weak Missionary Baptist church that met semi-occasionally, and a weak Methodist church that had meetings now and then, but it had a strong Christian-Campbellite church, and one of my most highly esteemed trustees was a member of that communion. Therefore, when the request came to me to dismiss school two weeks during the summer months in order for Dr. W. L. Harrison, of Troy, in Bell County, one of the leading Christian ministers, to hold a meeting, I gladly accepted. I had never met Dr. Harrison, but when he came I found him to be a most intelligent and charming gentleman. I had never come in contact with a man more thoroughly informed upon the doctrines of his church than Dr. Harrison. We took to each other at once, and from that day until his death we were warm friends. He was a great advocate of temperance and prohibition, and his life was one of singular purity and uprightness. I know that Dr. Harrison greatly wished that I would become a convert to his doctrine. He treated me with every courtesy and consideration, and I reciprocated. I went to every service and heard his series of sermons, not only with a friendly courtesy, but with an open mind. I had never heard such a series of discourses on the doctrines of the Disciples or Christians until that time, and in all the years since then, although I have read many of their books, and heard many of their ablest ministers, I have never been privileged to listen to an abler presentation of their principles than I heard from the lips of Dr. Harrison.

When it was all over and done, and I was still a Baptist, and indeed more thoroughly a Baptist than I had been at the beginning, Dr. Harrison expressed great surprise. Meantime, one of the patrons of my school, a member of the

Christian or Disciples Communion, known in that neighborhood and honored throughout all McLennan County, made a very generous proposal to me. The man was "Tonk" Baker, the father of former Mayor James B. Baker, of Waco, and John W. Baker, now County Clerk of McLennan County. "Tonk" Baker's children went to school to me, and they were bright and cheery pupils. He approached me during those days and told me that if I would be willing when my school had closed to take a thorough literary course in a Philadelphia college, he would pay all of my expenses. The school was one conducted by the Disciples, and I have no doubt that Mr. Baker hoped that through my attendance on that school I would become a member of their flock. I felt bound to decline his very generous offer, but I hold his memory in sacred reverence until this good day. He has been in his grave these many years. It was mine to be of some small help to him while I lived in the Crawford community, and I rejoice to look back upon the little service that I rendered him. He was subject to spells of intense neuralgic headache, and through my knowledge of medicine and hygiene, I was often able to give him quick relief. He appreciated it, and it was a joy to me thus to help him.

I have always thought highly of all the Baker family. Later on, in January of 1894, when the office of *The Baptist Standard* was consumed by fire, a son of "Tonk" Baker, afterwards Mayor James B. Baker, of Waco, who was at that time in the brick business, came to me and with a hearty and loving grasp of his great, generous hand, tendered me all the brick that I would need for rebuilding my office. He told me that I could pay for it or not, just as I pleased. I have not seen this good man in many years. I learn that he is in ill health, but I wish him to know that his generous helpfulness, as well as that tendered me by his noble father, have never failed of genuine appreciation.

When the winter vacation of 1877 came, I was quite a great deal more advanced in every way. I had reached my nineteenth year on September 12th, and was not only the Crawford correspondent of *The Waco Telephone*, but had sent some news letters from Texas to the *Louisville Courier-Journal* and other papers. I did not count these as great literary efforts, but it was a joy to find that my contributions were accepted.

After my school had closed, my old-time desire to lecture on phrenology became regnant once again. To that end, I went down to Waco with the avowed purpose of delivering a course of phrenological lectures. It was a piece of monumental gall, but at the same time I had method in my gallness. I had in mind to lecture in many other places in McLennan County, and my thought was that if I began at the capital city of McLennan County I would gain sufficient fame to have easy sailing in the country districts. The lecture was advertised most liberally by *The Waco Telephone*, the paper for which I corresponded. Mr. McCollum referred to me as "Professor J. B. Cranfill, of Crawford." I had some posters printed with a phrenological head on them, had cards made and rented what was then known as Temperance Hall, down on Bridge Street, in which to deliver the lectures.

Temperance Hall was the most available place of meeting at that time in Waco. It belonged to Peter McLelland. He was very kind to me, though he was reputed to be very fond of the "almighty dollar." He charged me \$5 a night for the hall. I was somewhat short of funds, but I paid in advance for the first night, and told him I would pay in advance each morning for the next evening's privilege. I never shall forget how he rolled and re-rolled that five dollar bill around his long, lean fingers.

That night a terrible rainstorm came. I was not present during Noah's flood, and so I did not have that rainstorm

to compare it with, but if the beginnings of the flood were any more floody than this Waco rain was that night, it sure rained some. However, I made my way through storm, wind and rain to Temperance Hall. Strange to say, three or four men came, among them Ira Sadler, who had formerly represented Coryell County in the Texas Legislature. It was an honor in those days to be a member of the Legislature, so I was awfully glad to meet Mr. Sadler and form his acquaintance. Later I learned to know his father up at Coryell City.

But of course I did not lecture. I talked a while to Mr. Sadler and the two or three friends whom he had brought with him, and after the flood somewhat abated, we made our way back across Bridge Street around on Third and finally up to the old McLelland house, where I had a room. And now I must tell you of a generous thing old Peter McLelland did. Next day I told him the circumstances. I also stated that on account of the uncertain weather I had abandoned my design to deliver other lectures. He gave me back my five dollar bill! It looked for all the world like the very one I had given him, and I believe it was. This kindness in a great measure changed my impression that he was the skinflint that many said he was. In any case, he was generous to a struggling, callow youth, to whom at that time a five dollar bill looked bigger than a frontier wagon sheet.

Before I parted with Ira Sadler at Temperance Hall on the night of my contemplated lecture, he recited this stanza from *Gray's Elegy*, and I thought it most appropriate:

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

When Gray wrote that he must have had me in mind. I had wasted all my sweetness, and at the time of the de-

livery of this immortal stanza I thought I had wasted my five dollar bill, as well as the price of all my cards, posters and circulars, not "on the desert air," but on the raging flood. If I had not reclaimed my five dollar bill, it would have been even so.

The early days of 1878 found the Crawford school again in full swing. Meantime I had secured the services of Pope Allen as my assistant. He proved most helpful to me. His brother, Bob Allen, just about my age, was a pupil in my school, and at this time an incident occurred concerning Bob that I must relate. There was a beautiful young lassie in the neighborhood, of radiant face and auburn hair, whom Bob Allen deeply loved—but Bob was bashful. He was in trouble. He did not know how to make an impression upon this idol of his heart. Somehow he had gained confidence in my prowess and ability in every way, so he brought his tale of love and woe to me. The lady's name was not Miss Mary Marsh, but we will call her that.

Bob asked me if I would go and see this girl for him, and loving Bob most tenderly, I promised him I would. I did. I went the very next Sunday afternoon, and all the time that I was there, I sang Bob Allen's praises in her listening ears. She took it graciously, and I thought I was making a splendid impression for Bob. When I reported to him Monday morning, he was overjoyed. That day at school he knew all his lessons well. He spelled better than he had ever spelled before. He seemed to be right up near the stairway that leads to the third heaven.

I pursued this object for my pupil, and next Sunday I went back again, and so on, and so on. Finally, I noticed that the young lady did not seem so greatly interested as I eulogized Bob Allen as she had been before.

On a bright, moonlight night this proxy courtship found its sudden end. I had escorted her to the Patton school house, over on Hog Creek, which I frequently attended. I

walked back with her from the school house to her home. In the bright moonlight where we strolled, it was very moonlighty and very strolly, and we "lightly turned to thoughts of love." I sang two or three hymns concerning Bob to various meters—common meter, short meter and long meter. At last this sweet girl turned her face full upon me and said:

"Mr. Cranfill, it has been mysterious to me ever since you first came to pay me attention that you talked all the time about Bob Allen. Now you are keeping that up tonight. It does not interest me in the least. I do not care for Bob Allen, but I like you."

I was paralyzed. I did not fall prostrate to the ground, but I felt myself suddenly becoming ensmallled. I did not know what to say. I dared not tell the girl I did not like her, for I did. I was not in love with her, but she was amiable and sweet, and I esteemed her highly. I then told her the whole story—that Bob had asked me to come to see her in his behalf. She was obdurate, and when I left her she was in tears. That was my first and last experiment in making love by proxy. It did not work well. I think it never has worked well. I saw this gentle maiden many times after that moonlight night, but the subject was never renewed.

During my second year as teacher, a new friend came into my life in the person of Dr. Thomas Duke Williams. He was a guest of one of my school patrons, having blown into that far-off community quite suddenly on a bright spring day of 1878. He was then forty-eight years of age, and his hair and beard were white as snow. His face was young, however, as was his heart—and very soon he became my friend. In the meantime, my brother had gone to Nashville to take a medical course in Vanderbilt University. That left me there alone. My heart was longing for a companion and a friend, and while Dr. Williams was nearly three times

my age, we became at once almost inseparable companions. Often when my school day was over, he and I would meet down at Fullen's store or elsewhere, take long walks together, and converse about subjects that were very near my heart. He was one of the best trained medical men I ever knew. He knew every muscle, nerve and tissue in the human body by heart. He could tell them off one by one, and I am sure he could have located them immediately on any cadaver. Not only this, but he was well versed in literature and the sciences, so I took to him with all my heart, and until his dying day we were the best of friends. He became one of my greatest joys. I learned much from him, and was particularly interested in the instruction he gave me in medical and scientific lore. He often visited my school, and while he was too modest ever to speak in public, he at the same time was so kind, so generous, so helpful and so true, that in all the after years I never found a friend I cherished more.

In going through some old papers, I find the following :

“ McLennan Co., State of Texas, Dec. 1, 1877.

“ This is to certify that J. B. Cranfill, having furnished evidence of good moral character, and having passed a satisfactory examination in the following named branches: Orthography, Reading in English, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Modern Geography, English Grammar and English Composition, is therefore entitled to receive this teacher's certificate, and is hereby pronounced competent to teach a school in this State.”

The certificate was duly signed by the County Judge, and was declared “ valid until revoked by him ” for good cause. It was never revoked, and I cherish this faded and time-worn paper now because it marked an important era in my life.

How well do I remember the old frame school house where the village school was taught! As I read this old certificate, there passed before me the faces of school chil-

dren whom I loved and who loved me, and the scenes of those long past days lived once again as if they had been yesterday. We had an old-fashioned school—the school with *McGuffey's Readers* and *Webster's Spelling Book* and *Ray's Arithmetic*. Many were the afternoons when "Spelling Class No. 1" would stand before the old-time blackboard and tell off in resounding chorus all the vowel sounds from long "a" to the meaning of two dots over the letter "u." How those boys and girls could spell! Barefooted were the boys and many of the girls, but when it came to spelling and arithmetic and good, sound, articulate enunciation, they were far and away ahead of some of the mush-mouthed youngsters of today, who read as if they had swallowed the Declaration of Independence and were sorry of it.

In those good days the vacation was not in the summer. After the crops were "laid by," the real school began and ran at its flood until it was time to pull the corn and pick the cotton. "Vacation" came when all the lads and lasses were needed on the farm, but their real vacation was the time they spent in school. It was a good grammar appetizer—those eight months' work upon the farm. The boys who stood "head" in their classes were bronzed of face and strong of limb, for each one was a "hand" in the farm, and only came to school between times.

I see the happy children now, and hear their merry shouts as the day is done, and we each go to our separate homes. Many a time I have gone hand-in-hand with this one or with that one to his home "to stay all night," and never have I received a warmer welcome than was mine when I, a boy-teacher of other boys and girls, lingered in their parents' homes.

As I look back across those years, a feeling that I cannot put in words mounts to my heart. The more than four-score boys and girls I knew—some even then as old as I—have gone their separate ways in life, and many of them

sleep the last long sleep. One of them was a tiny boy in those glad days, and I taught him to say his a, b, c. A few years ago I saw his body as it lay cold in death. He had been shot, and a gaping wound told the story of the ending of his strong, young life. He threw himself away, and followed after evil habits until they laid him low. Others of those boys and girls have drunk the cup of sorrow to its bitter dregs, and still others have fallen at their posts, where they were battling bravely in the conflicts and the storms of life.

Along with the certificate that I have copied, there has been kept for all these years another document. After the boy-teacher and the little Allen girl were married, a testimonial, written by Dr. Williams, was signed by eleven of the leading citizens of the little place, and I prize it now above gold and gems. It testifies that they, the undersigned, having known the teacher for a length of time, "do hereby cordially commend him as a teacher and a gentleman to any community in which he may reside." The teacher was never to teach school again, but he has no feelings of remorse, even in his mature years, for any duty left undone in those glad days, for he did his very best. Almost all of those who signed the paper testifying to the teacher's worth are in their graves, and soon all the rest, together with the youthful teacher of their little ones of long ago, will sleep to wake at the trumpet call of God.

XXVII

CLOSING SCENES IN THE CRAWFORD COUNTRY

THE quiet witchery of the little Allen girl, whose full name was Celia Olivia Allen, was rapidly winning the young Crawford teacher's heart. So serious did the love affair become that early in the spring of 1878 she thought it prudent to give up coming to the school. It was a sad day for me, but I was bound to agree with her good judgment in the matter. Meantime her father had become more and more violently opposed to my attentions to his daughter, and had forbidden me to come around the place. The result was that I would ride almost home with the sweet lassie from church picnics and other gatherings, and when I had reached the top of the hill that overlooked the Allen home, which nestled down in a beautiful cove of trees near the banks of the Middle Bosque, I would turn "Old Ball's" head back toward Crawford, as she went on her quiet way to her father's house.

She was not yet eighteen. She was to be eighteen on May 5, 1878. That day fell on Sunday. There was preaching that day at the Crawford school house, and after the service was over I rode on the homeward way with this sweet, timid girl. I had not yet asked her to become my wife. I had told her of my love, but she was so shy, so modest and so timid in every way that the mere recital of it almost frightened her to death. On this bright, sweet day of May, when all the flowers were in bloom, and the birds were singing in the branches of the overhanging trees—on this Lord's Day, which was doubly sanctified by the echoes of the distant Sab-

bath bells—I again told this maiden of my love and asked her to become my wife. Never shall I forget the spot on the old-time road from Crawford down to the Allen home at which this recital and this plea were made. It was down below the graveyard—the same graveyard which I had passed all alone full many a night as I had journeyed from the Allen home back to my room at Crawford, where most of the time I made my home with Uriah Tadlock and his noble family.

She did not answer me then. She told me that she could not. She pleaded her youth. She referred with filial love and pathos to her father's opposition. She spoke of the tender lover of her mother. She told me that she was sure that her father would never yield in his opposition to our union. All of this I had already known full well, but the very fact of this opposition had spurred me on to the step I had just taken. It had been my plan, after the Crawford school had closed that year, to accept the overtures of Dr. Rufus C. Burleson, and take a course in Waco University. Later I communicated that resolve to her, but it was after she had promised to become my wife. Things had gone too far then for our plans to change, and I did not wish to change them. However, if Mr. Allen had been less obdurate, and had been willing for me to continue my attentions to his daughter by writing to her and by coming anon to visit her, the plan of attending college would have been carried out, and who knows but what the whole plan of my future life would have been radically changed?

But that was not to be, and what was to be, was. I did not press my sweetheart for an answer on that glad, tranquil Sabbath day. I only repeated as best I could the earnest story of my love. It was not a violent obsession such as I had known when I met the Alum Creek maiden at the country dance three years before. Indeed, the little Allen girl had never danced in all her life, and never has to this good

day. She was modest and unassuming, and while she was a woman grown, she was yet young for a girl of eighteen, and I sympathized with her as best I could in all of the pleas she made concerning the unwisdom of her giving me an answer that day.

I went home with her again next Sunday and pressed her for an answer. I was always an aggressive advocate, and on that Sunday she promised she would be my wife. It was on the same old road as we were journeying back from the Crawford meeting house, which also served as a teaching place for my country school. We did not know how our love affair could be worked out. We only knew that two young hearts had plighted their love to each other forever and for aye, and that for better or for worse, if it should be God's will, we would journey down the road of life together.

The news of our engagement did not reach Mr. Allen's ears for some days thereafter, but it is difficult to keep such things from the knowledge of those most intimately concerned. He did find it all out, and so did her mother. He was furious, and the mother was sorely grieved. They drew the reins more tightly around their daughter. I was not only forbidden to come to the house, but I was forbidden under pains and penalties to address her in any way whatsoever.

It made me desperate. Mr. Allen was a hunter of large experience and brilliant success. I suppose that during the period covered by his residence in McLennan County he killed more game than any man that ever lived there. He was a dead shot with a shotgun, and I knew that he was a man who would carry out his purpose at any cost. He never was a bad man, but he was a man of stern resolve and deep convictions, and when he set his head he was like the bulldog in the *Hoosier Schoolmaster*—"all heaven and yairth couldn't make him turn loose." In order to be prepared to defend myself, I bought an army six-shooter of the Colt pattern and carried it everywhere, except to school. Every

time I went with the little Allen girl I had that immense revolver buckled around me, and concealed it as best I could. I fully meant to use it if Mr. Allen appeared upon the scene with his shotgun, and while I am sure I would not have stood a ghost of a chance for my life, I intended to stand my ground.

It was during this period of desperation that my beloved friend, Dr. T. D. Williams, proved the sincerity of his love. I told him all my troubles. My father was not there; my brother was away attending medical college, and Dr. Williams was the only intimate friend I had in whom I could confidently confide. I told him of my engagement, of my love for Mr. Allen's daughter, of my purpose to marry her and of my fixed determination to shoot Mr. Allen if he ever appeared upon the scene and attempted to shoot me. Dr. Williams would surprise me as I would make these talks to him. He would say: "I am so delighted to hear you say that. Tell me all about how you are going to kill him." He would go on that way by the hour, laughing the while.

This was his sweet, friendly way of pacifying me. Afterwards, when it was all over, when I had married Mr. Allen's daughter and been welcomed back to the Allen home as one of the family, Dr. Williams told me why he had always rejoiced when I voiced my threats of vengeance to him. He was a philosopher. He said that whenever a man gave expression to his desire to wreak vengeance or defend himself, the purpose largely spent itself in the recital, and every time I told him of my outraged feelings, he felt sure that I had found a safety valve, and that Mr. Allen was in no danger. He added that if I ever had moped and drooped and said nothing, meanwhile preserving my air of injury and fury, he would really have been concerned for Mr. Allen and for me, but as the matter stood, he never thought of it seriously.

My school closed at Crawford on Friday, August 30, 1878,

and on the day following I went alone to Waco to secure my marriage license. I knew that I would have to steal my girl, but I had a friend at court in the person of her older sister, Miss Addie Allen, now Mrs. Dan Ford, of Waco. I also found a sympathizing friend in my assistant teacher, Pope Allen, who was a cousin of my intended wife. If it had not been for the help and connivance of these two dear young friends, I would never have been able to marry the girl who had won my heart, but they stood by me and sympathized with both of us.

We planned the elopement for Sunday morning. There was a Methodist camp-meeting in progress under an arbor at Patton school house, and the preacher at that meeting was Rev. John M. Barcus. Our plan was to have my intended wife and her sister, together with their mother and the smaller children, start in their two-horse wagon over to the Methodist camp-meeting. They were Methodists, and this was a very natural thing to do. Pope Allen and I were to secure a hack and intercept them on the prairie at a point agreed upon, at which time the young women would leave the mother and the smaller children, and get in the hack with us.

John W. Baker was County Clerk and Pink Pogue was Deputy. I was well acquainted with John W. Baker. He was the son of Uncle Tonk Baker, to whom I have already referred, and a brother of Hon. James B. Baker. He was not in the office when I appeared to ask for my license, so it was promptly issued to me by my friend, Pink Pogue. I paid him the \$1.50 and wended my way to Sanger Bros. to buy some little trappings for the wedding day. My girl, on account of having to run away, could not procure any wedding doings whatsoever, so I had to buy some gloves and little extras for her, and some gloves and other simple articles for myself. This I did, and hastened on "Old Ball" back out to the Patton school house, where we young peo-

ple were to meet on Saturday night preceding Sunday, which was to be the wedding day. That was a long day's ride for "Old Ball." It must have been fifty miles. When I had completed the round and had reached Patton school house, the services had well begun, but I had my license in my pocket, and all of us were overjoyed when I gave the good news to the young people who were to help us in the serious undertaking of tomorrow.

I had some fear that I would not be able to procure a marriage license, and my friend Pink Pogue was so much concerned about the matter that after I had wended my way to Sanger Bros., far up on Austin Street, to make my purchases, he overtook me to ask if the girl in the case was eighteen years of age. I told him very blandly and yet firmly that she had completed her eighteenth year on May 5th just past. That greatly relieved his mind. He seemed to be as much relieved as were the young people when later I exhibited to them the marriage license.

I slept very little that Saturday night. I was staying at Uriah Tadlock's. I had not been extra provident in my economies, and so when the time of the marriage came, five dollars was every cent I had on earth. I made a trade with Mr. Tadlock for his hack the following day, but of course I did not dare to reveal to anyone that I was to steal A. D. Allen's daughter. He charged me \$3 for the hack, and it was cheap enough, but it took sixty per cent of all my financial capital.

On Sunday morning, as we had planned, Pope Allen was intercepted over on the road, and when he got in with me we hastened to the point agreed upon. It all worked well. Soon the A. D. Allen family, minus Mr. Allen himself, who seldom went to church, drove by, and true to our plans, we hailed the young ladies and they had their wagon stopped to get in with us. That was the first time that the dear, sweet mother realized the situation. She told me after-

wards that when she saw us make that play she felt greatly alarmed; however, she said nothing, and if she had, the result would not have changed.

We hastened as rapidly as Mr. Tadlock's spick-and-span pair of horses could carry us, and reached the Patton school house arbor just as they had begun to sing the first hymn for the eleven o'clock service. I knew Brother Barcus quite well, so after the hymn was over I slipped around and informed him that I wanted him to say my wedding ceremony. He was entirely agreeable, but the dear, good man had no suspicion that it was a runaway couple. Before another song was sung, we stood up there under that old-time brush arbor, and he pronounced the words that made us husband and wife. I gave him my \$2. That was the last cent I had, but I felt that he was entitled to it.

We lingered there for church, but felt it was possibly a dangerous experiment. Mr. Allen could have had no means of knowing what was going on. There were no telephones and no automobiles. We were driving one of the best team-mobiles in the Crawford country. If there had been any chance for Mr. Allen to have known, we would have worshiped that day on the wing.

Mrs. Allen soon came on, together with the smaller children of the Allen family, and learned what had happened. The dear, good woman wept, and all of us felt sorry for her, but I did not feel sorry enough to give her back her girl.

We hastened on to Tom Watson's, whose home was up on Hog Creek, some fifteen miles from Crawford. Tom Watson's wife was a cousin of my wife, so on that Sunday night they gave us welcome and good cheer, and extended to us the most kindly and fraternal greeting.

On the next day, all four of us drove on to Coryell City, where my father lived. It was some thirty-five miles from Waco.

Father's home was a very modest cottage of two rooms.

He and my mother and sister were very kind to the newly wedded pair, but were greatly surprised to see us. They had no thought that I was to be married so soon, and no more had I. They surrendered one room to us, and there in that little humble Coryell City home of my dear father and mother, we began our married life.

Many times, as the years have grown old, I have thought of the wisdom of Mr. Allen's position concerning my attentions to his daughter. If any long, lean, lank, cadaverous pedagogue, who had never saved a penny in his life and whose earthly possessions consisted of a bald-faced horse, a cowboy saddle, a fiddle, an accordeon, two or three suits of clothes, a \$5 bill and a few books, had come to court my girl, I would have set the dogs on him. None of us could see down the vista of the coming years. He judged of what was visible, and he was right, but I did not see it then, and I felt greatly outraged at his opposition.

I left the old Crawford friends with deep regret. There I began my active life. It was there I found legions of warm friends. It was there that my eyes first began to open upon the realities of life. It was there I met and won my wife. It was there that I took my first deep lesson in self-culture and self-care. It is true that my father set me to work for him when I was fifteen years of age, but I was still at home and had the benefit of his wise and noble counsel. At Crawford I was out at sea alone. I had no relative near. I had none but the new-made friends, and was thrown wholly upon my own mental and financial resources.

The dear schoolboys and girls who foregathered in that old-time country school house are all grown up and many of them have passed on to be with God. It has been thirty-five years, as this chronicle is penned, since the last day of that old Crawford school, yet my heart goes back to Wes-

ley Tadlock, Alex Tadlock, Troy Lakey, Lum Wills, the little Tadlock girls, now women grown and one of them a grandmother ; the little McClellan girl, who afterwards married Ryall Ford ; Mollie Meredith, and others whom I have not space to name ; but I carried the main part of the Crawford school away, and she is with me still.



XXVIII

THE VAUGHAN MURDER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

NEAR Rock school house, in the edge of Bosque County, some ten miles from Crawford, a country store was kept by a man named Vaughan. He was a bachelor. He was thrifty, and had accumulated quite a handsome competency. The rumor was that he kept money in his iron safe. There were no banks available. The nearest bank was at Waco, over 30 miles away, and that was too far for convenient banking.

On a night in May, 1878, Vaughan was murdered, and his store was robbed and looted. No one ever knew how much money the robbers and assassins secured, but they made their escape, and left the marred form of the merchant lying in the front door of his store. When he was found next day, his face, white and ghastly, was upturned to the morning sun. He had slept in the store, and the robbers had come in apparently at the rear door, had murdered him, and then had taken plenty of time to accomplish their purposes of pelf and plunder.

At that time, such murders as this were very rare. It has never been unusual for men to be killed in Texas, but in those earlier years they were killed in combat with each other. Men met face to face, drew their revolvers, "shot it out," as it was called, and the trouble was over, whether one or two or half a dozen men were dead. Murder for purposes of robbery was almost wholly unknown in those early Texas days. Indeed, this is the only case of that

kind that I ever knew until the days of Sam Bass, and other professional murderers and robbers, who sprang up in the Southern and Southwestern part of the United States, following the exploits of Jesse James and other men of his type.

But Vaughan was killed and robbed, and the murderers made good their escape. Up in Coryell County, which was the county adjoining McLennan on the west, there lived Bill Babb, one of the most picturesque characters that West Texas ever knew. He had a store and ranch at a little village named for him, and kept around him a small army of operatives of various kinds. His store at the little town of Babbville was one of the largest general stores west of Waco. Not only that, but he had extensive cattle and land interests, and the men who companied with him were accounted the most courageous and daring denizens of the western plains. Among them were Dave Ware, Jasper Whitley and Babb's son, Bill Ike Babb, who was as daring as his father, and who possessed all of the impetuosity of youth, coupled with marvelous courage and intrepidity.

Bill Babb was a man of very strong prejudices. Whom he liked he loved and whom he disliked he hated. He was feared by all of Hamilton and Coryell Counties, and even as far down as Waco. When he was sober, he was of amiable temper, but when on one of his sprees, he was a daredevil, with Kit Carson, Louis Wetzell, Jesse James, Sam Bass and Bill Babb compounded into one. Quite often, on these sprees, when down in Waco, he would ride his horse straight into the front doors of the Waco saloons, and at the point of his revolver, order the drinks. This was not an uncommon occurrence at all, and up in the Coryell County section he had everything his own way. It was as much as a man's life was worth to openly oppose him; and while Babb was thought to be above a misdemeanor, he was vitriol to his enemies. He was part Cherokee Indian. His brother, Rev.

David Babb, was a Missionary Baptist minister of some repute, and my father and Dave Babb had held revival meetings together. It thus fell out that the Babbs and my father were good friends, and I inherited, when later I went to the Turnersville country, the friendliness that my father had enjoyed at the hands of all the Babbs.

During the same period, there lived in the Turnersville section, John Stull, a Deputy United States Marshal. He was at loggerheads with Babb and all of Babb's contingent. When the Vaughan murder was committed, Stull at once imbibed the notion that Babb and his outfit were guilty of the crime. The result was that he arrested Bill Babb, Bill Ike Babb, Dave Ware, Jasper Whitley and some others of the Babb bunch, and took them to Meridian, the county site of Bosque County, and threw them into jail. All along the way, as they were being carried to prison, they breathed out threatenings among themselves against John Stull, and those who were of the inner circle of western life felt that if the Babbs were not convicted, the life of John Stull would pay the forfeit.

In due time, Babb and his coadjutors had an examining trial, and with all his ingenuity and skill, John Stull was unable to convince the judge that they had any part in the murder and robbery of Vaughan. The result was that they were not even held to the grand jury. They were turned loose, went on their way back to Babbville and resumed their accustomed duties.

In the meantime, another trail had been found which led into the mountain fastnesses of Lampasas County. Other detectives had discovered this clue, with the result that a gang of outlaws who infested the western part of Lampasas County were arrested, charged with the Vaughan murder. They were the Harrell brothers, and along with them was a man by the name of Bill Crabtree. They were all arrested, nine of them, and placed in the Meridian jail. The evidences

of their guilt multiplied, and so strong was the conviction in the public mind that they were guilty of the crime of having murdered Vaughan and robbed his store, that upon a certain night in July of 1878, a mob gathered in Meridian and shot every one of them to death. Meantime Bill Crabtree, one of the number, had turned state's evidence and had been released. It was through his minute delineation of the crime that everybody became convinced that the Harrell brothers and Crabtree had committed this atrocious crime. Crabtree was released in the afternoon of the night on which the mob did their bloody work. He made a heroic effort to escape, but the same mob that executed the Harrell brothers overtook him before he had reached the corporate limits of Meridian, and shot him to death.

This disposed of the real murderers of Vaughan, and while the execution was a most summary one, and while there were law-abiding citizens, even in that day, who deprecated mob violence of every kind, the consensus of opinion throughout Bosque and McLennan Counties was that substantial justice had been done without running the county to undue expense, and thus the matter of Vaughan's murder, so far as McLennan and Bosque Counties were concerned, passed into history, and was dismissed from the public mind.

But there was another branch of the case not yet adjudicated. Babb and his following were still in Coryell County at Babbville, and John Stull was yet alive performing his duties as Deputy United States Marshal, and engaged in the improvement of a little home that was situated a mile and a half below Turnersville on the Waco road. No effort was made to disturb Stull. The threats of Babb and his following seemed to have been forgotten. Notwithstanding the Babbs had been incarcerated in the Meridian jail some time in June, Stull went on unmolested, and continued the improvement of his little home. Meantime, he went on his

rounds out into the remote districts of Western Texas, hunting down outlaws, making arrests, looking after the interests of the government, and, so far as the mind of man could discern, he was absolutely secure in every way.

In order to complete the connection of this part of the story, I must take up the thread of my former recital and tell of my own movements from September 1, 1878, until the night of December 8, 1878. My father was living in Coryell City, but he still owned his farm and cattle, which were being cared for near his Hog Creek home, some ten miles away. This was the same home that I had helped him build before I went to teach the Crawford school. After a few days of sojourn at Coryell City, all of our belongings were packed, and we went back to the little Hog Creek home. It consisted of a box house of two rooms, and a chimney. As in the former instance, my father, mother and sister very kindly occupied the big room, and designated the shed-room for my young wife and me.

That autumn I helped my father with his cattle and his other affairs. Meantime I kept up my medical studies, and now that I had rejoined him, he gave me more time and attention than he had ever done before. However, when the winter came on, it was very cold and severe. Early in the winter there were a number of "cold snaps," as we called them, and I put in practically all of my time looking after my father's cattle.

December 8, 1878, fell on Sunday. While the day was clear, it was very cold and crisp. The weather was dry. Sunday night was distinctly chilly. Before sunup Monday morning a messenger came to our home and told us that a terrible murder had been committed. Father and I hastily saddled our horses and galloped to the home of John Stull. When we reached there, a ghastly sight confronted us. Lying out in the front yard was the body of John Stull, stark and cold in death, and near him lay the body of a man named

Smith, who had been Stull's guest overnight, and who had met with him a common fate. The murder of Stull and Smith was diabolical. In the improvement of his place, Stull had piled up in front of his gate a large stack of cedar posts. In the commission of the murder, a contingent of the assassins had concealed themselves behind these posts, while another contingent, apparently two in number, had slipped around behind the Stull home, had saturated the rear walls with coal oil, and had set the house on fire. Stull had no idea whatsoever that he was to be assassinated. He thought that his house was on fire. A water bucket lay near his body. He had evidently jumped out of bed, run for a water bucket, and then to the front to see where the blaze was strongest. As he had emerged from his front door, he had been shot to death by the posse of men concealed behind the cedar posts. The assassins had not calculated upon an extra man and family there.

The fact was this: Mr. Smith, his wife and two little children had begun a new home near the Stull home, but they had not yet completed their chimney. Stull had completed his, so that he could have a fire in his grate. The Smiths, not having any way to warm their home, and shivering with cold, had, on Saturday night, asked the privilege of staying over Sunday with the Stulls—a favor which was readily and generously granted. When Smith emerged from the shed-room door (he and his family were occupying the shed-room), he had his two children in his arms. All of the two families thought the house was on fire. The Stull family consisted of Stull, his wife and a young step-daughter of Stull's, who afterwards married a dear friend of mine, David Morgan.

One of the strangest features of this assassination was in the fact that, while Smith was shot to death, being almost riddled with bullets, neither of his little children was touched in any way whatsoever. Mrs. Smith, who followed her hus-

band out from the shed-room, was shot in one of the lower limbs. She afterwards recovered. Mrs. Stull and her little girl were unharmed, but it was evident from all of the surroundings that this band of assassins meant to kill Stull, his wife and daughter, and burn their dead bodies in the house. When they found they had a large contract on hand, they refrained from carrying out their original plan. As an evidence that they meant to kill all of the Stull family, one of the mob took dead aim at the little girl, as she crouched under the kitchen table, and sped a bullet through her hair. It cut off one of her raven ringlets, which was afterwards picked up on the shed-room floor. That Sunday night the moon was full. The assassins worked in a light almost as bright as day. They waited until all of the Stull family were sound asleep, and then this terrible crime was perpetrated. The house was never really on fire. The coal oil made a big, quick blaze, but the wall of the house was not ignited.

Notwithstanding I had left the Crawford country, I was still the correspondent of *The Waco Telephone*. I had maintained my interest in Texas journalism, and every week while living in the Hog Creek country, had gone to Coryell City to secure the weekly mail. On the day following the murder, I went to Turnersville and wrote as graphic an account as I could frame of this horrible tragedy. I did not in the remotest manner intimate who was thought to be guilty of the murder of Stull and Smith, but there was but one thing in the minds of the citizens of that community. No names were mentioned.

A reign of terror began with the murder of Stull such as I never witnessed either before or since. Every man in that vicinage who heard a noise around his home at night feared that the same fate was to be visited upon him and his that had befallen Stull and his family. No one burned lights after dark unless they had impenetrable window

shades. That entire section of Texas, including practically all of Coryell County, felt the terrible blight of this calamity. There was not a man in Coryell County that did not believe Stull had been murdered by Babb and his gang, but no one spoke a word. The reign of terror was as complete and abject as it ever could have been during the terrible, blood-curdling days of the French Revolution.

Do not misunderstand me here. Those West Texas men were as brave as brave could be, but they were unorganized. They were men of families. They had their business interests to take care of. They were terrorized, because Babb was almost omnipotent, and no man knew when he dared breathe out an opinion on any subject but what he might be talking to one of Babb's lieutenants. Babb had a very large number of friends, not only in the Turnersville and Babbville country, but throughout all that section of Texas, and if a man had voiced his suspicions, if he suspected Babb, he would have taken his life into his own hands.

No immediate arrests were made in connection with the Stull murder.

The populace were stunned.

They did not know which way to turn.

None of us knew whether Babb would be able to control the courts and officers.

Every man kept his own counsel in order that he might preserve his life.

Men went armed to the teeth.

There was a premonition of terror and danger in the very atmosphere.

Father felt it and so did I, but I was a newspaper reporter, and as such I did my duty. I sent the account in full to *The Waco Telephone*, and that publication gave to the world the first news of the great Stull tragedy.

XXIX

MORE ABOUT THE STULL MURDER AND ITS CONSEQUENCES

THE report which I sent to *The Waco Telephone* was telegraphed by Waco reporters to all the great dailies of the United States. In many of its features, the Stull murder was the most remarkable ever known in the Southwest. In Waco there were enterprising news-gatherers and correspondents of the metropolitan dailies who were intimately familiar with the Vaughan murder, Stull's arrest of the Babbs, and with the sentiment in the Turnersville country to the effect that the Babbs were connected with the Stull affair. These correspondents adapted my report of the details of the crime, and when they sent their stories to the metropolitan dailies, the names of Babb and his lieutenants were published, along with the grim recital of the tragedy.

That precipitated upon the western correspondent of *The Waco Telephone* and one of his good friends, P. R. (better known as Bob) Hobin, a very serious situation. The news quickly reached the ears of Babb that I had sent the report of the Stull killing to all of these papers, and that in this diabolism I had been aided and abetted by my good friend, Bob Hobin, who, until quite recently, had been the trusted manager of Babb's big store up at Babbville. A slight misunderstanding had ensued, with the result that Hobin had resigned, and at the time of the Stull killing he was clerking and bookkeeping at Turnersville in the store of old Uncle

Johnnie Henderson, Babb's chief competitor. Hobin and I heard that this piece of malicious news had reached Babb.

He and I held a council of war. In the meantime, I had completed my preparations for entering upon the practice of medicine. When our conference was held, I took the course that always has been mine when confronted with a crisis. I told Hobin that the only safe procedure was to go direct to see Bill Babb, and frankly tell him all the facts. Hobin was averse to making the visit. He was an Irishman, having received his training in Ireland and England. He was an accomplished business man of high character, but although he had been in the west even then for several years, he had not become accustomed to wild western ways. However, upon my very earnest insistence, he agreed that on the following day he and I would visit the home of Babb and tell him our story.

It was a beautiful spring day. It had been now some two months since the murder of Stull, and while spring had not yet burst upon us in full bloom, the day was one of those rare February visitations when the birds were singing and the trees and flowers were seeking to burgeon into bloom. I carried with me a copy of *The Daily Telephone* containing the only account of which I was the author. Hobin had sent out absolutely nothing to any paper whatsoever, so he carried no journalistic literature in his baggage. We were both well armed with Colt revolvers. We knew that Babb was well surrounded by his confederates, and we would stand no show whatever if a battle were precipitated, but we held to the traditional habit, and were prepared for either peace or war.

As we approached Babb's spacious grounds, he was out in the front yard wrestling with a large pet bear. He was a man of unusual appearance in every way, was then in the prime of life, and a most impressive figure. He was 5 feet 10 inches tall, a veritable athlete, and wore a long black

beard. His eyes were keen and piercing, and as black as a raven's wing. And there was a devil-may-care atmosphere with which Babb was naturally surrounded.

Babb knew us both quite well, and welcomed us most kindly. Very soon Dave Ware came up, and we all sat, cowboy fashion, out on the grass on the front lawn. We made no concealment of the purpose of our visit. I was the spokesman. I told Babb without circumlocution what we had heard, and then recited to him all the facts. I found that he had copies of all the great daily newspapers of the United States. So far from being offended at the accounts contained in these great journals, it seemed to me that he felt complimented. However, if he had known who were the authors of those stories, he would have felt vindictive. In a little while, we had satisfied him thoroughly. I never shall forget the kind expression on his face as he extended his hand to both of us and said:

"Boys, do not be uneasy. I now know all the facts. I believe every word you have told me, and you need never fear any harm from me."

We knew what that meant, coming from Bill Babb. It was his declaration of peace and friendship. There was no compulsion to bind him to his word, but whatever were his faults, no one ever charged Babb with betraying a friend.

A little later, Babb, his son, Bill Ike, Dave Ware, Jasper Whitley, and some half a dozen others of the Babb clan, were arrested, charged with the Stull murder. An enemy of Babb had filed a complaint against them. Babb and his crowd, on being taken to Gatesville, the county seat, were bound over to await the action of the grand jury.

The arrest of the Babb family created great excitement throughout Coryell and Hamilton Counties, and there was a suppressed feeling of uneasiness, even as far as the edge of McLennan County. Stull had a brother, Hi Stull, who lived some distance from the John Stull home down toward Waco.

Beyond a doubt, he had instigated the complaint against the Babbs for the murder of his brother. A little later Hi Stull was waylaid and killed, no one ever knew by whom. This completed the extermination of the Stull family.

The Babbs appeared before the grand jury, of which N. G. Buchanan, for whom Buchanan's Spring was named, was foreman. Buchanan's Spring was the fountain head of Middle Bosque, where Turnersville was located. N. G. Buchanan had settled there some time in the '60's. He was in the prime of life and was held in high esteem. He was a deacon in the Missionary Baptist church, and was not only a citizen of high standing, but was prosperous and enterprising in every way. He was a typical frontiersman and cowman. He was a man of very few words, but was as true as steel in every relation of life.

The details of this story that I am now beginning to recite were given me by N. G. Buchanan thirty years after the sitting of that Coryell County grand jury. Some years ago, while walking through the Dallas Fair Grounds, I ran into N. G. Buchanan, then an old man of seventy-five. If he had changed a particle, the change was not visible to the naked eye. He had about him the same nonchalant frontier air, and there were no physical signs to indicate that he had almost reached his four score years. Soon we found a seat and began to talk about old times. It was during this conversation that he told me the inside grand jury facts I am now going to recite.

As stated, the Babbs went before the Coryell County grand jury. All of them were present and ready to be sworn. Bill Babb himself was called before the grand jury first, and it was he who was the spokesman of his crowd. This is the speech he made:

"Mr. Buchanan and Members of the Coryell County Grand Jury: I am before you to answer a complaint that has been filed against me and my friends for the killing of

John Stull. I make no answer to that complaint whatsoever, but I have come to have a friendly talk as man to man about our situation. Whether I am guilty of the Stull killing or not is of no immediate consequence in the statement I am now to make. All of you are citizens of this county. We have had much trouble. Many men have been killed. The time has come when all of us should wish the period of bloodshed to terminate. I heartily agree to this just view. All of you know that if you indict me and my friends for the killing of John Stull, we can never get through with the trial of the case without the sacrifice of many other lives. I may be killed; my men may be killed, but while this is going on, other men will also die. You know us and we know you. You know that we are dead game, that we are good shots and that we are quick to avenge a wrong. All of this we all should greatly desire to avoid.

“If you will listen to me and heed my plea, none of this bloodshed will occur. If you gentlemen of the grand jury will not indict me and my men, we will within ten days from this day gather up our cattle, close out our lands and belongings, and leave Coryell County forever. I leave the subject with you, gentlemen, and await your decision.”

The members of the grand jury were amazed and stupefied. Here was a man who had the nerve to ask every one of them to violate his official oath. It was an invitation to them to over-ride the law. At first Babb's proposal was treated with scorn and indignation, but the more the members of the grand jury discussed the matter, the more sane and sensible Babb's suggestion seemed. At last, after deliberating upon the question two whole days, the grand jury sent for Babb and announced to him that they accepted his offer. They told him that they expected him to be absolutely bound by his agreement, and to immediately, certainly within the ten days named, leave Coryell County and take all of his lieutenants and belongings with him.

While this was a unique way for the law to be administered, all hands believed it was wholly for the best. I was personally in Gatesville while this was going on, but at the time I did not know the inside facts. I was present while the grand jury was investigating the case against the Babbs. It happened that the horse I rode to Gatesville broke loose and ran back to the Hog Creek home. The result was that I borrowed a horse and saddle from one of Babb's men, and rode the animal back home, with the promise that I would see that he was returned to them next day.

And now comes the remarkable sequel. When Babb and his men reached home, they held a council of war. They agreed among themselves that the conditions which Babb had proposed, and which had been accepted, were too hard, and they decided they would not leave Coryell County. Therein Babb and his cabinet made a colossal blunder. They did not know the temper of the people. If they had gone on, as they had promised, it would have been the end of the Stull affair, but they wavered, hesitated and continued to conduct their affairs in the same old way.

A sensational incident occurred. The grand jury adjourned and went to their several homes. They were representative men from the various sections of the county. In that period of West Texas development, the men of prominence and power were all old-time frontiersmen. They carried their side arms, they were alert and they were brave. After it was known among the members of the grand jury that Babb and his followers had made up their minds to violate the solemn compact into which all had entered, these grand jurors became suddenly quite busy. The facts of Babb's agreement to leave the country were communicated to a few tried leaders. The result was that some three weeks after the adjournment of the grand jury, one of the largest meetings ever held in West Texas convened at midnight at Four Mile Spring in Coryell County to discuss the

situation. Four Mile Spring received its name from the fact that it is on the Jonesboro road exactly four miles from the Gatesville Court House. On a bright moonlight night in the early summer, 400 earnest, courageous, grizzled West Texas citizens, many of whom had seen service in the Confederate army, and many others who had performed scout and ranger duty on the great frontier, met at this Four Mile Spring to deliberate concerning the serious situation in which Coryell County found itself. They did not mince words. With absolute unanimity they agreed that the Babbs had to go, and at once. After giving the matter due consideration, a committee of five was appointed to visit Babb and tell him the result of the meeting. I know some of the names of this committee, but inasmuch as a majority of them are still living, I will not write them here.

Next day the committee went to Babbville and interviewed Babb. It was the most serious interview in which the Baron of Coryell County had ever been engaged. They told him plainly that if he and his did not promptly gather their cattle, pick up their wares and leave Coryell County never to return, there would be 400 fearless citizens who would swoop down upon them and exterminate them root and branch. They told Babb that it was their purpose to kill every man of them, at whatever cost, and to wipe them absolutely off the face of the earth.

Babb made another promise. The man who had terrorized an entire section of Texas for twenty years, was at last at bay. New blood had come into the county. New courage had been infused into the people's hearts, and once and for all, the best citizenship of the county meant for Babb to journey to other fields.

This time Babb and all of his coterie of followers and hangers-on made their preparations to depart. In less than ten days he had sold his land, gathered his cattle, had selected such things as he desired to move, had sold the rest

and was on the high road to the unsettled section of West Texas. I never knew exactly where the Babb contingent landed, but was told that they went far out upon the plains and began life anew. This in short is the story of the Vaughan murder and its consequences.

Before dismissing this recital, I feel it but just to add somewhat to my observations concerning Bill Babb. He was the most generous-hearted man in Coryell County. He helped more widows and succored more orphans than perhaps any man that county ever knew. That he was brave, there can be no doubt. That he was a born leader of men, is equally true. An incident occurred a year or so before the killing of Stull that left its impress upon Waco and West Texas in all circles where the facts were known.

Babb did his banking in Waco. The bank failed. Babb had on deposit in the bank \$6,000. He took two of his men and journeyed to Waco to look after his financial interests. After reaching Waco and interviewing those who had charge of the bank's affairs, he was told that they could not pay even one cent on the dollar. He asked for a private and personal interview with the managers of the defunct financial institution. They went to his hotel and he invited them into his room. He then deliberately locked the door of the room and put the key in his pocket. After that, taking out a well loaded and primed revolver, he read the riot act to these bankers in the following words:

"Gentlemen: I deposited \$6,000 of my money in your bank. Your bank has failed. I have been advised by you that you cannot pay as much as one cent on the dollar. That is a mistake. You are going to pay me one hundred cents on the dollar. I will allow you to take your choice between paying me every cent of my deposit or dying right here and now in this room. Which will you choose?"

The two men looked into each other's eyes, and then they looked at Babb. It was one of the quickest trades ever made

in Waco. They told Babb that he could get his money. He then unlocked the door, went down with them to a private vault, was handed the money in gold, where it was stored away in shot sacks, and went on his way. He journeyed to the store of Battle, Ficklin & Co., where my old-time friend, Captain John T. Battle, was in charge of affairs, and left the gold with him.

There was another very picturesque thing about Bill Babb. When he was drinking, he always hugged the men that he loved, and after embracing them most tenderly, would bite his good friends' ears. That was his familiar and affectionate form of greeting. Recently in a conversation with Col. H. N. Atkinson, who was one of Babb's attorneys during the old Coryell County days, he told me that Babb often thus bit his ear when he was in his cups.

One further incident concerning Babb will be of interest. Four years after the killing of John Stull, while I was editor of *The Gatesville Advance*, word came to Gatesville that Bill Babb was dead. The story was credited, because he was then somewhat over fifty, and while we did not know the manner of his taking off, the news of his death formed the basis for a breezy newspaper article. I prepared a first page leader for *The Gatesville Advance*, which made some three columns of as good western biographical and obituary matter as I had ever written. I spoke of Babb's fine points, and while I did not seek to varnish my story overmuch, I did what every writer and orator should do when speaking of the dead—I referred chiefly to the noble traits of the departed Baron's character.

It was not long after this article appeared that one day I saw Dave Babb, another son of Bill Babb, making his way diagonally across Leon Street and approaching my office. He had a smile on his face from ear to ear. As he approached me, he extended his hand and said:

"Pa told me to tell you that he read your notice of his

death and that he was awfully pleased with it. He said that he always knew you were his friend, and now that you have expressed it so kindly and so eloquently, he knows it better than he ever did. He said for me to tell you that he was perfectly well, was never in quite as good health in his life, and that he expects to live to be a hundred years old."

I was somewhat embarrassed at this peculiar greeting, but there was nothing else to say but to send word back to Babb that I rejoiced in the fact that he was still alive, and wished him all good luck. That was the last time I ever saw any of the Babbs.

I do not charge that Babb was guilty of the Stull murder. He may have been as innocent as you and I. My information is that he is still alive and an octogenarian. Long ago his preacher brother went on to try the realities of the gospel which he preached. I wish that I were in possession of yet other and salient facts concerning the subsequent history of the Babbs and their lieutenants, but I cannot tell what I do not know, and I have recorded these occurrences just as they transpired to preserve the chronology and consistency of this life story, and at the same time inform the reader concerning a very important epoch in the development of Coryell and other West Texas counties.

XXX

A BACKWARD LOOK AT THE CRAWFORD DAYS

WHILE I had left Crawford and all its activities and joys, I think it well to glance once more at some incidents that may be of interest to the reader. While I was engaged in teaching my last school there, a friend of mine, Robert T. Dennis, fell ill of typhoid fever. His physician was a doctor of the old school. He refused to give my friend either lemons or ice. He insisted, however, upon dosing him with calomel and cholagogues, with the result that Dennis was rapidly approaching his end. I was not only his nurse, but had to save him from his doctor. I was then far advanced in my medical studies, and in addition to having read the books, I had some notions of my own. I made it a point to violate most of the instructions of the doctor, and that saved his life. I secured lemons and ice from Waco, dosed him with copious draughts of lemonade, kept him cool as well as I could do with ice packs, and in general so handled the case that after a long illness, he emerged from the valley of the shadow of death and is a strong, well man today.

It was not known to his physician then, and is as yet unknown to many who have graduated in medical colleges and whose diplomas are nicely framed and hung in their offices, that the juice of the lemon is one of the greatest of germicides. At that time, it had not been revealed that typhoid fever was infectious, but that is well known now.

A ten per cent solution of lemon juice will kill a cholera

germ. It is a very valuable beverage, and a great adjunct in the treatment of many cases of illness.

I had not exercised my gift (if I had a gift) as a minister to any great extent since I landed in the Crawford country. My ministrations were limited almost exclusively to funerals. The first of these was a very peculiar one. My good friend and school patron, J. T. Fullen, wanted the body of his wife removed from one cemetery to another, and when the body was consigned to its final resting place, asked me to conduct some services over the remains. This was my first Crawford funeral, but it was not the last. There was no resident minister of any denomination, so that it fell to my lot to conduct all the funerals in that neighborhood during the period of my residence there.

This is a work from which I always shrank. I have an inherent sympathy for all who are bereaved, and throughout my entire life, as best I could, I have ministered to the sick, the sad and the suffering. While this is true, I have always wished to avoid conducting funerals. My sympathies are too strong, and my heart goes out with too much tenderness to those who suffer, for me to be able really to do a great amount of this class of Christian work. If I had to conduct as many funerals as fall to the lot of some of our busy city pastors, I believe it would kill me. While this is true, I found this to be my duty at Crawford, and I performed it as best I could.

In the matter of preaching, I reached the conclusion that I never should have announced my purpose to become a minister. On careful self-examination, covering a period of many months, I was convinced that I was not the genuine, blown-in-the-bottle preacher material. I never could carry around with me for any length of time a long and mournful face; I never could acquire the preacher tone; I never could feel at home in the preacher's garb; I never could assume a pietetic air, and in general the more I thought

about it, the more I feared that I had made a colossal mistake. For that reason and for the further reason that my views had gradually undergone a radical change, I decided I would give up preaching. I was not now in sympathy with the views of the Hardshell Baptists, and, as a matter of fact, looking back upon it now from the vantage ground of maturer years, I do not believe I ever was in sympathy with their views. This feeling, however, grew upon me while at Crawford, and I decided that I not only would give up preaching, but that I would sever my church relationship as soon as opportunity should offer. This, however, I did not act upon at once, because I wished to be absolutely sure of my ground and desired to be exceedingly careful lest I make a lifelong blunder.

When I left Crawford, I knew that I would never live there again. I meant to cast my lot with my father and his interests up in the Hog Creek country, and this I did, but I cherish the memory of those Crawford friends with a grateful heart, and ever shall. I visited the little village many times after my departure, and always found there a gracious, kindly welcome.



XXXI

AS A COUNTRY DOCTOR

THE winter of 1878 passed uneventfully. One fact perhaps more noteworthy than any other, except the recital already given concerning the Babb regime, was the great snowstorm that came the first week of January. The snow covered the ground for six or seven days. Our cattle could get no grass at all. The necessity was upon me to feed every head of father's cattle every day. This subjected me to great exposure, but I never was healthier in my life. I prosecuted my medical studies with great diligence, and kept abreast also with the developments in the phrenological world. During that winter, the only other event worthy to relate was my phrenological lectures at Turnersville. I sent my advertisements there during the early part of January, 1879, and the people gave me a very cordial hearing. Many kind faces beamed upon me from those old time seats in the Turnersville school house. I can see now the faces of J. P. Kendrick, Lum Hardy, W. A. Beatty, Jim Burkett, N. G. Buchanan, Dr. J. D. Calaway, Joe Gaston and others whose names I have not space to write. My lecture engagement at Turnersville was a glittering success in every way but one—I did not make much money. I did, however, secure some compensation for my work, and this money I used in the purchase of much needed clothing for my young wife and myself.

On February 1, 1879, my wife and I moved to Turnersville to make that village our future home. In the mean-
I had gone before the medical examining board, of

which Dr. R. J. Perry, of Gatesville, was a resident member, and had secured a license to practice medicine. I, however, had no funds, and so my precious mother loaned me out of her small savings \$16. With this sum I bought my medical saddlebags, and with the help of my father I supplied my saddlebags with the necessary medicines.

When my wife and I went over to Turnersville to take up housekeeping, we rented a little two-room weather-boarded house. While this house was weather-boarded on the outside, it had never been ceiled, and hence it was not a very comfortable winter home. The rent was \$3 a month. We had some bedding that had been given us by my wife's mother and my mother, and managed to scrape together enough utensils of various kinds to begin housekeeping in a very humble, unpretentious way. We had no dining table. We took our meals off of the smooth side of a large dry-goods box. We had no barn, so we kept the feed for my pony under the bed. It preserved the corn and other provender, and at the same time this feed had its part in keeping out the boreal blasts of the keen north wind.

I had sold "Old Ball." He was growing old, and I felt it wise to let him go. I did not now need so large a horse, so I traded him off, receiving for him some corn and other belongings, and a splendid little sorrel pony. He was not half as big as "Old Ball," but was wiry, thrifty and very usable. I retained my saddle and other equipments, and it was thus that on February 1, 1879, I hung out my shingle as a full-fledged doctor.

Looking back upon it now, with my present larger knowledge of the world, it seems to me that there never was a greater exhibition of heroic ignorance than was manifest in this procedure. Without means, without expert medical training, without friends, without reputation, without experience, and practically without acquaintance, I began my career as a doctor before I was twenty-one years old.

But we were happy. It was the happiness of ignorance, innocence and inexperience linked together. It was a concrete verification of the truth of that Scripture which says that a man's happiness does not consist in the abundance of the things which he possesses.

Dr. J. D. Calaway, the old accredited physician of Turnersville, was a most excellent man. He was then in the prime of life, and in the enjoyment of a splendid practice. He held the confidence and esteem of the people, and to all outward appearances was invulnerable. Personally, he seemed fond of me, but professionally he spoke of me in that nonchalant, off-hand, indulgent manner that old doctors assume when they discuss the fledglings of the profession.

"Yes," he would say, "that young man Cranfill is a right bright *boy*. If he lives to reach the years of maturity, and meantime can take advantage of a medical college education, he *may* make a good physician."

If the good man had denounced me as a horse-thief, cut-throat, pirate or highway robber, it would have been much better for my future as a physician than the faint praise with which he consigned me to professional damnation.

Three months passed—long, wearisome, heart-breaking months. While we had sufficient food to keep the wolf of starvation from actually entering the door, it howled mightily around the front steps. I was not earning a penny and so I fell behind three months with my house rent. That amounted to \$9. This debt harassed me. It hung over me like a pall. I had never before been so hopelessly in debt without means for earning money with which to liquidate. I was becoming desperate. I knew that some turn must be made. I had not been able to pay my mother back a cent of her \$16. The dear, affectionate, loving, indulgent soul would have been more than willing to give me all this money, but I could not in conscience accept it in that way, so that

\$16 and the \$9 aggregated \$25, which represented a veritable millstone that hung around my neck.

I was never given to idleness. During the time of this enforced quietude, I kept up my studies in many directions. I continued writing for *The Waco Telephone*, but that yielded no revenue. That was before the days when Texas newspapers, especially of the middle class, remunerated their correspondents. All that this alignment did for me was to give me some little prestige in the community. I secured some subscribers for the paper, but this did not bring me any financial return whatsoever, because the paper was given to subscribers at introductory prices.

But I had not forgotten my phrenology. Nine miles away, spanning the county line between Hamilton and Coryell Counties, was a village called Jonesboro. It was somewhat more pretentious than Turnersville, though not an older town. It had more stores, and somewhat larger ones, and more professional men. I decided to announce a course of phrenological lectures at Jonesboro, and found in that city a friend of former years in the person of Rev. Dozier White, the Hardshell preacher who in the autumn of 1876 was present at the little Hog Creek church when I applied for membership. He remembered me, and was a friend of my father. He and his family gladly extended to me their hospitality on my visit to Jonesboro, and did all they could to spread the news of the approaching lectures. I billed the town with circulars that I had kept over from a former lecture tour.

My lecture experience at Jonesboro was successful in every way. I rode my little sorrel pony over there, and carried my medical saddlebags. I never took that horse to water that I didn't string the saddlebags across the saddle, and ride out in the most consequential fashion. My wife and I were the only residents of Turnersville that knew the facts. Every day at some hour of the day I would dash out

on my sorrel pony. I would circle around, as a rule, and go down to see my father and mother, or look after some of my father's cattle, but my medical saddlebags were glistening with freshness and newness, and you could hear the smell of the black leather a mile or so away.

At Jonesboro I entered upon a career of phrenological success hitherto unprecedented. I had large audiences. Most of those who came wished phrenological examinations; I engaged to write a large number of charts. When I left Jonesboro after the week's experience, I had more than enough money to pay my house rent, and having taken some barter in exchange for my scientific services, I carried in my hand on the little sorrel pony all the way from Jonesboro to Turnersville a splendid, bright, glistening, new coal-oil student lamp that we greatly needed. When I reached home, my wife, who had lived alone during the days of my absence, rejoiced to see me, and she was especially pleased when she found that I had earned sufficient funds with which to discharge our pressing indebtedness, and had brought to her the splendid new parlor lamp. Our parlor, as you may know, was a room about 10 x 12, which also served as a bedroom, a living room, a piano room (minus the piano), a sitting room and a corn-crib.

XXXII

MY FIRST PATIENT AND THE CONSEQUENCES

SOME two weeks after I had returned from my lecture engagement at Jonesboro, one evening at twilight a man galloped up to the door of our little two-room cabin and asked if Dr. Cranfill were at home.

Yes, the doctor was at home.

He was perhaps more addicted to the at-home habit than any professional gentleman resident at that time in the Lone Star State.

He had been nowhere but at home.

He had lingered at home day and night and Sunday.

With the exception of the little trip to Jonesboro, which was not made in the interest of the sick and suffering, he had been steadily at home for almost four months.

Yes, the doctor was at home, and so announced himself, whereupon the visitor said it was desired that he should go and see Mrs. Blank, who resided some six miles away, up on the divide between Babbville and Gatesville.

I cannot begin to describe the sensations that thrilled me as I saddled, bridled and equipped the little sorrel pony for that first professional engagement. It was a historic hour. My wife was all athrill with the excitement of the moment, and hastening to give me a bite of supper (we had not yet "dined,") she bade me Godspeed on my initial professional pilgrimage.

Darkness soon closed in upon us with great earnestness, but my soul was illuminated with visions of professional achievement and success that it had not held before.

On the way out, I learned from the gentleman who had come for me that he had been sent for Dr. Calaway. That was a revelation, but it did not in any sense dampen my desire to fill this engagement. He stated that Dr. Calaway had declined to visit this patient because the husband of the sick woman was not good pay. I learned afterwards that there was another reason why Dr. Calaway did not answer this call, and it was a most important one. When he secured from the courier a description of the woman's illness, he knew that she was going to die, and this, coupled with the companion fact that there was no pay in the visit, made it a good time to break the fledgling in, and so he sent the man for me.

I reached the sick room in less than an hour after the call had come. The family were very poor. All the surroundings were indicative of the hardest of hard times. They lived in a little two-room house, ill-kept and poorly furnished. The good woman was desperately ill with what the doctors call puerperal peritonitis. Her little baby was about ten days old, and when I reached her, was nestling in its mother's arms. As soon as I saw the sick woman's face and made an examination of the case, I knew that her hours on earth were few. However, she was perfectly conscious. She greatly desired to get well. After prescribing for her, I sought a private interview with her husband, and told him that his wife would not live more than twenty-four hours, if she lived that long. The news was not unexpected, but he was shocked when the doctor told him so.

I did all that any physician could have done. I relieved her pain, which was intense, and made her just as comfortable as possible, and while I knew that she was bound to die, I worked just as patiently and industriously for her restoration as if I had been more hopeful of the outcome.

It was past midnight when I went home. I would not have gone home at all that night if it had not been for the

fact that I wished to secure the attendance of my friend and confrere, Dr. Calaway, to counsel with me upon the case the following day. He was somewhat reluctant to go with me next morning, but I told him that he had to go; that I was a young physician on my first professional pins and that I was unwilling for my first case to die upon my hands without consultation. Finally he agreed to go, which was very kind and noble in him, and it was thus that, while he had, no doubt, originally hoped that I would have all of the responsibility of the death of my first patient, it was in fact divided between us. He had to take his share.

After he had made a brief visit to the now dying woman, he went on his way. I lingered by her bedside until the end came, and then gently closed her eyes.

I have had many moments of downright mental, physical and spiritual depression as I have gone along, but I think that the hour in which I rode from that death chamber to my little home was the darkest period of my youthful years. I felt that all was lost. Here I had secured one patient, but there was no money in the case, and besides, the woman was dead. I felt sure the news of my ill success would be current throughout all that section of the county, and I was morally certain that I would never secure another call. I later learned that the death of a patient in no wise injures the doctor's standing.

On that lonely midnight ride the night before, I had devoutly prayed for this young mother's recovery, but without faith. I knew that God *could* perform a miracle, but did not believe He would. I made it a rule in my practice to pray for help from a Higher Source, and have always believed in those physicians who are men of prayer. Infidel doctors have never appealed to me.

XXXIII

A GROWING MEDICAL PRACTICE

MY mental depression was of short duration. While Mrs. Blank had died, I had made a distinct impression upon the denizens of that side-pocket of Coryell County population. Very soon I was called to another patient in that section, and then another, and so it was not very long until I was the medical adviser of nearly all the settlers in that neighborhood.

Meantime, my competitor helped me very much. He was very fond of hunting. No matter what the cost, he would at intervals lay everything down and go hunting. Game was plentiful, he was a good shot, and he enjoyed the Nimrod life very greatly. Not that I had at that time ever heard of Nimrod. I am putting him in here to show that at the present writing I am really a Bible student as well as a literary man. If anybody had talked to me about Nimrod at that period of my career, I would have asked him where old man Nim and his folks came from, and who was their doctor.

On a certain night when Dr. Calaway was out on a hunt, I was sent for, post haste, to attend the wife of G. W. Alston, one of our leading merchants. I did not know him intimately, but in a village like Turnersville every one soon knows everyone else. Dr. Calaway had been engaged for this delicate occasion, but he was now absolutely inaccessible. Much against their will, and as the only resort, they sent for the beardless young doctor.

I was on hand in three minutes after the call came, looking as wise as an owl and as sober as a judge. The lady



TOM E. CRANFILL, THOMAS MABRY CRANFILL AND J. B. CRANFILL.

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visitors must have been greatly awed by my assumption of superior acumen and expert medical knowledge. This, however, was the first case of this kind I had ever attended alone. Within an hour after my arrival, the population of Turnersville had been increased by the advent of a majestic looking gentleman, who forthwith was named G. W. Alston, Jr. He was a lusty boy, and weighed perhaps nine pounds, but the story went abroad that he tipped the beam at fifteen pounds. (I think I have seen this expression, "tipped the beam," in print before.)

My success in this case spread like wildfire. ("Like wildfire" is entirely new, however. I guarantee it.) One of the ladies in attendance was the wife of Dr. Calaway. She was a most excellent woman, but jealous of her husband's standing, reputation and professional achievements. She was a daughter of old Uncle Johnnie Henderson, the leading merchant of the town. I thought very highly of her then and always after, but those who are familiar with the doctor spirit must know that it was wormwood and gall (where have I seen those words?) to Dr. Calaway and his wife for the young, uncolleged physician to infringe upon Dr. Calaway's preserves. From that time forward, my practice began to grow by leaps and bounds (where on earth *can* I have seen those four words, "by leaps and bounds?") in the little town itself, and in other directions, and I saw the inspiring dawn of professional success.

This was the only time in my life that I ever lived for long in a rented house. As soon as I began to collect some fees, I decided that we would have a home of our own. I therefore paid \$50 for an acre lot, and very soon thereafter a little home of two rooms was planned and the house erected.

I never had false pride, but always turned my hand promptly and without fear of criticism to the work that needed to be done. In a short interval between my medical

duties, I secured a team and hauled from Waco, fifty miles away, the lumber with which to build our cottage home. It was a box house, but to us it was a veritable mansion. We had it nicely stripped with three-inch strips, and a good roof put on it. Uncle Billy Summers, a lonely old Irishman with a massive frame, a tender heart and a wandering mind, built our chimney of native stone, which he sawed out with his own hands.

The house was built between two majestic, overspreading liveoak trees. Nowhere have I seen such arboreal wonders as were those grand old monarchs of the glade that skirted the prairies and led down to the headwaters of Middle Bosque.

These old trees had a history. They had seen sorrow and had witnessed tragedy. Some fifteen years before, two Hardshell Baptist ministers, Elders White and Griffith, were conducting a series of meetings at Cranfill Gap in Bosque County. Uncle George was a Hardshell Baptist, and so were all his family except Cousin Sam, of whom mention has hitherto been made. Cousin Ross Cranfill was a captain of scouts, his company being engaged in frontier duty during the Civil War. It was near the end of the struggle, but it was just as important for him to patrol the border at that time as it had ever been before, because the savages, emboldened by the absence of many frontiersmen who had joined the Confederate army, were committing hideous depredations whenever opportunity offered.

When these Hardshell Baptist ministers started across the country to Lampasas, my cousin suggested an escort. They fell back upon the doctrine of predestination, which is a magnificent doctrine and abundantly taught in the Bible, but is intended for sensible men. Not that I would call these dear old brethren fools. They are both in their graves. They simply allowed a theological fetich to warp their lives.

They declined the escort, and wending their way toward



MRS. TOM E. (MAI SEAY) CRANFILL AND CHILDREN.
ON HER LEFT, ISABEL AND MARTHA ELEANOR AND ON HER RIGHT,
MONA MAI AND THOMAS MABRY CRANFILL.

T. J. K.
OF THE
ATLANTA
T. J. K.

Lampasas across the country, in which at that time there were no roads of any kind, they finally approached the glade to which I have referred. As they neared the headwaters of Middle Bosque, they were attacked by a band of Comanche Indians. They had no arms and, of course, made no resistance. They finally took a stand behind these two giant liveoak trees, in the hope that their lives might thus be saved. The Indians pressed them sorely, with the result that Elder Griffith died in the very spot where my front gate afterwards stood, and Elder White was left for dead. There were arrow scars in these lone witnesses of that frontier tragedy when I bought the lot, and if they are yet left standing, they are doubtless on those trees today. Elder White was picked up by some passing frontiersmen and nursed back into life again. I afterwards heard him preach in the Gatesville country, but he was never quite himself after this experience with the savages.

XXXIV

MORE ABOUT LIFE IN THE TURNERSVILLE COUNTRY

THE summer of 1879 will be remembered by all the old settlers in that section of Texas as the year of the most stringent drouth known in twenty years. There is something strange in this recurrence of the figure "9" in these periods of drouth. The most terrible visitation of that kind known within the memory of civilized men was in 1859. I heard my father speak of it often. That year almost all the water courses completely dried up. Texas was a cattle country, and the cattle died literally by the thousands. My father told me he had seen as many as a thousand head of cattle dead around one desolate water pool. There was such a dearth of water that many of the settlers suffered excruciating agony, and some even perished from thirst.

The drouth of 1879 was of like kind, although in some sections possibly not quite so severe as the drouth of twenty years before. Not in the memory of man had Buchanan's Spring been dry, but that summer it went dry utterly, and so did all the wells within a radius of ten miles of Turnersville. There was but one possible chance for drinking and stock water left in the Turnersville country, and that was from Hughes Spring, a mile and a half below Turnersville. I wish I knew the fountain source of this spring. It was not great in size. The stream was perhaps half as large as a man's arm, but the dry weather of that season did not phase this perennial water supply.

We had just moved into our new two-room home when the drouth began. In a little while thereafter, Buchanan Spring went dry. Meantime the Hughes Spring had been bought by Uncle Billy Young. He was a very excellent man. He was a sheep grower, and with Presbyterian far-sightedness (he was an elder in the Presbyterian church) he fenced the spring. A council, not of war, but of thirst, was held. I was in the meeting. I never had believed and did not then believe in any sort of mob violence. Suggestions of various kinds were made. Some thought we ought to go at once and tear down the fence *volens volens*, but that was not my plan. Instead, a committee was appointed to interview Uncle Billy and ask him kindly to take down his fence. Our counsel prevailed. He was a great-hearted man, though, of course, he wanted to save his property. He took down his fence, and at the risk of losing his sheep, let the people come and secure water from the spring.

It did not take much water for us two, our cow and our little sorrel pony. I procured a two-gallon jug. I bought it innocently when it was empty, so do not get excited here. At 2:30 o'clock each morning, I would ride to the spring, being always careful to throw my medical saddlebags across the saddle, and would get my two-gallon jug full of water. I strung the jug to the horn of my saddle and rode home, afterwards finishing up the night's sleep. It was not always possible for me to be at the spring at this particular hour, because oftentimes I was out on medical calls, but when not thus engaged, I made it a point to be at Hughes Spring at the hour named each morning. There were fewer people there at that hour than any time of the night. There was never a moment at any time, day or night, that there was not a string of wagons, carriages, buggies and horses lined up waiting for their turn to secure water, but there were fewer at this particular hour than at any other time, and I went then in order to save my time.

If you have never tried to economize on water, you do not know how the trick is done. I do not now speak of economizing in a social or political way. I have known many friends and acquaintances who economized greatly on water for drinking purposes. I refer now particularly to the household economy of water. This two gallons of water sufficed for all our uses, and at the same time we saved enough water each week with which to do the week's washing. We let the cow and horse drink the rinsing water, and oftentimes had to give them water rather rich in *ferri ferro cyanuretum*. (Kind reader, that's nothing but bluing.) We dosed our old red cow on this bluing water so much that she began to turn blue, and I do not know what the final result might have been if the autumn rains had not come just in the nick of time. It did not exactly save her face, but it saved her color.

That autumn no corn was raised locally. Very little cotton was raised. That was our first introduction to Kansas corn. It was shipped in bags, and we paid a dollar a bushel in coin for the corn thus shipped to us. This was a very great hardship upon us all, and particularly upon the poor farmers, but we had to take our medicine and bide our time until the season should come again.

In the meantime, my practice was growing rapidly. In times of adversity, sickness increases, and as the sickness increased, my work grew apace. I was still the young doctor, but my competitor, while he looked askance upon me in a professional way, had found it necessary to recognize me in a practical manner. We had both joined the Coryell County Medical Society, and I was in just as good standing with the profession as he, with the exception that I was not so well equipped or so widely experienced.

During the autumn of 1879, I went with Dr. U. M. Gilder from Gatesville to Stephenville to appear before the Medical Board for final examination. In the meantime, my be-

loved friend, Dr. R. J. Perry, had resigned from membership on the Board and Dr. Gilder had succeeded him. We went in a buggy across the country. Dr. Gilder was a splendid man, and at this writing is still an honored citizen of Gatesville. When I appeared before the State Board in its august session, they complimented me highly and extended my certificate. On the Board at that time was Dr. Geo. F. Perry, of Hamilton, a man of distinct medical and personal dignity. He lived usefully at Hamilton for many years, only passing on a year or so before this chronicle is penned.

I hastened back to the scene of my struggles and my duties. While the season had been a hard one, I was enabled to collect the first year of my practice \$1500 either in money or in convertible trade. I was not a stickler for details in the matter of collections. I would take anything on a medical bill from watermelons to cord wood, and from cabbages to calves. I soon had an assortment of property, and was able, by my natural trading instincts, to make good use of it. The patrons of Dr. Calaway who had declined to pay him, nearly all paid me.

There was a patient of Dr. Calaway who died, who gave me almost as much reputation as the first case. He was a teamster, and when Dr. Calaway had given him out to die, they sent for me. When I reached the room, I saw there was no chance for his recovery, but I rolled up my sleeves and went to work with him, and was working with him when he drew his final breath. This man died with the most outrageous profanities and blasphemies on his lips to which I have ever listened. He was unconscious, but in his death agonies the last words were curses against God. I went away from that room with a feeling it took me weeks to shake off, and it mounts to my soul again as these words are penned.

During the winter of 1879-80, that section of Texas was visited by an epidemic of pneumonia. Dr. Calaway and I

were both seriously taxed to keep track of our practice. There were ten whole days and nights in which I did not even attempt to undress, and in which I did not have, at any time, an hour's consecutive sleep. To add to the terrors of the situation, the winter rains had come, and, like Texas, the rain was a swinging of the pendulum back from the drouth of the summer previous. It rained almost incessantly, and it was very difficult for us to get to our patients. At that time I did not know the logic of the splendid work I did in these pneumonia cases. The old-time doctors thought the pneumonia patient should be kept out of draughts, and should have very little fresh air. I had been in homes where there was pneumonia where all the windows were down, and the patient had neither a chance for cleanliness nor oxygen.

The country homes within the radius of my practice were crudely built. Some of them were built of logs. Others of them had cracks in the walls through which you could throw an average sized cat. The result was that it was impossible to keep the wind from filtering through these cracks, thus furnishing the patient with absolutely pure oxygen which was right out of Nature's ozone laboratory.

I lost but one patient from pneumonia that season—a little child. The call came about midnight and I was by the child's bedside within an hour. The family lived up in the little pocket of the county to which I have hitherto referred. When I reached the home, the baby was dying.

On my way back home—I was at that time driving a team of horses—I found I was unable to "cluck" to my horses. I did not understand it. I tried to speak. I could not articulate. I was still under the terrific strain to which I have referred. I had had no rest at all, and scarcely time to eat. I found as I proceeded further that I was suffering from a burning sensation in the sublingual glands. It was a strange and new experience to me. Hitherto I could always talk,

but there I was speechless, though entirely conscious. When I reached home, I went immediately to the home of my father. He had, in the meantime, moved to Turnersville. On examining my mouth he discovered that I had erysipelas of the sublingual glands. It was a most serious situation, and if he had not acted promptly, I would have lost my life. In a day or so the acute stages of the malady had passed, and I was about my work again.



A NEW DEPARTURE AND A UNIQUE INCIDENT

DURING the early spring of 1880, after I had been in the practice of medicine more than a year, my good friend, John B. Nichols, of Coryell City, sent for me to visit him on a business matter. He was conducting a general store—the largest enterprise of its kind in Coryell County. Nichols & Robertson was the firm name. On reaching Coryell City, Mr. Nichols made me a novel and somewhat startling proposal. He suggested that I establish a drug, drygoods and grocery store. He thought this would be a great adjunct to my practice, and that each would help the other. I did not have the capital with which to inaugurate this enterprise, but he set all my distrust at rest by suggesting that I need pay no cash whatever; that the store itself would be a magnificent investment, and one that would give me speedy and continuous returns.

I accepted the overtures thus made, and J. B. CRANFILL'S CASH STORE was opened at Turnersville, stocked with a well selected assortment of dry goods, groceries and drugs out of the stock of Nichols & Robertson. Mr. Nichols gave me letters to wholesale men at Waco, and this enabled me to supplement not only the drygoods and grocery stock, but the drug stock, which was really of more immediate importance than the grocery and dry goods part of it.

In many ways this undertaking was a great mistake. One of the most distressing weaknesses to which I now confess has been my disposition through life to attempt more than

I could reasonably expect to accomplish. This was true of this store enterprise. It led to other enterprises and business ventures, of which more hereafter.

Among my patrons at that time was a man by the name of Moore. He had moved into the Babbville community the first part of 1880 and engaged in farming. He had quite a large family, and I not only attended to their wants when they were ill, but Mr. Moore had a line of credit at my store, and supported himself and family out of the store for several months. When his son fell sick with pneumonia, I gave him the best attention within my power, with the result that he soon was well and about his accustomed duties. Mr. Moore did not make a good crop that year, and in the late summer he asked for the privilege of going to Iredell to begin work on the railroad right-of-way. The Texas Central had been projected west from Waco, and the survey completed on to Albany, which for many years was its terminus. He had a splendid team of horses, and felt that if he could engage in work on the right-of-way, thus utilizing his team as well as the assistance of his son, he could soon pay the debt he owed and be well on his feet again.

In order to secure me for the amount he owed me, which was somewhat in excess of \$80, he gave me a mortgage on the team, and I allowed him to go on his way. His contract was that he would write me every week, and send remittances as earnings were paid to him. The first two weeks he wrote the letters, but sent no remittances. He then dropped out of sight. On writing to Iredell, I received no reply. Late in August, I decided to go to Iredell and collect this money from Mr. Moore, or, on his failure to pay me, to take over his team. I went on horseback. It took a full day to make the journey. I took dinner with Uncle George Cranfill's widow at Cranfill's Gap, and hurried on to Iredell, reaching there about dark. I found that while Mr. Moore

and his family had been there and had worked on the railroad, they had suddenly vanished some two or three weeks before, and no one knew their destination. By sunrise next morning, I resumed my journey up the right-of-way in the direction of Albany. I had no difficulty in tracing Mr. Moore by his splendid team. Here and there along the way he had worked at this place or that, but when the grading had been finished, had pushed on further west. It was a laborious day. I stopped at noon and grazed my horse for an hour while I rested under the shade of an umbrageous old oak tree.

I had not brought much money with me. When I reached Hico, I sold my bottle of quinine to the druggist for \$3.50. This was not much money, but it was all I thought I would need.

That night I found a stopping place in a tent at one of the grading camps above Hico where the grading had not yet been completed. When I came to the time for retiring and began to undress, I unbuckled my big Colt's army six-shooter from around my waist and quietly put it under my pillow—a bundle of saddle blankets rolled up and laid across my saddle. I had as a companion in the tent a stranger who had been granted permission to sleep in the tent along with me. When I unbuckled my revolver, the man noticed it, and taking his off at the same time, we discussed the merits of the different makes of pistols.

I told him I did not suppose any officer was near. He smiled at this and said:

“I am myself the sheriff of Hamilton County.”

I felt very queer. I then went on to explain the occasion of my presence there, and the object of my journey. He told me to quiet all my fears; that while it was technically against the laws of the State for a man to carry arms, at the

same time there was a clause which permitted a man traveling thus to be armed, and he would give me the advantage of that feature of the law.

Towards evening of the following day, twelve miles west of Dublin in Erath County, I reached the remotest camp of the graders on the railroad right-of-way. This camp belonged to Mr. Moore.

If a meteor had fallen at his feet, he would not have been more surprised than when he saw me. He thought he had successfully evaded all chance of detection and pursuit, and had made good his escape from the honest debt he owed me. I accepted an invitation from Mr. Moore to spend the night in his tent. I was not at ease, though I tried very hard to conceal the fact from him and his. However, when I came to the point of retiring for the night, I placed my revolver under my right hand, ready for use at a moment's notice. I did not sleep, but kept on watch all night, because I believed a man who would be guilty of the kind of conduct Mr. Moore had shown, might be tempted to commit a murder. If I had been made way with in that far-off place, the crime could have been so hidden that even my identity would perhaps never have been known.

We were up bright and early next morning, and after the breakfast had been served, I told Mr. Moore the object of my visit. He protested that he had not a dollar in money, which I really did not believe. I told him that if he did not have the money with which to discharge the obligation, I would take the horses (they were well worth \$150), and would give him my note for the balance. He asked me if I could pay him cash on the spot, but of course I told him no, because I had brought no cash with me. Very reluctantly he agreed to the arrangement. I gave him my note for \$70, saddled my horse, necked the other two together, and started on the long homeward trail.

It was 90 miles from the Moore camp to Turnersville, and before all negotiations had been finally concluded, it was fully ten o'clock. The summer sun was beaming hotly down upon us. I feared greatly that I would have trouble, but I meant to have trouble or have what was justly mine. I was prepared to have it out with Mr. Moore.

A group of his friends among the graders gathered around, expecting trouble, and if trouble had arisen, they would have stood with Mr. Moore. I meant to do right first of all, and then, if righteous means did not prevail, it was my purpose to assert my rights in a practical and aggressive manner. Mr. Moore was very sullen and morose when I rode back toward Coryell County, but no demonstration was made, and I was allowed to go in peace.

This was the longest ride I ever made in a single day. I hurried on, stopping at the watering troughs at Dublin to water my stock, where for the first time I met Dr. J. G. O'Brien, who proved afterwards to be one of my very best friends. I hastened on as rapidly as my horses would stand the journey, making my way towards home. I would ride one horse perhaps ten miles at a time, then change horses, leading the other two, and thus changing, rested the ones not immediately in commission. At twilight I was under the shadow of Twin Mountains in Hamilton County, which were equidistant from the point of my departure and my home. It was forty-five miles from Twin Mountains to my Turnersville residence. In the meantime, I had neither feed for my horses nor money with which to buy my supper. I "helloed" at a country farmhouse, told the benevolent homekeeper of my plight, frankly confessed my poverty, and detailed my situation. He was a typical frontiersman. He told me to come in and eat supper with them, furnished feed for my horses, and was kindness itself.

Supper being ended, I started on the last lap of that long day's ride. At 2:30 o'clock the following morning I reached

my gate, so tired I could hardly alight from my saddle. My wife had been greatly distressed on account of my long absence. I had expected to go to Iredell one day and return the next, but here I had been gone three days and nights. She did not know what to make of it all, and was greatly rejoiced when she found that I had returned home unharmed and had brought back with me the fruits of my labors.



MORE ABOUT THE WORK AT TURNERSVILLE

AMONG my early patrons won at Turnersville was old Uncle Charlie Brandon. He was quite a character. While he was as poor as a church mouse, he was one of the most amiable of men. He was not exactly a type of Mark Twain's Sellers, but had many of the eccentricities of that historic character. He would wear a boot and a shoe, would go around the village with one suspender and without a coat, and in general had a dilapidated, run-down appearance. One morning when I met him on the street, I said:

"Good morning, Uncle Charlie! How are you today?"

"I'm all right, Doc," he said; "I'm about even with the world. I owe about as many as I don't owe."

My work as a merchant increased by leaps and bounds. (If by any means you have ever before seen this expression, "by leaps and bounds," please notify me.) The business was necessarily done on credit. The store helped my practice in several ways. It gave me standing in the community, and increased my prestige as a business man. In addition to the store, other enterprises were greatly needed in the little town. It had no shoe shop. I therefore imported a shoemaker and started a shoe shop. A little later on, Mr. Keating, manager of the Turnersville flouring and corn mill and gin, having become deeply involved in debt, found it necessary to close out his interest. After some negotiations, I acquired this property (wholly on credit), and entered at once upon a career as miller, ginner and hog-raiser.

The best way to make money out of a mill is to raise hogs. There is always an immense amount of waste hog feed around a mill, and so, having seen this point at once, I stocked myself up with all sorts of hogs from Jersey to Chester White and from Leghorn to Poland China. I made large profits on my hogs, but I made nothing whatsoever on my mill and gin. I soon found myself certainly a "leading citizen." I was the young and growing country doctor, the keeper of a drug and general store, the proprietor of a shoe shop and of the "Tramontane Mills"—the poetic name conferred by my predecessor upon the flouring mill which I had bought.

In the meantime, there had been so much talk about my youth that I decided to checkmate the gossip by associating myself with an older physician. I naturally thought of my dear Crawford friend, Dr. T. D. Williams, whereupon I wrote him, tendering him a partnership in my medical practice. While I felt that his coming would be greatly helpful to me as a doctor, it would also relieve me somewhat, and allow me to give more time to the other interests that had fallen into my hands. He responded favorably.

Dr. Williams was one of the noblest characters I have ever known. He was college bred, not only literarily, but professionally, and was the best informed physician that I knew in my earlier years. He was educated in chemistry, botany, anatomy, physiology, therapy, histology, pathology and, in fact, was master of all branches of medical science. He was also a splendid pharmacist and proved himself to be of quite some value in my drug work.

Dr. Williams did not remain my partner long. He saw very quickly that he was a misfit, and was just as frank to tell me so. It grieved me as much as it grieved him. I loved him tenderly, and I cherish his memory today as that of one of the dearest friends I ever knew. I received from him

some impressions that have lingered with me through all my after years.

Once I was discussing with him the question of secret societies. He was a Royal Arch Mason, a member of the Odd Fellows and of some of the other lodges, and had been an honored officer in several of them. I asked whether or not I should make application to the Turnersville Masonic Lodge for membership. More than once it had entered my mind. He answered that every good man was already enough of a Mason without joining a Masonic Lodge, and that no bad man could ever be made into a good Mason, no matter how many times he took the obligation of the lodge. After his own fashion he held the same view that had been given me some years before by Mr. Davis, proprietor of the Waco Hotel, where I often stopped when I went from Crawford down to Waco to collect my monthly salary as teacher of the public school. Mr. Davis said that if the common ties of humanity were not strong enough to bind men together in fraternal bonds, no oaths they could take would serve to create such bonds.

Dr. Williams soon moved to another locatiton. I saw little of him in after years. Some twenty years after his Turnersville residence, I heard sadly of his death, and mourned his loss as the going of a great, good man and one whom I dearly loved.

XXXVII

BREAKING INTO THE NEWSPAPER BUSINESS

ALL of my Turnersville interests grew apace until, when the year 1881 opened, I found myself not only successful as a doctor, but enjoying a splendid trade as a merchant, a miller and a shoe shop proprietor, I felt that Turnersville as a town ought to grow and enlarge, and so the thought entered into my mind that if I had a little monthly paper to advertise my different lines, and proclaim the advantages of Turnersville as a business point, it would help things all around. The result was that February 1, 1881, there appeared the first issue of *The Turnersville Effort*, a two-column folio monthly, with a subscription price of twenty-five cents a year.

The demand for the little sheet was sensational. Subscriptions poured in from all surrounding sections. They came from Jonesboro, Babbville, and even from Gatesville, fourteen miles away. I was greatly surprised at the reception accorded this journalistic venture. In the meantime, I had achieved some local reputation as the Turnersville correspondent of *The Gatesville Sun*, a county weekly. Coincident with this literary effort, I was still writing weekly letters to *The Waco Telephone*, and kept this up during all the time of my Turnersville residence.

The demand for the paper grew, and it was soon evident that it would have to be enlarged. When we came to the time for publishing the April issue, it appeared as a five-column, eight-page paper at fifty cents a year.

About this time, I found it necessary to enlarge my mer-

chandise stock and employ a bookkeeper and assistant. My friend, P. R. Hobin, who had been at work in the store of Uncle Johnnie Henderson, was secured as my assistant at a salary of \$50 a month. This was a very large salary for that time and place. I found Mr. Hobin a very faithful coadjutor. He was a man of keen intellect and high honor. He was as witty as could be, and although a Roman Catholic in religion, was not a narrow man in his religious or political views. He was one of my first and most faithful patrons when I began my medical practice at Turnersville, and as long as I continued in the practice of medicine there, I looked after him and his family. He died only a year or so before this chronicle was penned, leaving a modest fortune which he accumulated at Turnersville after I left there.

It was thus that our affairs went on hopefully and prosperously until the spring of 1882. The engineer of my mill and gin was Watt Barrett, a man of large heart and massive frame. He was one of the truest men with whom it was ever my pleasure to labor. One early spring evening of 1882, I went down to visit Watt Barrett. He was living in the house which we had occupied when we first went to Turnersville—the little two-room home that cost me \$3 a month. By this time the rent had been advanced, but Watt received \$12 a week, and he was able to pay the rent, and at the same time make a substantial living for his family.

We sat on the front steps and discussed matters pertinent to the mill and our other enterprises. He had been greatly impressed by the little monthly paper. Meantime the news had gone forth that the Cotton Belt railroad was slowly making its way from Waco to Gatesville, the county seat. Up to that time, there had never been a line of railway in Coryell County, the nearest railroad station being Crawford in McLennan County. The Santa Fe railroad had been projected from Galveston north about 1878, and was completed up that far with passenger trains running even beyond, as

early as the spring of 1882. As we sat there discussing all these matters, Watt Barrett said:

“Why do you not give up your medical practice, close out your store, your mill and your other interests here, secure a printing outfit, and start a weekly paper at Gatesville?”

This had never before entered my mind. The suggestion was as distinctly epochal in my own life as another incident of like kind had been in the life of Mark Twain. When he was nineteen years of age, he was a cub printer on a Hannibal, Mo., newspaper. As he was going to the office, a page had blown loose from *The Life of Joan of Arc* and blew into his face. He read the page, and it changed the course of his life. It is one of the most marvelous incidents ever chronicled.

In this smaller sphere and humbler life, Watt Barrett's suggestion was just as revolutionary. It was the seed thought that eventuated in a new career. I had already thought about the project of securing type and a printing outfit, and starting a weekly paper at Turnersville, but was startled into the abandonment of that project by the visit of a remarkable Texas character. Late one evening in December, 1881, two almost frozen horseback travelers drew up at my Turnersville store and came in to thaw out. It was a time of snow, sleet and ice, with the mercury hovering around zero. Turnersville boasted no hotel, so I invited them to my home. Soon we were all seated around our open fireplace and the men were returning to normality. It was a happy evening for us. Travelers of the brilliancy and intellectual acumen of M. B. Davis did not come our way often. He was en route to Fort Worth to work on *The Democrat*.

After supper we launched out upon the waves of literary discussion, and there was scarcely anything left untouched in the range of familiar literature. Meantime I had told Mr. Davis that I was at that time conducting a monthly journal at Turnersville, and advised him of the plan on which this paper was published. I stated that I had thought I would

secure a printing outfit, press, type, etc., and enlarge the paper to a weekly. He turned upon me with a suddenness that was startling, and exclaimed :

“ Avoid it, sir, as you would the grip of the devil ! ”

This, in the language of the litterateur, gave me pause. (To the Printer: Spell this word p-a-u-s-e, not p-a-w-s.)

I was deeply impressed by this stranger's injunction, and upon maturer reflection abandoned the plan entirely. Next morning our stranger friends went on, but I had not seen the last of M. B. Davis. In later years, he was for a long time my neighbor in Waco, at which point he did service on several of the newspapers, and was for many years correspondent for *The Dallas News*. He has left the walks of men to try the realities of another world. He was an exceedingly bright man, versatile as a reporter, virile and luminous as a writer, and in personal appearance very much resembled the late Mark Twain.

Acting on Watt Barrett's suggestion, plans were inaugurated for beginning the Gatesville weekly. In May, 1882, I journeyed to Houston to attend the annual meeting of the Texas Press Association. I had never met with the Texas editors, and this trip was a great event. On that visit, I met W. M. Bamberg, a dealer in presses, type and printers' supplies. He had a second-hand outfit, consisting of a Washington hand press, body and job type, and other material. A little later in the month, I gave the order for this material, and had it shipped to Gatesville, via Crawford. In the meantime, I busied myself with the steps necessary to closing out my Turnersville affairs. I sold my flouring mill, closed up the shoe shop, and began to reduce my stock of drygoods and groceries. I did not stand upon the order of the proceeding after my mind had been fully made up.

I have not told heretofore that my father had become interested with me in the store. He always had a notion that he would succeed as a merchant, and when I began the Tur-

nersville store, he very soon became so much interested that he proposed to buy a half interest in the business. I gladly sold him the half interest, but he was not financially interested in any of my other lines of business.

He was mistaken in his mercantile ability, just as I was in mine. He was not born to be a merchant. No more was I. While as a merchant I succeeded in many ways, the traffic was too small for me. To sell a yard of calico or a ten-cent piece of soap never did appeal to me. I never liked it, and so, while we were not able to entirely close out the stock of goods while still in Turnersville, it was soon closed out, after I reached Gatesville, which was in December following.

My nearest neighbor at Turnersville was Rev. P. S. G. Watson, author of *Watson's Prophetic Interpretations*. He was then an old man, and a ripe and noble Christian. He and his dear old wife lived in the same yard with us, and it was a joy to have him for a neighbor. His book was then in manuscript. At his request, I read the manuscript, and while it was mystical and non-understandable to me in most of its discussions, I read it for the sake of my love for the dear old man. He had one peculiarity. He could not on any account endure the scent of tobacco or tobacco smoke. If he inhaled tobacco smoke, it almost threw him into convulsions. For that reason he was counted as a visionary and a crank by the common herd, but it was a congenital affliction, which in its various and sundry manifestations is true of most of us who abominate this narcotic poison. His, however, was more than an aversion. It was a physical infirmity that was irresistible.

Across the street from me in Turnersville there lived my boyhood friend, Jim Bellamy, he of the "I-think-a-horse—" speech of the old time Bastrop County debating society. Meantime he had married a second cousin of mine, a Mrs. Waller, and was succeeding well in the Turnersville country.

He had developed into a magnificent mechanic and machinist, and was looked up to on all sides by the people of that section of the State.

Another neighbor was John Mitchell and his estimable wife. They were among our best friends, and their son, Herbert Mitchell, now a man in the full flood tide of strong maturity, is still a friend whom we delight to thus esteem. He was then a boy of twelve, and was more than happy when occasion offered to assist me at the store. He was kind-hearted, genial, loyal as a friend, bright and industrious. He has made an excellent man. His dear mother passed on to be with God many years ago, but she left her impress upon the life of this strong and manly son.

It was at about this time that I rode on a railroad train for the first time. The incessant rains had rendered all the roads to Waco impassable. I therefore made my way on horseback to Crawford, took the Santa Fe train there, went around by way of Morgan, and down the Texas Central to Waco. I never shall forget the sensations I felt the first time I was really in a railroad passenger coach.

XXXVIII

ODDS AND ENDS OF THE LIFE AT TURNERSVILLE

JULY 4, 1879, was a high day at Turnersville. I was the orator of the occasion. There were thousands of people present. They came from all over Coryell County. Many notables came from Gatesville. It was an event that challenged the interest and attention of the Turnersville people to a high degree. One of the peculiarities of the Fourth of July celebration was that it rained that day. It was the last rain until after the great drouth. It was not a heavy rain. It would not have rained at all if it had not been for the celebration. It is one of the strangest perversities of nature that it rains on picnic and Fourth of July days. This great gala occasion was not an exception.

I read the Declaration of Independence, and based my address upon this patriotic American classic. The speech was not much, but the Declaration of Independence was fine. It always has been. It still is. It is like the preacher's text. It never grows old. Those who were kind enough to listen to my remarks complimented me highly upon them, but they were not at all satisfying to the speaker. Among the friends who came from Gatesville was Speight W. Oakes, familiarly known as "Chunk" Oakes. He was one of the editors of *The Gatesville Sun*. He and his brother owned the publication. Another of the friends who came was W. B. Fakes, who lived for years at Gatesville and was a lawyer of no mean note.

An incident that occurred in 1880, lingers in my memory.

My friend and fellow laborer, Bob Hobin, journeyed with me on a certain summer day to Waco. We went down to lay in our fall stock of goods. I drove my own horse to my buggy, and we had planned to make the trip of fifty miles within a day. We started early, and reached Crawford at dinner time, where we dined with my old-time friend, Uriah Tadlock. It was the time of harvest. The Tadlocks had just cut their oats. One of the boys took out my horse and fed her on the new oats. The sequel was that after we had driven to within ten miles of Waco, she took violently sick and was dead in an hour. There we were with the buggy, our little baggage, including my medical saddlebags, and our other trappings. We had to get into Waco that night. It was then about six o'clock in the evening, so we started out to make the ten-mile walk to Waco.

At the time this chronicle is penned, I am quite a pedestrian, but I was not in those days. Hobin was a good walker. He was much older than I, and had walked around America quite a good deal before he settled down at Turnersville. We fared bravely forth, leaving our belongings with the farmer, and had walked about six miles when the writer hereof began to be somewhat fagged. There was a brilliant summer moon. There came along galloping and whistling a care-free young equestrian—a typical Texas boy. I hailed him. I recited our misfortune and told him we were bound to get into Waco that night. I added that I was exceedingly tired and asked if he, out of the kindness of his heart, would walk a while and let me ride his horse. The nerve of it was admirable. Hobin afterward said so. Much to our astonishment and to my gratification, the young man alighted, and I mounted his steed. He did not see the humor of it at first, but as we journeyed on, it dawned upon him. He laughed heartily, and said:

“Here are you two men, entire strangers to me—burglars and robbers for aught I know—and one of you has talked

me into surrendering to him my horse and walking here beside the other. How do I know what you are going to do to me?"

It was thus that we walked and joked along, but in the meantime, I was achieving the object of my quest—I was riding and resting. After we had gone perhaps two miles, I suggested that it would perhaps be best for him to now take his horse and ride on into town. We were then scarcely a mile from Waco. You wonder why I did not let Hobin ride the horse for one of these miles. I know it has been on your mind ever since I began to tell this incident. The fact is that Hobin did not need to ride the horse. He was not in any sense tired, but being an Irishman and full of humor, he enjoyed the unique occasion very keenly.

I did not move my family to Gatesville at once, but *The Gatesville Advance* was issued as a weekly publication the first week in June, 1882. Meantime, the printing outfit had been transported by wagon to Gatesville, and opened up in due form. One of the first printers we secured was Peter Bartlett Lee, then the greatest tramp printer in the world. He knew all of the circumstances of our removal to Gatesville, and it was he who went to the case and set up in type without copy the leading editorial announcing the enlargement of *The Turnersville Effort* and its expansion into *The Gatesville Advance*. The editorial was headed, "We Advance," and was not only a production of exceeding interest, but was well worthy of the enterprise and of the occasion.

During the summer of 1882, while I was living at Turnersville and inaugurating the paper enterprise at Gatesville, a great revival of religion was held at Turnersville by the pastor of the Baptist Church, Rev. George W. Clark. I was still nominally identified with the Hardshell Baptists, although I had not affiliated with them in any active manner for almost three years. There was no Hardshell Baptist church at Turnersville, the nearest being over at Tilden

school house, where I had joined. I had my church letter in my trunk. When I moved to the Crawford country I transferred my church membership from the Tilden church to the Hardshell Baptist church at Osage, about eight miles from Crawford. I had since taken my letter out of the Osage church and had it at home.

When this great revival came, I was one of the constant attendants. I have never witnessed a more genuine, heart-searching, far-reaching revival of religion than was this. Hearts hitherto unused to even the thought of God were touched, and many were saved. Among the number converted, I recall Mr. Woody, an old citizen of the Turnersville community. He must have been seventy-five years of age. While always a good man, and always believing in high citizenship and good morals, he had never made any profession of religion. I was present the night of his conversion. When he had found peace with his Saviour, he went forward to unite with the church. The pastor asked him to relate his experience. He halted and hesitated, and finally said:

“I cannot describe my feelings. I only know that I have never felt this way before, and that I am now at peace with God and all mankind.”

The occasion was very impressive.

It was during this meeting that my own heart was revived. I presented my letter to the Turnersville Missionary Baptist church, and was received upon it for membership in that fraternity. It was a happy hour when I thus re-aligned myself actively in Christian work. It had been now almost six years since I had become a Christian, and I had done very little in all that time in the interest of the Master. Now, with a quickened hope in Christ, and a new resolve for activity in the work of the Redeemer, I went more happily about my tasks than had been my wont in many a day.

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT

IN the work of *The Gatesville Advance*, I had a partner. In many respects he was a most excellent man, but he could not resist the temptation of drink. I did not, however, know of this weakness. I had known him in his connection with Waco journalism, and esteemed him, not only as a man of splendid newspaper ability, but as a printer of the very highest type. He was a member of the Typographical Union, had held places on the very best dailies of the State, and was in every sense just the kind of man I needed in the work. I knew nothing whatever of the practical side of newspaper work. I did not know a shooting stick from a shooting star, nor a side stick from a side saddle. It thus became very necessary for me to have some one associated with me who would be an adept in this feature of our work. My partner admirably filled this need, and was exceedingly agreeable and industrious. His only fault was drinking, and that was difficult for him to resist in this new, bustling railroad town. While the actual rails had not yet been laid into Gatesville, everything was on tiptoe and aquiver with excitement on account of the incoming era of prosperity and expansion.

Meantime, *The Gatesville Sun* had changed hands. My old friends, C. E. and S. W. Oakes had sold the paper to W. B. Scott, a very capable newspaper man, and in all essential respects a man of splendid ability and excellent character. I spent some of my time at Gatesville, looking after the paper interest, and some of it at Turnersville looking after inter-

ests there. Gravitating from one interest to the other, I tried to keep all of the departments up to the highest mark of efficiency, but one week when I was in Turnersville, my partner, evidently under the influence of liquor, published a very virulent and unwarranted attack upon W. B. Scott, the editor of the rival paper. I knew nothing whatsoever of this article until it was in print and had reached Turnersville in the mail. I hastened to Gatesville at once, because I knew that a deliverance of that sort meant trouble. I was familiar with the temper of the people, whereas my partner, who had come up from Waco, and a little before from further East, was not yet trained to the ways of western men.

When I reached Gatesville, I found that my partner had gone to Waco. I was therefore left alone to see if matters could be adjusted. One of my printers told me that Mr. Scott had already in type in his office for publication in his paper a very vitriolic personal assault upon me. That complicated the situation, but I went forward in the pursuit of my plan just as though this article were not in type. I went promptly to Mr. Scott's office and sought an interview with him.

The old-time habit of carrying arms was still in vogue in the Coryell County section. Practically every man carried his pistol in his hip pocket. There were exceptions, but they were rare. I was thus armed when I went to call upon Mr. Scott, and I knew, when he came to the front and talked to me in the little hall of his upstairs office, that he was also armed. I went into a lengthy explanation of the situation. I told him my partner had written the article, of which he had just reason to complain; that I had nothing whatsoever to do with it; that I regretted it; that it would be retracted, and the *amende honorable* promptly made. I added that I understood he had in type an attack upon me, but trusted he would not print this attack, for the reasons already assigned.

He was obdurate. He was angry. He felt that he had

been outraged, and I agreed with him, but the fault was not mine. Finally he straightened to his full height and said :

“ Dr. Cranfill, your money bought the press and type with which *The Gatesville Advance* is printed. You are the responsible party. This partner of yours has not put a dollar into the enterprise, and I must hold you responsible for what appears in the paper.”

“ Yes, Mr. Scott,” I rejoined, “ That is all true, but the fact remains as I have already stated. I did not write the attack upon you. I do not approve of it. I greatly deprecate it, and simply wish to have the opportunity of correcting it.”

We kept on talking, one word bringing on another. Finally, after having exhausted all the patience I could command, I said plainly to Mr. Scott :

“ Now, Scott, if after all I have said to you in this matter, you go on and print your attack upon me, it will prove that you are not a gentleman.” Quick as a flash, he said :

“ You are a —— liar.”

Then the fun began. I struck him and knocked him half way down. As he straightened, he reached for his gun, but I had my revolver out and drawn, with my finger on the trigger, before he could get his out. Mine was a double-acting pistol. He would have been a dead man in five seconds, but he threw up his hands and said :

“ I am unarmed ! ”

That saved his life. I knew he was armed, but this prompt act of his saved me from the horrible deed that I was on the eve of committing.

I put my revolver back into my pocket, and as he turned to retreat into his office, I walked down stairs. When I reached the bottom of the stairs, I was the worst scared man that had ever stood on Coryell County soil. The terrible realization of what had almost happened frightened me almost to death. I went down into the Leon River bottom to

think the matter over. I had no unkind feeling for Mr. Scott, and would not have hurt him for the world. He had really given me no offense, and while the circumstances occurred just as I have related them, I bore him no malice and wished in the bottom of my heart that the whole terribly awkward situation had never been precipitated.

I meditated further. There I was, almost a stranger in Gatesville, without a friend upon whom I could rely, and there he was in the town of his birth, where everybody knew him, and where all the citizens were his friends. I felt perfectly sure that before the matter ended, one or both of us would have to die. After thinking the matter through, I started back to my office to face whatever crisis might arise. In the meantime, twilight had come, and as I approached my office, I could scarcely tell who the gentleman was that awaited me in my office door. I was ready at a moment's signal for self defense, but on reaching the office, found that the man who was waiting was none other than Mr. McMullen, an old-time printer who was working on *The Gatesville Sun* under Mr. Scott. Reaching the office, Mr. McMullen handed me a note from Mr. Scott.

I felt then that a duel would have to be fought that night. I was perfectly sure Mr. Scott had sent a challenge. The plan would be, perhaps, to go down to the banks of the Leon river, step off ten or fifteen paces, as the case might be, square ourselves and shoot it out. That would be one way of settling it, and there was no doubt that McMullen bore me a proposal thus to adjust our difficulty.

On opening the missive, however, my delight knew no bounds. It was an apology! After thinking the matter over—Mr. Scott had been thinking while I had been thinking—he saw the error of his way. He realized that he had been hasty and unreasonable, and the note so stated. He asked me to come to his office at once and let us shake hands, make peace and be friends for the balance of our lives.

I have received a great many letters in my time—I suppose a thousand bushel basketfuls. I have been a letter writer and a letter receiver all my life in the most majestic fashion, but I state it here as a fact that I never received any letter from any source whatsoever, (except from the woman that I love more than all women on the earth,) that so charmed me as this note from Mr. Scott.

I took my printer, W. D. Shaw, of whom more hereafter, and marching over with old man McMullen, we went to Mr. Scott's office. He was in the best of humor, we shook hands, we made mutual explanations, asked each other's pardon, and from that day until this have been the best of friends.

To anticipate our story just a little, I met Scott next in Monterey, Mexico. Soon after the incident to which I have referred, he sold out his interest in *The Gatesville Sun*, and left Gatesville to return no more. He went to Mexico, prepared himself for the work of dentistry and when the Texas Press Association gave its excursion into Monterey the following May, Scott was one of the first men to meet me at the train, and he gave me a gorgeous reception. He had almost mastered the Spanish language, and while I had a talking knowledge of Spanish, his proficiency was so much greater than mine that his kindness to me was of the greatest value. I was glad to see him, to grasp his hand again, and look into his noble, friendly face.

This was my first practical experience with the worm of the still in its deadly diabolism. There I was, for no fault of my own, a victim of the whiskey my partner had drunk. I have heard again and oft that if you "let whiskey alone it will let you alone." There never was a greater fallacy. I had let whiskey alone, but had almost stained my hands in the blood of one of the best citizens of Coryell County on account of the whiskey another man had drunk.

This was not to be my last struggle with whiskey or the whiskey business. At that time, I had not really awoke to

the deadly doings of the liquor traffic. Reared in Hardshell Baptist atmosphere, I had been trained by my associates to the belief that whiskey, temperately used, was not dangerous or deleterious. My sweet mother had taught me from my childhood that there was nothing good in whiskey from any standpoint whatsoever, but the Hardshell Baptist brotherhood did not share her views. It was common for their ministers to take their drinks. I have rarely known a Hardshell preacher who was not an anti-prohibitionist.

A story (for the truthfulness of which I do not vouch) was told of the Hardshell Baptists, that when the old Providence association met with the church near Luling, where Uncle Jim Baker was pastor, that, following the convocation, the young men picked up two wagon loads of empty whiskey bottles. Uncle Jim Baker, however, vociferously and emphatically averred that it was a lie. He said there was only one wagon load of bottles picked up!

When we first began the publication of *The Gatesville Advance*, we admitted whiskey advertising. It seemed all right, but at that time I had not fully analyzed the situation. It dawned upon me later, more of which hereafter. My partner was such a splendid patron of the Gatesville saloons that we were almost overrun with saloon advertising. His saloon bill was about \$100 a month, and it was charged against his interest in the paper and credited on the advertising account of the various saloons where he did his drinking.

XL

THE LIFE AT GATESVILLE

THE first thing I determined upon, after having become duly installed as editor of *The Gatesville Advance*, was to learn the printing business. I have made it a rule of my life to respect the motto of Benjamin Franklin, who said :

“ He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.”

I have never been in any line of business that I did not master. When I was a cowboy, I “busted” bronchos and played the game according to the rules. When I was a country school teacher, I learned all of the details of that line of endeavor. When I was a country doctor, I sought to perform the tasks to which I had set my hand with intelligence and capability, and now that I had once stained my hands in printer’s ink (a deadly thing to do) I found it absolutely essential to learn the art of printing. Our type faces were long primer, now called ten point, and brevier, now called eight point. I not only familiarized myself with the art of setting type, but I became an expert roller and pressman. There were perilous times in the Gatesville printing office. It was a magnificent summer office, but it was entirely too well ventilated for even a Texas winter. The house belonged to Dr. J. B. Wills, the Universalist preacher, who had also been in his time a doctor. It was constructed of rawhide lumber, and the merciless summer sun had warped and twisted the planks until there were vast aper-

tures in the walls. It was impossible to warm this room when winter came. The only way we could run off an edition of *The Advance* was to secure a big pot, build a charcoal fire in it, and set the fire under the bed of the press. In that way we were enabled to keep the ink sufficiently warm to roll on to the forms, and thus cause the type to make an impression on the white sheet of paper.

Many were the nights that we worked literally all night long. It was imperative to get the papers in the mail by Saturday morning at sunrise, in order that they might be distributed and sent out to the country postoffices. I would carry the sacks of mail on my back to the postoffice. It had two advantages: One was it saved twenty-five cents; the other was that it delivered the papers at the postoffice without delay.

At that time Gatesville and all West Texas was in a rather unsettled condition. We were in the throes of passing from the frontier regime to a civilized state, and had not yet quite shed the old order, nor had we yet taken on the new. Gatesville had ten saloons in a population of 1500. That was one to every 150 of the population. There were frequent assassinations in the county, and a number of white men were summarily mobbed. It was not a difficult task to identify the liquor business with these murders. They went hand in hand. And then the liquor business played its part when these criminals were brought to book and tried for their crimes. There were perhaps never truer officers than we had then. Our district judge was the lamented T. L. Nugent, and our district attorney was C. K. Bell, who recently died in Fort Worth. Jim Lanham was sheriff. They were good men and true, but they were hampered by the frontier system. Juries were not secured in the court house. They were selected the night before in a saloon—not all of the jurors, mind you, but just enough of them. This reminds me of a compliment, if it can be called a compliment, that



J. B. CRANFILL, WHEN EDITOR OF THE GATESVILLE ADVANCE.

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Judge George Clark, of Waco, once paid to an old-time lawyer friend of mine. Speaking of this lawyer Judge Clark said, "He is the best *outside* lawyer I ever knew."

Up to that time, I had not awoken to the iniquities of the liquor traffic. We still ran liquor advertising, and while it was valuable chiefly in order that my partner might pay his liquor bills, at the same time it ingratiated us with the liquor element, and indirectly with the mob element. But this friendliness could not continue. In the early spring of 1883 Gatesville was visited by two very disastrous fires, both originating in saloons. The result of this was that I editorially denounced the firebugs who had been willing to jeopardize the interests of an entire community in order that they might burn their whiskey shops and collect the insurance. This infuriated the liquor men. Very soon I was taken to task by one of them, who told me that in consequence of the editorial I had published, he would never advertise any more in my paper. I replied:

"No, Jim, you never will, nor will any other liquor man. From this time forward you liquor dealers cannot buy space in *The Advance* for love nor money."

I went to the office, went to my case and set up an editorial with my own hands without copy, headed "No More Saloon Advertisements." It created a profound sensation as far as the influence of *The Gatesville Advance* extended. Not only that, but it was copied extensively in temperance and prohibition papers throughout the country, and I found that I had achieved a national reputation. The step that I had taken had promised to me a very heavy loss, not only of immediate financial returns, but of the sympathy of an element which hitherto had been my friends. However, new subscribers began to pour in from various parts of the State, and even from other States, and what I had thought would be a great loss proved in many ways to be a great gain, which reminds me of what Sam Jones once said: "God

will feed an honest man if He has to put the angels on half rations."

But this did not end my troubles. They had only begun. The liquor element set its face against me like flint, and so did the mob element. About that time three men were murdered at Pecan Grove, some twelve miles below Gatesville. I denounced the murderers in emphatic terms, with the result that the mob element were further infuriated. So great was their indignation that a leader of the "boys," so-called, came up to Gatesville and sought a personal interview with me. It was the time of the full moon. He found me in John Hammack's saloon, where I had gone to report the attempted assassination of old man Lingo. I had found Lingo stretched out on the saloon floor with what seemed at that time a fatal cut in his head. He, however, afterwards recovered. While we were gathered around his prostrate form, Uncle Joe Henderson pulled me by the coat sleeve and said,

"Doc, I would like to see you privately a minute."

We walked out to the court house steps. The town was built around the court house square. It was a beautiful, bright spring night. We sat on the court house steps, and he began his conversation as follows:

"Doc, the boys all like you, but lately your denunciations of them and their friends are such that I fear we older heads will not be able to restrain them. You cut down on them awfully hard in connection with the Pecan Grove killing, and they asked me to come up here and see you and ask you if you wouldn't let up."

I turned full upon Uncle Joe, with whom I had always been quite friendly, and said:

"Uncle Joe, you go back and tell the boys that the only way to get me to let up is for *them* to let up. I will denounce every mob murder that occurs in this county, and not only that, I will publish the names of the murderers if I can ascer-



MRS. J. B. (OLLIE ALLEN) CRANFILL.

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tain who they are. You go back and tell the boys that when they come up to Gatesville to mob me, as you indicate, I will be at home down on Leon Street, and will get more of them than they do of me."

I thus put on a very bold front, but I none the less realized my danger. I was dealing with a desperate situation, and confronting the most dangerous men ever schooled in the West. I did not count my life of any great value in those days, because after Uncle Joe's visit, and even before, I had realized that I might be shot down any moment.

Under a full sense of the situation, I had gone to the hardware firm of Fellrath & Sanders and ordered the latest model Colt revolver, 45 calibre. I had ordered it made at the factory with a short barrel, so it would fit my hip pocket. I had studied and practiced surgery, and was also well versed in all of the traditions of the frontier. I knew that one might fatally wound an antagonist with a small calibre bullet and yet be killed by him, but I knew equally well that if you were able to land a 45 calibre bullet in a man's anatomy he would be too sick to continue the struggle.

Mind you, I never did want to hurt any of God's creatures. I shrank from inflicting pain, yet at the same time I was set to do my duty, as God gave me light and strength to see my duty, and I did not mean for any desperado to shoot me down like a dog if I could have the opportunity of seeing him first and defending my life.

I was scared, beyond a doubt, but not enough to deter me from standing four square to every breeze that blew. Every one of the old citizens of Gatesville who are left living, will testify to every word I am here writing down.

XLI

MORE ABOUT THE LIFE AT GATESVILLE

ABOUT this time an amusing incident occurred which served to relieve the tension and tedium of our editorial life. At three o'clock one bitter cold morning, in the winter of 1883, there was a knock at my door. The night was as crisp and clear as it had been on December 8, 1878, when John Stull was killed. The air had the same tang and tingle in it. We were always prepared for the mob. Living with me at that time were two printers—W. D. Shaw and Tom Kinsey. These boys were as brave as lions, and as true as steel. Every night when we retired, each one of us left his revolver out on a little table in easy reach of his right hand, so that we would be ready for any emergency that might arise.

On this crisp winter morning, when the knock was heard at my door, all of us were up in a second, because we were sure the mob had come. My wife, just as brave as any woman ever was, jumped out of bed as I did. I told her to get behind the door, turn the bolt, and open it three or four inches so that I might look out and see who it was. Meanwhile I cocked my pistol and the other boys cocked theirs, taking strategic positions by my side. The early morning visitor evidently heard the clicks of the guns. He was quick to yell out:

“Doc, don't you know who this is? It is Layton McDonald!”

I knew the voice and at once said: “Layton, what on earth are you doing here at this hour of the night?”

He responded: "I have stolen John Pancake's girl and have come to your house to get married."

The door was opened and the young couple, warm with love, but almost frozen otherwise, were ushered into the front room. All of us dressed as quickly as possible, struck up a fire, I went by the home of Dr. R. J. Perry, my dear old doctor Methodist preacher friend, woke him up, told him to dress, and then hurried on and got the marriage license. By four o'clock I had the preacher there, and he married the runaway couple in short and handsome order.

It was about this time that Henry Lee ran for city marshal. He was the most dangerous man then in that part of Western Texas. Bill Babb had left behind him no real successor. But Lee was with us, and was even more to be dreaded than Babb, because he was devoid of all the higher and nobler principles, some of which Babb held. He kept the saloon at the corner of Main Street and the square. He was an avowed enemy to all righteousness and to all orderly municipal government. The man that ran against him was John W. Boyd, a member of the Baptist church, and while not aggressive, he was a man of splendid character, and was capable in every way of making us a good city marshal.

The campaign was short, but hot. Every available vote, so far as we could at that time discover, was brought to the polls, with the result that when the ballots were counted Boyd had polled 99 votes and Henry Lee 98. That night all of us expected trouble. Every man of us was armed and ready for the fray.

The next day, Henry Lee, through his attorney, filed a contest of the election on the ground that one of the men who had voted against him lived outside the corporation. This was found to be true, with the result that a new election was ordered to be held within ten days, and thus the fun (if such tragedy can ever be called fun) was to be had all over again. If the first election was hot, the second was

seven times hotter than was its wont. Every law-abiding citizen in Gatesville bestirred himself, went out into the byways and hedges and worked like a Trojan, but you must not doubt that the liquor element worked also. They are always on the job. You never can ambush a liquorite, no matter where he is. The friends of the saloon have this universal quality of aggressive and intelligent activity every time their business is in any wise menaced.

None of us who passed through that ten days' campaign will ever forget the incidents that made it memorable. Time after time we were right on the eve of desperate encounters, but by some good stroke of fortune the crisis would pass and open armed hostility would be delayed.

When election day came, every man, woman and child in town was on the *qui vive*. We adopted tactics on that election day that had been absent ten days before. Carriages were employed, and old, decrepit, crippled men from both sides were brought to the polls. When the vote was finally counted it was found Boyd had polled 107 votes and Lee 106.

I had very little hope of living through that second election night, because I had been a very conspicuous figure in both campaigns. One of my truest yoke fellows was Rab Dickey. When the result was announced, there was wild applause on the part of the law-abiding element, in which Dickey and I joined. Soon the crowd dispersed, and Dickey and I started up Rat Row in the direction of our homes. As we passed by a little alleyway on Rat Row, we heard the click of revolvers. We didn't remain in that spot at all. Neither of us was made of India rubber, but we literally bounced out of the range of those familiar, but deadly sounds.

After we had stepped out of the range of the dark alleyway, we paused and wheeled around to face the would-be assassins. Not a sound was heard. No one stirred. You

may wonder, gentle reader, why we did not go back that way. We did not want to! It was getting late, and we knew that supper was ready.

John W. Boyd was promptly installed as marshal, and the liquor business and the "toughs" of Gatesville never afterwards quite had the strength and prestige they had hitherto enjoyed.

At about this time I narrowly escaped assassination. The facts were recited to me the following day by Shaw. He went on one of his periodic sprees and wound up finally at Henry Lee's saloon. He was so drunk he could not get out of the saloon, so in order to dispose of him for the night, they kicked him under one of the billiard tables. He had a peculiar cast of mind, drunk or sober, the drunk peculiarity being that, while he would lose his power of locomotion, he retained to a remarkable degree his consciousness and memory of every passing event. That night, after the game of billiards was about concluded, and after the stragglers had wandered out of the saloon, Shaw overheard a conspiracy between Henry Lee and one of his associates to murder me.

I worked much at night. Sometimes this work would be done at the office and sometimes at home. If typesetting was to be done, or if the paper was to be put to press (and this happened twice a week, because we could only print one side at a time) we worked at the office at night. On the other evenings in the week, if we were not far behind with our typesetting, I would carry a bundle of exchanges home with me, pull the window shades down tightly, as I always did in those days, summer and winter, and do my newspaper reading and editorial work after my wife and babies were asleep. Far, far into the morning I would read, clip, write, paste, and browse through the fields of literature, current, ancient and modern.

On this particular night, however, I was working in my

office, as Henry Lee and his co-conspirators ascertained before the plan to murder me was consummated. My office was on Leon Street, but it was my custom every night to go by the meat market and get a steak for breakfast. Fisher Wells was the market man. He kept his market open until late at night. When we were merely setting type, as was the case on this particular night, we went home rather early, say not later than eleven o'clock. After passing the market, I would go down Main Street, until I came to Carter's lumber yard, through which there was a passage way. It was neither a street nor an alley, but it was a passage way that ran from street to street, through which pedestrians and wagons might pass. Shaw heard the conspirators agree to waylay me in Carter's lumber yard and assassinate me as I went home that night. There my good friend lay, utterly powerless to give an alarm, and yet in mortal terror of the frightful event soon to be enacted in the death of his best friend.

But I did not go by the market, nor through Carter's lumber yard that night! One of those strange, mysterious, inexplicable changes came. I went down Leon Street, neglecting the market entirely, and thus escaping instant death at the hands of my enemy.

I believe that it was God's providence that thus preserved my life.

I have tested it on many occasions, and up to the hour of writing this chronicle I have believed in God's over-ruling and guiding hand in the lives of His creatures. Only this very afternoon, as I was coming out of the building where my office is, the elevator fell to the ground, but it did not start to fall until we were within three feet of the ground. I came down from the seventh floor and it might just as easily have started at the seventh floor and fallen eighty feet, as to have started three feet from the bottom. But that is God's way. He keeps us and preserves us.

Next morning Shaw told me all about the incidents of the night before, and this made me doubly careful. I never did go through Carter's lumber yard at night after that. I always went down the other street. This was not because I was afraid. I found it was nearer down Leon Street!

During those days, I never left my wife and babies any morning that I did not expect to be brought home on a litter. As I kissed them goodbye at the cottage gate and wended my way to my office, I felt in my soul that I might never see them again in this life. They were perilous times—so perilous that threats were made on every hand. One of these threats was made by a man out in the country. He had taken deadly offense at a paragraph in my paper, and had written me that he would shoot me on sight. He added that he would come to town, backed up by his friends, and that I might be ready.

If you have never confronted a situation of such gravity, you do not know exactly how a man feels when he lives, moves, breathes, eats and sleeps in such an atmosphere. Moreover, there are very few men upon whom you can call in emergencies like this to stand by you out in the open, let the consequences be what they may. But I had one such friend in Gatesville in the person of my printer, W. D. Shaw. Tom Kinsey, the printer lad, was equally brave, but he was still a boy. Shaw was a man grown, a native of North Carolina, a graduate of the University of Virginia, a man of magnificent mental equipment, and yet one who had gone to the devil through drink. In his sober moments, he was one of the brightest men it has ever been my pleasure to know, but he debauched himself with whiskey so often that his intellect was greatly blunted by these periodic indulgencies.

The difficulty I confronted was in protecting myself from all sides at the same time. When threatened with an invasion of a crowd of men, all bent upon my destruction, I

felt that I would be at a great disadvantage. Shaw told me that he would go with me on the street and look one way while I looked the other. The following Saturday I was notified that this man and his friends had come to town and were making all kinds of threats. I never did relish the idea of dreading impending danger. If there is trouble to confront, I want to go and look it in the face, take its dimensions, reckon with it and get through with the job. Acting upon this principle, Shaw and I put our guns in our pockets and fared forth. Mind you, we were not hunting this man and his friends, but we went out on the street as a simple notification to them that we were not going to hunt our holes when the like of them came to town. We saw them up on the corner of the square. They were a little to one side and almost on the way to the postoffice. We walked quietly without noise or ostentation on towards the postoffice, where really we needed to transact a little item of business. The braggadocio desperado looked at us as we passed, but did not move. If he had moved a muscle, the fun would have begun. He contemplated us, and so did his three friends, but not one of them, so far as we could tell, even batted an eye. We went on our way to the post-office, transacted our business, and came on back, conscious that our danger from that source was at an end. The best possible cure for desperadoism of this kind is a steady nerve and a brave front. We had these two attributes in plenty, and it was thus that the bloodless battle ended, and never again did we hear of any threats from this Osage man or his confreres.

But there was constant and real danger from the Coryell County mob. One of the ringleaders in all of the devilment in Coryell County was Henry Lee. I always dreaded him. I felt that at one time or another I would have to meet him in mortal combat. Upon one occasion, when I was the speaker of the day at a picnic up toward Hamilton, Lee was

present. I made as strong a temperance address as I could put into words. He heard it all, and as I was concluding my address, Pleas Post, now an honored official of Coryell County, and who was at that time a printer in my office, whispered to me that we were to be assaulted by Henry Lee and his crowd. Pleas Post was a man of nerve, and was my friend. A man by the name of Ross had also gone up to this picnic with me, and he was one of the substantial citizens of Gatesville.

However, the contemplated attack was not made. Our prohibition meeting reached a very happy ending without any hostile move being made by the liquor forces. As Ross and I went on back toward Gatesville, we observed Henry Lee on the farther side of his horse waiting down in the bed of a creek. This seemed to us a very significant attitude, but I thought that he would scarcely make an attack upon two of us while he was alone. I do not to this day understand the meaning of this attitude of his. I was on speaking terms with Lee. Although in our secret hearts we were deadly enemies, we had never ceased to speak to each other as we passed on the street. For some reason he did not like Mr. Ross. Not that they had at that time ever had any trouble, but Ross was a member of the Methodist church, was a friend of law and order, and he and Lee were traditional enemies. We went on our way towards home, and thus the exercises of the day ended, but the incident was not forgotten.

During this period, I became the county lecturer for the United Friends of Temperance. This official position made it incumbent upon me to organize temperance societies throughout the county. I organized twelve temperance councils—all of them live, aggressive and full of energy. We had a strong county organization, and from time to time held county-wide meetings at Gatesville. All this time *The Gatesville Advance* every week was battling for tem-

perance and prohibition. The liquor men were not yet greatly alarmed, but they might as well have been, because the organization of these twelve temperance councils in Coryell County sounded the death knell of the Coryell County saloons. The culmination was not reached for many years. I was living at Waco when the Gatesville saloons were finally banished, but the initial stages of that happy consummation were begun when these temperance councils sprang into being.

In 1884 the temperance element in the county dominated the County Democratic Convention. As editor of the paper, I enjoyed quite a degree of prestige, and I had increased my clientele in a temperance way by making the acquaintance in their own respective neighborhoods, of the leading temperance workers of the county. The result was that I was chosen as a delegate to the State Democratic Convention, which met during the summer of 1884 at Houston. I was ardent in my advocacy of the temperance reform. I believed that the State Democracy should put itself on record as against the liquor business in all its forms. Acting upon that conviction, I introduced into the convention a prohibition resolution. However, before introducing this resolution I had submitted the question to a number of the leading temperance men of the State, some of whom I had learned to know. The first man I approached was a rather distinguished lawyer, who had come down to represent another county. He was a much older man than I, and had a wider acquaintance. I sought to impress him with the great good that would ensue from his introduction of the resolution. He made the traditional political excuses. I then sought out a Sunday School superintendent whom I knew, and laid the case before him, with the same result. Like the priest and the Levite, each passed by on the other side. I found that if a temperance resolution was to be intro-

duced, I would have to do it, and, at a proper time in the proceedings, I read the resolution.

It produced a sensation. Such a thing had never happened before in a Texas Democratic Convention. A German delegate from San Antonio was the first to secure the floor. He said:

“Meester Shairman! I moofe dat de resolootion which de shintleman centrodoos be laid upon de dable, and de shintleman wheech centrodoos de resolootion be laid oonder de dable!”

His motion was greeted with wild applause. He had struck a keynote. The great Texas Democracy had rediscovered itself. It was against prohibition. There was a second to the German's motion, but in the hullabaloo that followed, the “ayes” and “nos” were drowned, and no one has ever known just how the vote stood. The resolution certainly was laid upon the table, but the mover of the resolution was not laid under the table. That happened to a large number of the delegates later in the sessions, after they had made the rounds of the Houston saloons. I saw quite a number of them *hors du combat* through their indulgence in the Democratic beverage.

Things up Gatesville way were reaching a culmination. Henry Lee was becoming a little more aggressive in his advocacy of the liquor business, a little more dare-devil all the time, a little less regardful of the feelings of others. Upon a day during the summer of 1884 he was in a room in the Commercial Hotel. The same man, Ross, of whom I have already spoken, went into the hotel to collect a bill from a woman who was a friend to Henry Lee. When Ross went in to collect his furniture bill (he was a furniture dealer), Henry Lee, who was in the woman's room, arose, cursed him and ordered him out. Ross retreated backward, realizing that he was in danger of assassination. As he backed down the hall, Lee followed him, and feeling safe in bull-

dozing Ross, whom he believed to be a coward, he started to grab Ross by the collar, and at the same time made a move to draw his own revolver from his right hip pocket. Ross was quicker than Lee. He reached his gun first and shot Lee through the heart. As he fell, he shot him again through the right leg. The only words that escaped from Lee's lips were "Oh, Lord!" as he fell. It was perhaps the first time he had used the Lord's name, except in profanity, in many years.

The news of the killing spread in the little town like wild-fire. My partner in the publication of *The Advance* had changed. At that time the man was John Post, one of the truest, noblest and most honorable men it has ever been my pleasure to know. I had heard the two shots, but did not know what the firing was about. Mr. Post ran up the stairs, announced that Henry Lee had been killed at the Commercial Hotel, and ran down again. I rushed to the Commercial Hotel, and was one of the first that reached the scene. A dozen others had preceded me. Being the newspaper man of the town, the good friends were quick to make way for me to get into the hall where the dead man lay. Meantime, Ross had gone down the street, with his smoking pistol in his hand, toward the court house, that he might surrender to the sheriff.

Lee lay on his back with his right hand under him still more I knew that we never could have genuine prohibition gripping the handle of his revolver. Death always solemnizes me, and while I rejoiced in my heart that this desperado had been killed, I felt sad, after all, to see him lying there still and ghastly in the embrace of death. One of the men who had preceded me in viewing the dead man was a Methodist preacher, Rev. J. W. Shook. He and I were good friends. He waited for me to come out of the hotel. As I emerged from the hall where the dead man lay, Shook looked up into my face. I expected him to say, "Great

pity, wasn't it?" or some such remark as that, but he didn't. He raised his hat a little, and looking up from under the brim, he said, "Fine shot, wasn't it?"

Ross was speedily tried. The grand jury indicted him so that he might be acquitted. The jury adjudged him not guilty without leaving the box. Thus ended the career of one of the most desperate men it has ever been mine to know.

The following week one of my subscribers, Uncle Tom Winters, was in town. He was County Commissioner of Precinct No. 8, was an old citizen, and much loved and respected. When I came upon Uncle Tom, I asked:

"Uncle Tom, what do the people out in the western part of the county think of the killing of Henry Lee?"

He turned to me, squared himself, and in his old-time, frontier vernacular, he made answer:

"Well, Doc, I've been livin' in Coryell County now nigh onto twenty-five year, and as you know, I have knowed of a heap of killin's, but I have never knowed one that give sich general satisfaction."

That was the universal verdict. Yet, Lee had his following, and these were greatly stirred up over his death. Ross, after his acquittal, found the danger to his life too great in Gatesville, so he disposed of his business and went back to Arkansas, where he took a position as deputy sheriff. One night, while on his way home, some assassin fired from ambush and shot him dead. The assassin was a Coryell County friend of Lee. I think I know who killed him. He lived in the Eagle Springs community near my old-time counsellor, Uncle Joe Henderson. He was a bosom friend of Henry Lee and followed Ross to Arkansas, awaited a favorable opportunity, and sent a bullet crashing through

his brain. I could give his name here, but I do not think it would be safe.

I am not afraid.

I am prudent.

He was a young man at that time, and it has been but a little over thirty years since these tragedies occurred. I am still living in Texas and it is not an awfully long way from Coryell County to Dallas.

Sabe, V.?



XLII

AN ENLARGING FIELD

DURING the very year 1884 in which I attended the Democratic State Convention as a delegate and introduced the temperance resolution, St. John and Daniel, nominated for president and vice-president, by the National Prohibition party, polled 154,000 votes. That was the year of the first election of Grover Cleveland, the fact being that the activity of the National Prohibition party in the State of New York diverted enough votes from the Republican ticket to insure the election of Mr. Cleveland, whose plurality in New York was about 1,300. I still claimed allegiance to the Democratic National party, and when the news of Cleveland's election reached Gatesville. I was one of the leaders in the big torch-light procession, and one of the speakers at the ratification of the election of the first Democratic president since the Civil War. I did not know very much of the National Prohibition party movement, which had begun at Columbus, Ohio, in 1869. I had never heard of the National Prohibition party until the 1884 campaign, and even then gave it scant attention.

But having so actively and ardently advocated the temperance and prohibition reform, I had attracted attention throughout the whole country. Early in the spring of 1884 I had begun to receive the National Prohibition party weekly, *The New York Voice*, of which E. J. Wheeler was the editor. *The Voice*, under his strong and virile administration, was the brightest political weekly published in America. It gripped me from the start, and yet I was not ready

to join the National Prohibition party. I had been reared a Democrat, my father had fought in the Confederate army, all of my forebears, as far back as I had any history, were Democrats; some of my father's ancestors had fought in the Revolutionary War, and I was unprepared to make a political change which seemed to involve so much.

But I fought on for temperance and prohibition. Through the two years that elapsed between 1884 and 1886, I stood with the Democratic party, local, State and National. My partner, John Post, was still with me. Under our contract, he managed the mechanical department and I managed the editorial department. He was a Hardshell Baptist and an anti-Prohibitionist, but a most considerate man and a gentleman to his heart's core.

When the precinct convention met to select delegates to the county convention in 1886, I found that I was, to use a slang expression, up against the real thing. The whiskey men had combined with all the other elements in the community to defeat me for delegate to the county convention. They combed the town and outlying districts of precinct No. 1, where my citizenship was, to defeat me, and accomplished the result by voting a number of negroes, Mexicans, nondescript toughs, drunkards and bums. That was my first rebuff in local politics. It woke me up to the gravity of the liquor business as never before. I realized that the whiskey men demanded that they not only have the right to destroy their fellow men through the evils of the drink traffic, but they claimed the right and privilege of placing their own men in political office and thus choking off all opposition in the party of which we all were members.

Notwithstanding the fact that I failed of election to the County Convention, and hence to the State Convention, I attended the meeting of the State Convention anyhow. It met at Galveston. The Hon. Thomas Bonner, of Tyler, was temporary chairman. That was the convention in which

Joe W. Bailey first began to be a commanding figure in Texas politics. He was then a Prohibitionist, and yet he, together with other politicians, opposed any mention of the prohibition matter in the convention. I sought by every means in my power to have the issue again presented to the body, but the leading temperance men of the State, in whose zeal and fidelity I had entertained the highest confidence, all shied off from the issue, and went their separate ways, leaving me high and dry, with not a single sympathizer or co-laborer. An interview with me was published in *The Galveston News* during the sessions of the convention, through the kind offices of Wm. O'Leary, who remained with the Dallas and Galveston publications until he was appointed postmaster of Dallas, in which position he died. To him I detailed my convictions along prohibition lines. I had become by that time thoroughly indoctrinated in the principles of national prohibition. At first I did not realize the importance of making the prohibition issue a national question, but the more I studied the matter, the that prohibited until the issue covered a larger territory than a precinct, or a county, or even a State. With that belief strong upon me, and despairing of ever finding help through the State or National Democracy, I returned home with my mind made up to lead in the organization of the National Prohibition party in Texas.

However, I had a duty to my partner to perform. On reaching Gatesville, I sought at once a conference with Mr. Post, who was half owner of *The Gatesville Advance*. In the meantime, we had consolidated *The Advance* with the older newspaper, *The Gatesville Sun*, and it was then *The Gatesville Advance-Sun*. I knew that Mr. Post was an ardent Democrat as well as an ardent anti-prohibitionist. I was unwilling to do what I felt would probably destroy our paper without first acquainting him with my determination, and giving him an opportunity to sell out to me. I laid the

case before him. I told him it was my purpose to call at once a State Prohibition Convention to nominate candidates for the State offices. I felt that this would alienate from me a large percentage of my supporters and subscribers, and that before taking any steps that would thus tend to destroy our paper, I wished him to make a price on his interest and I would buy him out. I told him I would either buy him out or sell out to him, whichever was most pleasing to him. It was at this point that the nobility of the man shone forth in undying lustre. He said:

“Doctor, I went into this paper work with you for better or for worse. As you know, we do not agree politically, but under our contract you are the editor, and you have the absolute right to determine the editorial policy of the publication. Go ahead and do what you think is right and I will stand by you.”

That took the weight of the world off my shoulders. I felt then absolutely free to go on in the course I had marked out, and to give the best that was in me, as I was given light to see it, to the cause I loved so well. The following week I published a call for the meeting of a State Prohibition Party Convention, naming September 7, 1886, as the date, and Dallas as the place. When that day came, a large number of the friends of prohibition met and, after due deliberation, the adoption of a platform and the passage of stirring, ringing resolutions against the liquor traffic, we nominated Hon. E. L. Dohoney for governor and Dr. F. E. Yoakum for lieutenant governor. Col. Dohoney lived at Paris and Dr. Yoakum at Greenville.

But this step did not ruin *The Gatesville Advance-Sun*. It helped the paper! While we lost some of our local subscribers, there was a tremendous increase in its State circulation. Colonel Dohoney was a good writer and fearless in his advocacy of prohibition. He wrote a strong appeal to the voters, and through my management as chairman of the

State Executive Committee, we rolled up a vote of 19,186.

This startled the dominant party in the State, and at the same time greatly surprised and cheered the Prohibitionists. So great was the interest it evoked on the part of the Texas Democracy that the word was passed along the line that we would possibly be able to achieve what we had long sought—the submission to the voters of Texas of a prohibition constitutional amendment. The Prohibitionists felt that if we could have a State-wide vote, fairly counted, we would be able to drive the saloons forever from our borders. Colonel Dohoney had been a member of the Texas Legislature in 1876, when the present State constitution was adopted, and had assisted in writing into the constitution the provision that it still retains, guaranteeing to local communities the right to vote on the liquor traffic. He was well versed in all the lore of prohibition.

The election of 1886 changed the course of my life. The Prohibitionists, many of whom I now had met and personally knew, realizing the vast importance of larger prohibition activities, urged me to move my publication to Waco, and thus seek a larger clientele. This necessarily led to a discussion between Mr. Post and myself as to what was best to do, with the result that whereas he would not leave me when I was under fire and possibly confronting irreparable loss, he was willing to sell out to me when he found that the paper was on a substantial footing and had gained subscribers instead of having suffered a decrease in its subscription list. The result was that I bought him out and became sole editor and proprietor of *The Gatesville Advance-Sun*.

It did not take me long to decide that the best interests of the cause to which I had now dedicated my life would be subserved by a removal to a wider field. I therefore journeyed to Waco in November of 1886, arranged for office room, bought new material and a new dress for the

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paper throughout. It was thus that the paper appeared as a brighter, better, stronger, more convincing journal January 1, 1887, as *The Waco Advance*. I dropped the extra word in the removal, and went back to the old name that I loved so well. We actually moved to Waco Dec. 27, 1886—the day that B. H. Carroll was 43 years old.



XLIII

OTHER INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE AT GATESVILLE

ONE of the outstanding principles of my life has been never to forget a kindness or forsake a friend. It is now my pleasure to relate one of the most remarkable exhibition of friendship that has ever blessed my life. When I first went out from Turnersville to Gatesville during the initial stages of *The Advance*, I boarded at The Brinkman House, a frame hotel presided over by Mr. and Mrs. F. Brinkman. The husband was a native of Germany, but had been in this country so long that he was perfectly familiar with all phases of American life. His wife was a native of Texas. She was one of the truest, noblest, kindest-hearted and most genuinely sincere women it has ever been my pleasure to know. I had retained my office in the old rawhide lumber building owned by Dr. Wills just as long as I could. Early in 1885, I decided to seek new quarters. I began an investigation of prices of lots on both Main and Leon streets, with the avowed purpose of erecting a building if I could possibly finance it. Mrs. Brinkman heard of my plans and sent for me to call upon her. When I went into the room, she and her benevolent husband welcomed me with unusual kindness. Their faces were beaming with smiles, and I at once concluded there was something extraordinary on foot. The grand, big-hearted German friend said:

“Dr. Cranfill, we learn that you are seeking a site for a building that is to be the home of *The Advance*. We have

a nice lot here behind our hotel on Leon Street, and my wife and I have made a deed of gift of that lot to you, *and here it is!*"

My joy and gratitude knew no bounds. The lot was not worth a great deal intrinsically, probably not more than \$500, but the spirit behind the gift was one that I cherished then and shall remember gratefully to my dying day. I have entirely lost sight of these dear friends. It has been over thirty years since I was the beneficiary of this generous kindness. I have passed through many stirring scenes, as the future of this chronicle will testify, but the day has never been too dark nor too bright for me to recall with unfading joy the kindness these good people showered upon me.

And it is almost the only thing I ever had given to me except the measles, mumps and whooping cough.

An amusing incident of this period was a lecture given by my Universalist landlord, Dr. J. B. Wills. The West Texans were not much afraid of hell, but they believed in it. It is a remarkable fact that in the wildest sections of this State in its wildest period the men who themselves are in the thick of the most desperate criminalities are nominal believers in the Christian religion. Not that they ever practice it, but they have a contempt for atheists and infidels.

There was no organization of the Universalist church in Gatesville, and so far as I know, Dr. Wills was the only Universalist there. The boys made up to give him a rousing audience, with a string to it. They entered into a diabolical conspiracy. They agreed that they would go, fill the house, and then, as the doctor began his address, two of them would arise and adjourn. When he had spoken two of three sentences, two more would walk out, and so on. The doctor was greatly cheered when he confronted one of the most brilliant audiences of men ever assembled in Gatesville. He thought the whole town had abolished hell and was correspondingly happy. However, when his audi-

ence began to thus fade away, a serious look stole across the old man's features. It became more serious as the hall emptied. When it was about half empty, one could see that he was greatly disturbed. Finally, the crowd narrowed down until only two of the boys were left. He stopped, straightened himself up to his full height, and said:

"I came here tonight to preach that there was no hell, but I'll be blankety-blank-blank if there isn't a hell there ought to be one for such an unconscionable mob as I have spoken to tonight."

There never has been a Universalist service in Gatesville since that time.

After my new office was built, my father, still a resident of Turnersville, came to visit me. While we were indulging in desultory conversation, we heard a fusilade of shots up on the court house square. I grabbed my 45 Colt and started to run up to where the shooting was. I did not know whether or not some of my friends were involved, and if there is any virtue whatsoever in the western man, it is that of fidelity to his friends under any and all conditions. My father, however, was older than I and had a lot more sense. He placed himself in the office door, and barred my egress, saying:

"Hold on, my son. I know you want to go up there and get into that fight, but it will soon be over, and I haven't any sons to spare."

And he was right. Soon the firing ceased, and we went up together. In the court house yard we found three men laid out—old man Sauls, his son, Dr. Sauls, and Henry Basham. Old man Sauls was shot desperately in the thigh. He had been shot by a Mason while giving the grand Masonic sign of distress. He was unarmed. His son was literally riddled with bullets, but was still alive. There were six perforations in his abdomen by as many pistol balls. Basham was shot in the shoulder and soon recovered.

This trouble came about from the age-old controversy between the cattle men and sheep men. The Saulses were sheep men; the Bashams were cattle men. Out in the section of the county where the Saulses established their sheep ranch, the sheep had eaten down the range very close, and the cattle men were incensed very deeply at the sheep men. The result was that some kind of injunction had been sued out in the court to stop the sheep men from using the range. The Bashams and their friends came over to the court house armed to the teeth, and Dr. Sauls, who lived at Brenham, and who was altogether unfamiliar with the temper of the Western men, also came up armed, but he was armed with a small calibre revolver. He tanked up on whiskey, and this was really what precipitated this desperate tragedy. He began to curse the Bashams and to make hostile demonstrations. That is always a dangerous thing to do out West.

If you have any adverse remarks to make about the Western people, make them somewhere down East, and when you go out West, keep quiet.

Dr. Sauls had a brother, Green Sauls, living there. He was wise concerning the dangers that confronted them, but he could not control his drunken brother. No one ever knew how many friends of the Bashams were engaged in that tragedy. Both the Saulses died. They were removed to the Atkinson Hotel and I interviewed them both before they passed away. The old gentleman was a Christian, and a man of most excellent character. He was shot down in the general melee because he was a Sauls. The young doctor, who was a brilliant man, was sobered up by the tragedy, and talked quite freely. He was about my age. He said substantially the following:

"I have played a great fool. I have thrown away my life. I had completed my medical course, and before that my college course, and was splendidly equipped for my life work. I have a good medical practice down at Brenham, and many

friends. Whiskey has wrought my ruin. I realize it all now, but I know that I am soon to die. If I had a word that I could say to young men everywhere, I would warn them to beware of the first drink. It has brought me to this."

The old gentleman was heart-broken over the shooting of his son, and that worried him more than his own calamity. I assisted in taking the dying testimony of both of them, which I afterwards published in my paper.

Thus ended one of the saddest incidents that occurred during my Gatesville residence. It was sad beyond words on account of the general features of the tragedy. It was wholly unnecessary, looked at from any standpoint. I can see that court house square as these words are penned. I reached the square before Bill Basham, who did most of the execution, had been arrested. He was being chased by Sheriff Lanham. He had emptied his pistol, but it was still smoking. Once in a frenzy of almost delirium, he started to raise his empty pistol and point it toward the sheriff. Lanham had his gun drawn in a second and would have killed him if he hadn't lowered the revolver. Lanham did not know the gun was empty.

Just here I must say a word concerning my dear wife. Our third child was born while we lived at Gatesville. God sent him to us December 24, 1883. That gave her a great deal of work to do in the care of her children alone, but in addition to this, she did all the cooking for the family and for our printer boys. There were never less than two of the boys boarding with us at the same time, and the dear little wife, with such help as I could give her between times, did all this work, did it most cheerfully, and was my strong right hand of sympathy and help during all those trying years. I just could not afford to hire a cook. We were living very closely. Our net earnings were very small. I had managed to save out of the funds that I had realized from the sale of properties at Turnersville enough money to buy

a lot and build a three-room house. This was our little home, and was paid for. There the wife and three children, the two printers and I were housed, and we fared most handsomely. Looking back upon it now, I do not see how the dear, sweet wife was able to do all the work that thus fell upon her. No more can I realize how I got through with my tasks. They were hard indeed. I do not mean that we had no pleasures. We had many pleasures and diversions, but we worked heroically every hour of every working day, the difference between my wife and I being that I protracted my labors far into the night.

During all these years at Gatesville, the pall of mob murder hung about us. We were in hourly dread of the visitation of the Coryell County assassins. So strong was this solicitude upon us that we never at any time, winter or summer, lighted a lamp in our house until all the curtains were drawn. We felt sure that if any assassin could slip upon us and shoot us from the open window, this would be done. My wife suffered more in fear, dread, and terror than I did, but never once did she wince, never once did she complain, never once did she suggest that I should lower the flag, cringe in the presence of wrong or forsake the field.

During much of this period I was teacher of the Bible class in the Gatesville Sunday School. In that class were many of the leading men and women of the town. I recall now my dear friend, Dr. J. R. Raby and his wife, who for a time were members of this class; his younger brother, Stoner Raby, who is now a leading physician of Gatesville; Miss Dola Bledsoe, one of the most brilliant teachers in our public schools and the daughter of an old-time Texas Baptist pioneer; Miss Nobie Tillman, a first cousin of Dr. E. Y. Mullins, of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and who afterwards married my friend Joe Yarbrough, of Waco; and a number of others of like character and Christian graces.

The Northern and Eastern reader will wonder how a man could be a Sunday School teacher and at the same time carry a 45 Colt revolver in his hip pocket. The fact was that I put my revolver in my pocket every morning when I put on my trousers. Indeed, I would have felt much more comfortable going up the street without trousers than I would without the gun. It would have been somewhat more conspicuous, and far more dangerous. The tenderfoot never will understand the temper and spirit of the West.

I recall a story concerning Captain Bill McDonald, who is now the United States Marshal in the Dallas district. For many years he was a ranger on the Texas frontier. At the same time he was superintendent of a Western Sunday School. Very early on a certain Sunday morning he was apprised that a number of Mexicans were engaged in stealing a herd of horses from a nearby ranch. He hastened to the scene and discovered the report to be true. He sought to place the Mexicans under arrest, but they were handy with their guns and fired upon him. The result was that when the smoke of battle cleared away, four of the Mexicans were dead. The officer had done his duty, and it was still time for Sunday School, so Captain McDonald hastened back to the little frontier meeting house and opened his Sunday School as usual.

In the summer of 1883 I first met B. H. Carroll. I had gone on a business trip to Waco, and on the return journey stopped over in McGregor, where Dr. Carroll was holding a meeting. I shall never forget the first time I looked into his noble face and grasped his friendly hand. A friendship there began that endured until he went home to God. After I met him, I went many a Saturday to Waco to hear him preach the following day. Dr. Carroll's sermons were so helpful, so informing, so inspiring, that I could not resist the impulse to be in Waco to hear him preach once a month. During that period, Waco was in the throes of a great re-

ligious sensation. J. D. Shaw had apostasized from the Methodist faith and had begun the proclamation of infidelity. He preached his new doctrine first in the Methodist church, but later the Methodists declined to allow this to be done, so he held forth in the Court House. Objection was made to this and subsequently a hall was built which the friends of Mr. Shaw christened "Liberal Hall." This began in 1882. I had no sympathy whatsoever with Mr. Shaw's apostasies nor with his methods, and being at that time rather a wild-eyed frontier editor, I named his new organization in Waco the "Hell-and-damnation Society." Many were the editorials I wrote along these lines, castigating, blistering, caricaturing and satirizing Mr. Shaw and his contingents to the very best of my ability.

Dr. Carroll was forced to reckon with the new departure of Mr. Shaw. Early in 1884, Dr. Carroll preached a sermon entitled "The Agnostic." I was in Waco and heard it. It occurred to me that it would do good published in *The Gatesville Advance*, and I asked Dr. Carroll for that privilege. He most graciously assented, and agreed to forward me the manuscript in an early mail. The sermon was not only published in *The Advance*, but appeared in pamphlet form, a copy of which I still possess. Even that early in our friendship I suggested to Dr. Carroll that he ought to give his great sermons and addresses to the world in permanent form. That was the beginning of the publication of the various volumes of his which I have since brought out.

Soon after moving to Waco, I joined the First Baptist Church, of which Dr. Carroll was pastor, and during the almost twelve years of my residence there I was blessed with his noble and gracious ministrations. To him more than to any man that ever lived, I owe such development along religious and theological lines as I have enjoyed. I revered him as a teacher, I hung upon his words as a preach-

er, I have studied him as a theologian, have loved him as a friend, and venerated him as the greatest personality with whom I have ever been intimately associated.

During 1895, after I had become editor of *The Baptist Standard*, which was at that time being published in Waco, I brought out his first volume of sermons. During 1912, I brought out *Baptists and Their Doctrines* and *Evangelistic Sermons*, two of his sermon volumes. I am now at work on Carroll's *Interpretation of the English Bible*. Nine of these volumes are already in print. I regard my work on Dr. Carroll's books as the greatest single achievement of my life. I pray that the Lord may spare me to complete their publication.



XLIV

ODDS AND ENDS OF THE LIFE AT GATESVILLE

AS I have said before, when *The Gatesville Advance* was inaugurated, a remarkable man blew into the printing office one morning, fresh from the road. He had tramped all the way from Waco. His name was Peter Bartlett Lee. He was the champion tramp printer of the western world. I employed him. My partner was drinking an unusual amount at that time, and we needed extra help. Lee was an exceptionally intelligent man, and a typographical artist of the highest class. When he came, we were in the throes of installing our job printing outfit. The first job that ever came into the office was the funeral notice of L. M. Allen, the County Clerk. Lee set this up in splendid style and the office boy carried the notices around the square. When it came to making a charge of this item, I asked Mr. Lee the price of a job like that. Straightening himself to his full height, he said:

“Well, Doctor, ordinarily the job would be worth \$2.50, but the man is dead and it is the last chance you will ever get at him. I would charge him \$5.”

Quite solemnly one day he told me that in coming across from Illinois to Texas he started to cross the Mississippi River bridge at St. Louis, but was shy the nickel that it took to pay the fare. On that account he said he was forced to walk around by the head of the Mississippi in order to get down to Texas. He was an inveterate whiskey drinker, and could stand up and work with more liquor in him than any animal I ever knew. One night when we were work-

ing off the paper, he called for his third quart of whiskey. It was then about one o'clock in the morning. The Gatesville saloons were enterprising. Some of them kept open all night. When he asked for his third quart, I demurred, stating that I was afraid he would drink too much. Very nonchalantly he replied:

"Doctor, my usual allowance is four quarts a day, and up to this hour I have only had two quarts. Please get me the booze."

It was absolutely essential to thus accommodate him so as to keep him at work, so the whiskey was ordered for him. I did not observe closely enough to ascertain how much of this third bottle he consumed that night, but he worked off the output of *The Advance* in good time, and we got them in the mail.

This remarkable character staid with me only three weeks. One morning when I arose (we were all sleeping in the printing office) Peter was gone. I never saw him more.

I had many warm and loving friends at Gatesville. Among the number was Y. S. Jenkins, the leading druggist of the county. Many a Saturday I would borrow money from him with which to pay my printers. Mr. Jenkins never failed in such emergencies. In thinking of him, I think of Dr. J. R. Raby, who, while we were in Gatesville, was our family physician, and whose fidelity to his friends was one of the noblest of his many admirable traits. He is now the wealthiest citizen in Coryell County, and I rejoice in his prosperity. Sometime I may strike him for a loan.

And then there was dear old R. W. Martin, long since gathered to his fathers. He was a true, noble, loyal, faithful, vigilant and helpful friend. He and his good wife, whom he affectionately called "wifey," were often in our home and were always welcome. During all of our resi-

dence in Gatesville, Rev. P. B. Chandler was pastor of the Baptist Church. He was then an old man. He was not a brilliant preacher nor an adaptable pastor, but he was one of the best men I ever knew. His work in Gatesville and in Coryell County will long be remembered. He was one of the missionaries sent to Texas by the Home Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention in 1845, coming with Dr. Rufus C. Burleson. He lived to a great age, and did a glorious work.

Another one of my good friends at Gatesville was A. R. Williams, cashier of the bank. It was he who loaned me the \$500 with which to buy out the interest of John Post in *The Gatesville Advance-Sun*. When I left Gatesville to return no more, he gave me a kind letter to the First National Bank of Waco which was of great value to me. He was one of the handsomest men I ever knew. I am told that now his long black beard and hair are white. Wherever he is, he has my heart's warm gratitude for the generous kindness shown me in those crucial days.

Among my friends was Col. H. N. Atkinson, a leading lawyer, who showed me many courtesies.

While publishing *The Gatesville Advance*, I confronted my first printers' strike. My printers were non-union men, but they struck just the same. The union printers in Waco had struck, and advertisements were sent out calling for non-union men. All of my force went. In the meantime, my good friend, W. D. Shaw, had left Gatesville. He never would have forsaken me in a time like that. I was suffering very seriously with yellow jaundice and was barely able to pull one foot after the other, but the whole bunch of boys got excited, and away they went. I never had it in my heart to blame them too severely. They soon came back, but in the meantime I had the burden of the paper and the illness all upon me at one time. There was some credit in being jolly, as Mark Tarpley would say, under conditions

like these. I worked all the harder and brought my paper out on time, although I flung in an unusual number of dead cuts as space-fillers in order to win the victory.

Referring finally to W. D. Shaw, he came to me after I moved to Waco, but did not remain long. He drifted to Houston, remaining in the grip of his old enemy, the whiskey habit. In the early summer of 1887, he died on the streets of Houston with delirium tremens. Thus passed a noble-hearted man, adding one more victim to the countless millions of the race who have gone to destruction through the drink traffic.



XLV

OUR FIRST GREAT SORROW

OUR BABY was born December 24, 1883. We named him after B. H. Carroll. He was a bright, sweet child and the tendrils of our hearts clung around him with a deathless love. I had never known a great sorrow. There had never been a death in our family, and I was the youngest, then nearly twenty-eight years old. June, 1886, the baby, then two-and-a-half years old, fell ill. There have been many bright and joyous children since time was young. They have been trooping through this sad old world to make it bright and joyous and glad, but it seemed to us that among all the little ones God ever sent to earth, our baby was the sweetest. He was so bright, so loving, so cheery and so inspiring that the thought never once came to us that we would ever have to give him up.

At first he was not very ill, but as the days passed the fever clung to him until we became alarmed. I had seen many cases such as his that made quick recovery, and so I did not feel that he was destined to suffer from a long siege of illness. We called Dr. J. R. Raby and he cheered us with the hope that the baby would soon be well.

But the fever was stubborn. June passed, the first hot days of July came, and the little fellow weaker and weaker grew as the days passed by. We watched with him night after night. I practically abandoned my office by day and remained at his side. Everything that our nursing and the physician's skill could accomplish was done. On the 20th of July the fever left him. Oh, how glad we were when



CARROLL BRITTON CRANFILL, BORN DECEMBER 24, 1883;
DIED JULY 26, 1886.

THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES
COLLECTIONS
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THE NATIONAL ARCHIVES

the doctor assured us that the chances for his recovery were very great! On the 21st he was still better. He had been ill so long that there was no color of blood left in his face or in his little hands. He was very, very weak, but still, with the departure of the fever, we felt very hopeful indeed. The 22nd came and the 23rd, and he was still improving. On the 26th the State Convention of the United Friends of Temperance was to be held at Ennis. I was quite active in all the temperance work in Texas. On the 25th I asked the physician if it would be safe for me to leave the baby. He said it would. There was every evidence to my own mind that the little fellow was convalescent. On the afternoon of the 25th I left for Corsicana, intending to run up to Ennis the following morning. Meantime I had left word at home for a telegram to be sent me that night, advising me of the baby's condition. In the event he had suffered a relapse of any kind, I meant to return home on the morning train.

One of my dearest friends in those days was Rev. S. G. Mullins, of Corsicana. His brother, John Mullins, and wife lived in Gatesville. They were often in my Sunday School class. When I reached Corsicana I went to the home of Brother Mullins to spend the night. Living in his home at that time was a bright son of his, E. Y. Mullins, now president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He was at that time a telegraph operator. After supper I went down town with Mr. Mullins to see if I could secure some word from home. He went to his desk, took up his key and soon established communication with the Gatesville operator. It seemed that just at that time a telegram to me was being filed. The tension of the moment was very great. Every event of that hour is as indelibly impressed upon my memory as if they had happened yesterday. As I sat there awaiting word from home, Edgar Mullins turned to me, and in the most considerate tone of voice

he could command, he said, "Your baby is dead." The announcement broke my heart. His death, if I had been there with him, would have been unspeakably sad, but to have the little fellow go while I was away, and after high hopes of his speedy recovery had filled our hearts, was almost too much for me to bear. I broke down under it. There was a long night through which I must inevitably be away from my sorrowing loved ones, as it was impossible for me to start on the homeward way until next morning.

During the illness of the baby, he suffered much. He was very fond of singing, and I had often sung to him. During his hours of stress and pain, he would clasp his little arms around my neck and say in his baby way, "Papa, sing." I can hear the words this day as these sentences are penned. I can see his little body as he lay there in his bed in the grip of the consuming fever, and as I write, his dear, sweet baby form and face are before me just as fresh as they were then, when every hour of the day I could hear his voice and so often I could feel the pressure of his baby hands upon my face.

Next morning I took the train for home, arriving there at 2 P. M. I will not attempt to reproduce the harrowing scenes of that first great sorrow. Those of you who have seen the first coffin come into the home; who have witnessed the unfolding of the first white shroud; who have heard the rumble of the wheels of the first hearse that ever paused before your door; who have looked into the still, pale face of the first loved one that ever went away to leave you here alone; you who have heard the first clod fall upon the casket of your best beloved—all of you know now better than I can set down here what the weary hours of that first bereavement meant to us.

Next day we laid him in his little grave, and his sleeping dust rests there today. It has been more than twenty-nine

years since he went home. If he had lived, he would be thirty-two now, and a great, strong, stalwart man. His baby picture, enlarged almost to life size, hangs upon the wall of our home, and his every feature yet lingers in our aching hearts.

No, we have never recovered from the blow. We never will. No one ever does. It is true that "Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal," but Heaven heals the sorrow after we get to Heaven.

I have seen this baby face smiling up at me ten thousand times since then in the faces of other little children whom I have met and loved.

I have heard his tender, childish voice in the gentle prattle of every little child who has ever sung his childhood songs into my ear.

I have felt his baby arms around my neck in the caresses of every other baby I have known since then.

As these words are penned, I rejoice in the blessing of four grandchildren, who are old enough to know me, to kiss me, to love me, to caress me and to clasp their arms around my neck. I love them just as much, it seems to me, as I loved him, and yet with all the love I bear these children of my other boy, there is an aching void in my hungry heart that no other life has ever filled. It will be there when God calls me home.

In the next week's issue of my paper I published the following short tribute to our baby child, and a little while after, other recollections of him. These I set down here, in order that they may serve in their weak way to comfort some who sadly weep beside the new made grave of their own loved ones they have "loved and lost a while."

"Our baby is dead. Just as the sunlight of his joyous life was shedding its brightest beams in our home, God took him. The merry prattle of his childish voice is gone. The house is hushed. A muffled, voiceless sadness broods

all around a home that this young life had made bright and happy and radiant with childish innocence and love. It would not seem so hard to give him up if he had died in his earlier infancy. But after the angel lips had learned to lisp his mother's name, and after his tender childish words were all in all to us, he went away. But we will all soon follow after. He was born, he lived, he died. This is the sum of every human life. The pall of death lingers around our home, but the saved in Heaven have another voice in their angelic choir. When before he died he so often asked us all to sing, he was hearing the distant music of the land of God. He is with them now, and will wait to welcome us when we, too, are called to join the hosts who have gone on.

"We have for many years chronicled the death of other people's children. In every sad notice of death's silent march we have extended words of sympathy as best we could to those bereaved. But in this hour, when our own dear child has left our home never to come again, how empty sounds the voice of human sympathy! No words can heal the wound in our hearts; no voice can chase away the sadness that lingers about our home. To those who are thus bereaved, all save the voice of God is dumb. But the angels seem to whisper as we drop tears of pain upon these sad lines, 'He will meet you at the river when the Father calls you home.' And now let us draw the drapery of silence around our baby's grave. No one can heal our wounded hearts, but the hand of God will touch the scars, and when our last work is done, we will go to meet our darling in a home where there is no death, and where sorrow and sadness never come."

Later on I published the following:

"Solemn stillness reigns the house around. It is a rainy day. Pattering in huge limpid drops the rain is falling upon our baby's grave. Until now, the dry, hard earth was his only shelter from the light of day, but the rain-drops will

cement the bits of earth and make the body of our darling more secure in the little grave where we so tenderly laid him.

“ Days have passed since then and have lengthened into weeks, but the echo of his childish voice rings through the house as it was wont to do in the days before the fever came and took the rose of life from out his tender cheeks. The rattle of the wheels of his little wagon, the patter of childish feet upon the floor, the music of his voice as he calls to ‘papa,’ all come back today as they did when his little arms clung tenderly around our neck.

“ Our dead baby! We can see his face peep through the palings of the fence and can hear his childish welcome as we go home at eventide as in days of yore. But these visions are but echoes of a joy that’s gone; the perfume of a faded flower, the ashes of a memory that his young child-life filled with radiance and love. The world without is cold, relentless, cruel; but in the home we have found ever a bright welcome, a happy home-circle, a tender kiss from our sweet child. Now that is gone. And as the rain-drops fall upon the roof, and the autumn winds moan in the tree-tops their sad refrain, we would not be sorry if they sung our own funereal dirge. We did not feel that we would miss our darling as we do. Knowing that he had gone to God and was safe in his eternal Home, we had hoped to feel at ease about him and reconcile our heart to his absence. But we cannot drive back the burden from our heart or chase away the shadows that linger around our home. The brightest eyes, the tenderest voice, the merriest prattle, the most joyous heart—all are gone from our home forever, and on this rainy day when the town is in doors, and the voice of the rabble hushed, how the memory of our dead child comes back in all the freshness of a heart’s first grief!

“ No one but God knew how we loved him. He had twined himself about our hearts with three-fold cords of

love, and when we laid him in his grave, the tendrils of affection were not broken, but lengthened out and clung to his dead form even as it lay buried beneath the sod. As the days come and go, we do not find the sorrow fading from our heart. His little chair, his tiny shoes, his bits of plaything all about the house—these bring his bright face before us a hundred times a day; and when the great world is shrouded in the dark mantle of night, we can hear his tender voice say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' as he says his childish prayer.

"This rainy day brings all these past joys before us like they were when they were the gems of passing life, and never can we forget the voice, the form, the love of our dead baby. They are graven on the heart in images of affection that will last until God re-unites us on the other shore."

The baby's death was a distinct epoch in my life in more ways than one. I have already recited in this chronicle that ten years before, when I was first converted, I felt the impression to be a preacher of Christ's Word. I had wandered far. Not that I had wholly forgotten God. That never has been my state of mind or heart at any time since I first knew the Lord. But I did not want to be a preacher. I felt that I was so disqualified in so many ways for that high task that I shrank from it in every way. Out in the darkness of the night, when our little baby nestled on his mother's heart, and our solicitude for him knew no bounds, I prayed that God might spare his life, and promised the Master that if He would let the baby live, I would re-enter the ministerial life and thus dedicate all of my talents and time and strength to God in that greatest of all of life's great work.

God's ear was deaf to both this promise and this prayer. The good Lord knew better than I that if He spared the child I would forget the promise. Oh, how often it has

happened to you and me that in our times of stress and pain we have made high and strong resolutions for the better life, and when the sickness and pain are gone, we have forgotten them every one, and have gone back into our careless, listless, God-forgetting ways again! If the baby had lived, I would not have kept my promise. Of this I am very sure. God took the child, thus breaking my heart and making me willing to bear whatever yoke of service He would place upon my neck. There at the baby's grave, with all my high hopes of my sweet child buried to rise on earth no more, I re-dedicated my life to God and promised Him that come what might, I would yield to my impressions to be a minister for Him and to go wheresoever His Spirit might lead.

On the following Sabbath morning, I told this simple story to the church, confessing all. I kept back nothing. I excused nothing. I was willing to spend and be spent in the Master's name. I did not ask for ordination, but laid the case before the church in my heart-broken way. They sympathized with me, and at a subsequent conference they licensed me to preach the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

And now, reviewing life from the high eminence of a man at fifty-seven years, my chief regret is that I ever wandered in after days from the firm purpose that pulsed in my bleeding heart on that day in the long ago. More than twenty-nine years have come and gone since then, and looking back across the zig-zag track of these eventful years, I see that I have not kept to the high conviction that thrilled me then. How much I wish I had! In a sort of half-hearted, crippled way, now and then I have crossed the path that leads from earth to Heaven, but I cannot claim that I have walked therein. How sad that it should ever have been so with me, or that it should ever at any time be so with you!

XLVI

MY FIRST BAPTIST STATE CONVENTION

DURING August of 1885, I attended my first Baptist State Convention. The Gatesville church elected me as a delegate, and the convention met at Lampasas, where at that time Rev. J. M. Carroll was pastor. The consolidation of the Baptist general bodies of Texas did not occur until the following July. It thus fell out that my first convention was the last meeting of the old Baptist State Convention. At that session of the body the basis of consolidation was agreed upon, and the following year it was consummated.

One of the most impressive scenes of that occasion was an incident that occurred just after the adjournment on the first day. I was a new hand, and entirely fresh at the Baptist State Convention business. I had witnessed a number of encounters of one sort or another in the West, but never had seen one in a Baptist church house. There was one just the same, which came very near culminating in physical violence. O. C. Pope, who was at that time Corresponding Secretary of the Baptist State Convention, came up to S. A. Hayden, who was a visitor, and demanded that Hayden retract some statements he had made in *The Texas Baptist* concerning Pope. Hayden was profuse in his protestations, and said that he would take the matter under advisement. Pope raised his ebony cane and said:

“You have got to retract it right here, and promise to retract it in the very next issue of your paper!”

Hayden promptly consented to this procedure and the

threatened encounter was safely passed. Of that meeting F. M. Law was president. He was one of the noblest men the Baptists of Texas ever knew. I had occasion to be grateful then and ever after for his unselfish, loyal, great-hearted friendship. I took no prominent part in the deliberations except in connection with the report on the attitude of Baptists toward the liquor traffic. Dr. Law appointed me chairman of that committee, and I wrote a report with teeth in it. It committed the old Baptist State Convention to a more vigorous denunciation of the liquor traffic than perhaps they had ever known, but it was unanimously passed. On the same committee was John B. Scarborough, who years afterwards was my next door neighbor in Waco. That was the first time I ever saw J. M. Carroll. He met the messengers to the Convention down between Lampasas and Temple, and on the train assigned us to our homes. He was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen. He was dressed in a light suit, was in his prime, was then, as always before and after, one of the gentlest, kindest-hearted, most considerate and most useful men it has ever been my pleasure to know.

I had met J. B. Link before. He visited Gatesville in 1884 and was a member, on that occasion, of my Sunday School class. He had exchanged with *The Advance*, being himself at that time editor of *The Texas Baptist Herald*. When he went back to Austin, he wrote me an invitation to come to Austin and aid him in the publication of *The Texas Baptist Herald*. He felt that he had discovered in me editorial ability, and seemed anxious for me to come and join my energies with his. He offered me a reasonably good salary for work of that class, but my heart had turned more strongly to the prohibition work; and while, at the time of his visit to Gatesville, I had not matured any plans for removing to Waco, I was even then casting about for a wider field than Gatesville furnished me.

During our residence at Gatesville, F. Kiefer held a revival. During this revival my wife was converted and joined the Baptist Church. She had been reared a Methodist, but gradually she came into the full gospel light, and when she was converted, it was her desire to follow her Lord in baptism. It is amazing what splendid Baptists these sweet Methodist women make when they get on the right track!

She did not fall deeply in love with M. T. Martin, who came up the following year and held a meeting with the Gatesville church. He was a guest in our home, and after talking with her a little while, he informed her that she had never been converted. She never quite forgave him for this questioning of her faith in Christ. I knew better than Brother Martin about that. The dear man was too ready to thus call in question the faith of God's most faithful saints, and I think it was one of the weakest points in the new notions that he brought with him to Texas.

When we were preparing to leave Gatesville, I sold my home to the Baptist church there for a parsonage, and ever since that time it has been church property. Needed additions were made, but the three rooms of the original house I built there still remain. The first pastor to occupy this home was N. A. Seale, one of the best and noblest Baptist preachers Texas ever knew. As I moved out, he and his family moved in. Before I left, I learned to know him well, and until the day of his death he was one of the dearest friends I ever had.

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U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON, D. C.



J. B. CRANFILL AND LUTHER BENSON.

XLVII

LUTHER BENSON

ONE of the most interesting incidents of 1884 was the visit to Gatesville of Luther Benson, the great temperance lecturer. There were none mightier than he. He wrote me his congratulations when he first saw the bold stand I had taken against the liquor traffic. The result was that I invited him to visit Gatesville. He came. He reached the town on a Sunday afternoon. I had advertised the meeting well. I had never met Benson. I did not even know of his colossal power. I was aware that he had stirred the hearts of people wherever he had gone, but I was not prepared to meet the man whom I believe to have been the greatest temperance orator of his day. Never had I listened to such a torrential deliverance on any subject as flowed from his matchless lips. He spoke 300 words a minute. There never has been a counterpart of Luther Benson on the American platform. John B. Finch was perhaps more logical. I doubt not that in a prohibition campaign Finch was the most convincing orator this country ever produced. John B. Gough, it was said by those who heard him, was a combination of the orator and logician. On the temperance question, Luther Benson appealed to the human heart as perhaps no other man has ever done. Since then I have heard Henry Ward Beecher. He was a titanic orator, but his style of oratory and that of Benson's can really not be compared. Benson talked with tears in his voice, and appealed to men to give up drink and give up voting for the liquor traffic.

He brought with him a large supply of his book, *Fifteen Years in Hell*, and sold them all out that first day. He never took books enough. He lectured in Gatesville again Monday and Tuesday nights, and then we journeyed to Waco where I had arranged for him to speak in the First Baptist Church, of which Dr. Carroll was pastor. While in Waco we had a picture taken, which is published herewith.

He had a very keen sense of humor. He told me that a friend of his came to him once and said:

"Luther, tomorrow my wife and I celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of our wedding. I want to give her an appropriate remembrance of our marriage. What would you suggest?"

Luther said he looked the man full in the face and said:

"Why, John, give her my book, *Fifteen Years in Hell*."

Benson made several trips to Texas. He assisted in the local option campaign of 1896 in Waco, and made several general tours of the state. His last visit was in 1899, the year after we moved to Dallas. I believe that the last prohibition speech he ever delivered was in the Central Christian Church at Dallas in April of 1899. He went home and soon passed on to be with God. I never shall forget this noble advocate of a holy cause. He was one of the dearest friends it has even been my pleasure to know, and I cherish his memory with a grateful heart.

XLVIII

MY DEBATE WITH ROGER Q. MILLS

ON an August afternoon of 1885, I received the following telegram from my father-in-law, A. D. Allen, of Crawford, Texas:

“Come to Crawford on next train to debate tomorrow night with Roger Q. Mills on prohibition.”

No telegram I ever received on any political or commercial question affected me as did this one. I was not present when David received the challenge to go out and meet Goliath, but I entered into his feeling when this request to debate with Roger Q. Mills came to me. At that time Mr. Mills was the most interesting figure in Texas politics. He had been greatly honored by the people, and was on the tidal wave of prestige and popularity. The prohibition question was being agitated from one end of Texas to the other, and Mr. Mills had taken the side of the whiskey men. In former years he had been an advocate of temperance and prohibition. In 1856 he was the editor of *The Prairie Blade*, published at Corsicana. It was a very ardent and unflinching advocate of temperance and prohibition. I had in my possession certain quotations from this paper. These I had filed away for reference, but did not know that I should need them so soon.

That night I do not think I slept a wink. I was busied with the ardent task of preparation for the ordeal of the next evening. I reached Crawford about five o'clock. Mr. Mills had preceded me. He was stopping at the little Crawford hotel. The appointment was his and not mine, so the

Prohibition Committee was indebted to him for the courtesy of a division of time. I had previously met Mr. Mills, so it was pleasant to renew our acquaintance. He was exceedingly courteous to me, and repeated to me what he had said to the Committee—that he was glad to have the pleasure of dividing time with me.

We began the meeting at eight o'clock. He spoke first. The agreement was that he should speak one hour, that I should follow in a speech of an hour and a half, and that he would then close in a speech of a half hour. The audience met in the largest hall in the village. The house was packed to suffocation. There was no standing room anywhere. Perhaps never before nor since has such a large audience assembled at Crawford. When Mills arose to speak, he was greeted with thunderous applause. He was a popular man, highly esteemed by his personal friends, and idolized by his political supporters.

He began his speech by quotations from three distinguished authorities—Thomas Jefferson, Horatio Seymour and Samuel J. Tilden. He traversed the beaten track of anti-prohibition declamations. He rang the changes on personal liberty, democracy and "prohibition won't prohibit," setting great store by the quotations he made from the three statesmen named. I, of course, was unable to verify his quotations, but I did not call them in question. His hour speedily passed. He made a magnificent presentation of the whiskey side of the prohibition question, and an ovation was tendered him as he took his seat.

I had taught at Crawford, and had married near there. Most all of those who were present remembered me. It had only been seven years since I had left that community. There was perhaps not a man or woman present who believed that I would be able to vanquish the anti-prohibition

giant, but I had determined to give him the best I had in my shop.

I opened my speech by the statement that following the lead of Mr. Mills in giving authorities on his side, I would quote from three eminent authorities on the prohibition side of the question. My first quotation was from the Bible, from the book of Habakkuk: "Woe unto him that givest his neighbor drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken." I enlarged upon the teachings of God's Word concerning the question of tempting others to do wrong, and particularly dwelt upon the verse that has just been quoted. I next introduced the testimony of William E. Gladstone, at that time and for many succeeding years the foremost statesman of the English-speaking world. I quoted from him as follows: "It is the duty of government to make it easy for the people to do right and hard for the people to do wrong." I spared no encomiums in my treatment of these historic and heroic words from the great apostle of English patriotism.

The next authority I introduced, I heralded as one of the great men of our time. I spoke of him as one who had received the suffrages of his people, and who step by step had been advanced to one of the chief posts of responsibility and power in our nation. I referred to him as the orator of the silver tongue, as the majestic statesman, as the generous and open-hearted friend, and as the masterful leader of a great political party. As impressively as I could, I then read the extracts from *The Prairie Blade*, which I deeply regret that I cannot here present. After having read these, I said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, the quotation I have just read is from the pen of Honorable Roger Q. Mills, of Texas!"

I have witnessed many outbursts of applause and enthusiasm, but the terrific vociferations that followed the read-

ing of this extract and this announcement, I have never seen equalled. Mills turned all sorts of colors. His chagrin was evident. He could not sit still. He turned and twisted in his seat. He saw that the tables had turned. He, like a Goliath fallen, felt the weight of the point I had scored against him. But I was not through: I added:

“Ladies and gentlemen, I am now about the age that Roger Q. Mills was when he penned the words that I have read to you. At that time he was near to his mother and his God. His face confronted the future. He looked out from the old home nest, and his thoughts were inspired by the highest dictates of patriotism and religion. He is twice my age now, and even more. As I stand before you, my old neighbors, comrades, students, patrons and friends, I say to you in all good conscience that if I am to live to the age which Mr. Mills has now attained, and if during the oncoming of the years I shall be tempted away from the principles I now advocate—the principles of righteousness, sobriety, temperance, peace, prohibition and good will—I pray that God will strike me dead tonight on this platform, so that I may go into His presence unsullied by the touch of that political ambition that would lead me into devious paths, or seduced by the jingle of the gold of the brewers and distillers of this nation.”

With those words I closed. I thought that the people would take the roof off. It was many minutes before there was opportunity for Mr. Mills to close the meeting, but finally the applause subsided, and in a veritable rage he made his closing speech. It did not bristle with arguments, as did his first oration; it was more a defense of his personal reputation and of explanation of the change that had come over him since he was editor of *The Prairie Blade*. His second effort evoked no very great applause. The liquor advocates were still in the audience, but they were cowed.

It was thus the meeting closed, and I was borne out of the hall almost in the very arms of my prohibition friends. I was carried bodily to the little hotel and the string band of the village, led by Elmon Armstrong, treated me to a majestic serenade. I had to come out and acknowledge the honor that was thus paid me, and the evening wore on into night, and early morning had come before the little town regained its normal quietude.

In the meantime Mr. Mills took a night freight train and left for other engagements. Why this was so, I never knew, but the Prohibitionists of Crawford claimed then and still believe that he left because of his chagrin at the result of the meeting.

Looking back upon that incident, I still record it as the greatest single achievement of its kind in my entire career. No one was more surprised at the outcome of the meeting than was I. It was the old story. David with the sling and the smooth stones from the brook, with right and God on his side, can vanquish any giant that stands in his way. This was why the young editor of the *The Gatesville Advance*, then twenty-seven years of age, was able to rout the great apostle of democracy and anti-prohibition.

The next time I saw Roger Q. Mills was when I attended the state-wide whiskey convention in 1887 at Dallas, and of which George C. Pendleton, of Belton, was the chairman. Mills was the chief orator. He saw me in the audience. He had it all his own way. I was perhaps the only Prohibitionist present. I went up to the meeting to report it for *The Waco Advance* and staid through it all. The convocation was so riotous that the lamented Pendleton smashed a gold-headed ebony cane all to pieces in the effort to keep the whiskey advocates quiet. Mills was at his best. He rode on the whirlwind of liquor enthusiasm, and what he

did to me was a plenty. Of course it was all done in a parliamentary way. Mills was a man of high ideals, and an old time Southern gentleman. He would not stoop to a mean trick, but he did romp on me and all of my sort at this so-called "True Blue" Convention. I was willing for him to have his innings, because I was consoled in the recollection of the Crawford meeting where things eventuated wholly my way.



XLIX

THE MOVE TO WACO

CHRISTMAS WEEK of 1886 we packed our simple belongings, loaded them in a box-car and bade farewell to the sights and scenes of dear old Gatesville, where we had spent four and a half eventful years. I look back upon them now with joy, because during that period I was passing through a discipline that was fitting me for the ordeals that were yet to come. We reached Waco Dec. 27, 1886—the day that B. H. Carroll was 43.

Not the least of the influences that caused me to move to Waco was his presence there. I counted it one of the most gracious privileges that ever came into my life to hear him preach and to study with him the Word of God. On going to Waco, we at once put our letters in the grand old First Church, of which my wife and I were members until almost twelve years after, when we asked for our letters in order that we might join the First Church at Dallas.

Things along prohibition lines were livening up. The Legislature met in January, 1887, and one of the first questions to be discussed was that of the submission of a prohibition amendment to the Constitution. The fight was neither a long one nor a hard one. During the time I journeyed to Austin on the invitation of some friends, and addressed the Legislature in behalf of submission. This object was accomplished with a great deal more ease than any of us had hoped, and immediately thereafter the hottest and most eventful political campaign ever up to that time fought in Texas was precipitated.

The Waco Advance was a very great improvement over *The Gatesville Advance-Sun*. It was more perfect mechanically, and in every way a more presentable and influential journal.

During my residence at Gatesville, I became very active in the councils of the Texas Press Association, having been elected twice consecutively to the position of secretary. It was thus, and through *The Gatesville Advance-Sun*, that I had made many acquaintances among the editors of the State. They were very kind in their notices of our removal, and by common consent *The Waco Advance* was at once accorded the post of journalistic leader in the State-wide prohibition campaign.

The Prohibition Amendment State Convention was held in Waco in March. It was a historic gathering. There were giants in those days. When such men as B. H. Carroll, W. S. Herndon, Dudley G. Wooten, Thomas R. Bonner, R. C. Burleson, M. V. Smith and R. B. Parrott joined hands in behalf of any cause, it made history.

At that convention, for the first time in my life, I was selected as the man to take the collection. I had never done any of this kind of work before. I had achieved some distinction on the platform as an advocate of the prohibition cause. I had participated in local option campaigns in a number of the counties of the State, notably in Bell, Limestone and McLennan, but I had never at any time attempted to raise money. They accorded me the best hour of the Convention for this collection. I was on my feet two mortal hours, and when all the returns were in, it was found that we had raised in cash and pledges \$15,000. It was counted a wonderful augury of our strength and high purpose and of our success in the campaign. Such men as H. G. Damon, of Corsicana, and W. B. Ward, of Jefferson, struggled to the floor to give \$500 each. M. V. Smith, pas-

tor of the Baptist Church at Belton, had been the one who suggested me for the position of money raiser.

Following the Convention, the State Campaign Committee was organized, with B. H. Carroll as Chairman and R. B. Parrott as Secretary. This was a strong team. Dr. Carroll was in the zenith of his power, and Colonel Parrott was a magnificent organizer. The circulation of *The Waco Advance* became phenomenal. By the first of May it had reached a State-wide subscription list of more than 20,000. Never in all my journalistic experience have I witnessed such a remarkable growth. As the campaign progressed and as *The Advance* subscription list enlarged, my enthusiasm also increased until by the first of May I felt that there was an imperative necessity for the establishment of a daily paper to advocate our cause. There was not an out-and-out daily morning paper in Texas advocating prohibition. The afternoon paper in Waco, *The Day*, of which my old friend, A. R. McCollum, was editor, had come out very mildly for the amendment, but I felt that a morning paper was a necessity. Acting upon this conviction, I established the *Waco Daily Advance*. It achieved a splendid circulation, but it broke me financially.

During that campaign my weekly cleared \$25,000. The daily lost \$26,000.

One of the embarrassing incidents at the close of the campaign was the rejection of a \$10 check that I gave on the First National Bank to one of my printers. The printer cashed the check in Wilson's saloon. That was on Saturday night. Monday morning Wilson presented it to the First National Bank and they threw it out, writing on the back of the check, "No funds." On account of the kind recommendation A. R. Williams had given me to the First National Bank when I came to Waco, I had done all of my banking there, and had passed through the bank some hundreds of thousands of dollars. They knew full well, how-

ever, that I was stranded, and yet I have never brought myself to believe that they gave me a fair deal, when, on account of an overdraft of \$3 or \$4 they threw out this check and humiliated me in the presence of my enemies.

I went to W. W. Seley, president of the Waco State Bank, and told him the whole story. I added that I hadn't a dollar and did not know that I ever would have a dollar, and yet I wanted to borrow \$300 to clean up with. He handed me a note and said:

"Doctor, if you will get Homer Wells or F. L. Carroll to sign this note with you, I will let you have the money."

I handed the note back to him with this remark:

"Mr. Seley, I have never asked anybody to endorse my note and never will. If I am not good for the \$300, I will have to suffer on and do without it."

There was something in my tone and bearing that impressed Mr. Seley, so he turned to his desk, made out another note and asked me to sign it. He then passed the \$300 to my credit. That was the beginning of my connection with the Waco State Bank. Subsequently the cashier of the First National Bank and Mr. Seley locked horns in four separate municipal campaigns for the office of City Treasurer. I threw the strength of my influence for Mr. Seley, and if I do say it myself, I was able to reward him for the confidence he had reposed in me in a time of dire necessity. I know that in two of those elections my influence turned the scale in his favor, and on this account I always rejoice over it. From that day until this, W. W. Seley has been my friend. He was one of the most considerate bankers with whom I have ever done business, and while he was not a Baptist nor a Prohibitionist, he was one of the truest and most loyal friends it has ever been mine to know. The night is never too dark, nor the clouds too lowering, for me to get up to do him a kindness.

In the prohibition campaign our first great need was

funds, and while we had inaugurated our fight with some means at our command, we knew that hundreds of thousands of dollars were being poured into Texas by the brewers, distillers and liquor dealers, and that in order to cope with this gigantic corruption fund we would have to secure assistance from outside sources. The committee therefore selected me to go North and East in search of help. I left the middle of June and was absent three weeks. My first objective point was Lake Bluff, Illinois, just a little way above Chicago, where the Lake Bluff Prohibition Conference was in session. I knew that I would meet there the heroes of the prohibition cause in America. When I arrived I found that Frances E. Willard, John B. Finch and John Sobieski were all there, and that was the first time that I met little Anna Gordon, Miss Willard's private secretary, and Mrs. Beauchamp, the beautiful Kentuckian who was president of the Kentucky W. C. T. U. Miss Willard was the leading spirit of the Lake Bluff meeting. When she found that I was there and learned of my mission, she set apart one evening and asked me to address the convention. It was a remarkable occasion. In the best way that I knew, I stated the Texas conditions and needs. There was a response such as I have seldom witnessed. Men literally fell over each other to give money. These were not large sums, but they represented the out-gushings of generous hearts who longed to help us make Texas free. The introduction Miss Willard gave me was done in her sweetest and most winsome way, and she was one of the most eloquent orators it has ever been my pleasure to hear. She had a tongue of silver and a heart of gold. Through all the years that she lived, she was my friend, and a remark she made in the National Prohibition Convention at Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1892, was probably, as much as any other single incident, responsible for my nomi-

nation in that Convention for the Vice-Presidency of the United States.

John B. Finch, at that time leader in the Independent Order of Good Templars and Chairman of the Executive Committee of the National Prohibition party, gave me letters to leading Prohibitionists in the East and advised me to push on to Boston, where a Convention of the Sons of Temperance was soon to assemble. Following his suggestion, I hastened on to New York City, arriving there on a Sunday night. I never felt more lonely than I did when I wrote my name on the register of the Grand Hotel. I set out to find a church. I saw an illuminated hand pointing in a certain direction and on the hand these words, "Church of the Strangers." I followed the suggestion and soon found myself looking up into the face of Dr. Charles F. Deems. It was the only time I ever had the pleasure of hearing him preach, but I remember the sermon as well as if I had heard it yesterday. When the collection baskets were passed, I was amazed to see every one giving something. I thought they were the most liberal people I had ever seen in my life, but when the baskets came on back to me and I was fixing to drop in my quarter, I found that the others had all given pennies, so it dampened my ardor some, but the unanimity with which they gave compensated in a large measure for the smallness of their contributions.

From New York I went by boat to Fall River, and by rail on to Boston. Reaching there, I found the Sons of Temperance in session. The letters from John B. Finch were a sufficient introduction. These great old temperance heroes were rejoiced to have me with them, and tendered me the best hour of the best day to present the prohibition work of Texas. They were eager listeners. It was an unusual thing for a Texan to address them on any subject. The meeting was held in Tremont Temple, so long the throne of power of the lamented George C. Lorimer. Fol-

lowing my address, they gave me quite liberally of their means for the Texas cause. I received no colossal contribution, but there were many small gifts from the delegates present, and the interest manifested in the Texas prohibition work was good to see.

I reached Waco after an uneventful journey, to find that the campaign had become red hot. The memorable debate between B. H. Carroll and Roger Q. Mills had occurred in my absence. W. S. Herndon, Dudley G. Wooten, Thomas R. Bonner, B. H. Carroll and others of our great workers were constantly on the field, and it seemed as though the prohibition cause was bound to win.

One of the great meetings was held at Waco. At that meeting Dudley G. Wooten and W. S. Herndon were the speakers. Wooten's throat gave out before he had spoken thirty minutes, and he had to leave the platform. W. S. Herndon followed in a three-hours speech, which, all things considered, was one of the greatest orations it has ever been my pleasure to hear. The occasion was auspicious in every way. There was a tremendous crowd present of the flower of Texas manhood and womanhood. We had reached that stage in the campaign when all sides were on the *qui vive* for new material. Herndon brought it to us in plenty. He heartened the Prohibitionists and discouraged the liquor men.

I continued my work as editor of the daily and weekly *Advance*, and as an active exponent of the prohibition cause on the field. During the campaign I had a number of joint debates. I recall two of these. One was with Captain M. D. Herring, of Waco, at Whitehall, in McLennan County, and the other with a Belton lawyer by the name of Scales. The latter debate was held at Bartlett in Williamson County.

Our campaign was so handsomely managed that we deserved to succeed. Not only was this true, but we repre-

sented the right side, and if it had not been for the intrigues of the liquor men and the frauds perpetrated in so many ways, I believe we would have won. That was before the days of the Australian ballot system. Everything in elections was run wide open. The liquor forces brought Mexicans by the thousands from across the Rio Grande, Indians from across Red River, and dressed many Negro women in Negro men's clothes and voted them for whiskey.

There is no diabolical device that the liquor men will not utilize if it will achieve their object. This is true from the very highest man in their ranks on down to the saloon porter and slugger. The whole business, root and branch, is absolutely devoid of conscience or consideration for the principles of righteousness.

Threats were made that prohibition speakers would not be allowed to fill their engagements at San Antonio and in other portions of the State, and when Dr. B. H. Carroll went to San Antonio he had to speak on the military reservation under the protection of the American flag. Some of our speakers had been grossly maltreated in San Antonio, but Dr. Carroll stood his ground and won a great moral victory, though, of course, when election day came, San Antonio voted almost solidly for the liquor traffic. I believe there were many hundreds of prohibition votes there that were never counted. It is the plan of the liquor forces not only to count thousands of fraudulent votes for themselves, but to count out the votes of the temperance men registered against them.

The election was held August 4. On the face of the returns, Prohibition lost by a majority of 92,000. This seems tremendous, and yet, if the fraudulent votes had been eliminated, I doubt not that the prohibition forces either won their fight or came very close to victory.

To me one of the memorable incidents of the campaign was the presence on every train on which I traveled of a

long, lank, lean, cadaverous man, who was as silent as the Sphinx. When I would get on the train at Waco, he would get on with me and go in the same coach. When I would change cars, he would change cars. When I would get out of the car at any destination, he would get out there. At first I paid no attention to him, but finally his presence attracted my attention. Then I began to watch him. Hitherto I had not observed that he was watching me, but when I began to watch him, I noticed that every time I would pick up my grip to get off, he would pick up his grip after I picked up mine. I did not venture to open any conversation with him, but later I learned that his name was Waller and that he was a detective in the employ of the whiskey crowd to shadow me. That was one of the many tactics of the liquor forces. Happily I behaved well through the entire campaign, and nothing was found that the liquor men could take hold of to do the cause an injury.



L

FOREGLEAMS OF A NEW CAREER

WITH the defeat of the Prohibition amendment, the *Waco Daily Advance* turned up its little pink toes and quietly expired. The weekly was still maintained, but if it had been properly spelled it would have been "weakly," for I was dead broke, and the prohibition wave had spent its force. Many of its erstwhile friends forsook the flag, and many others who still maintained the principle felt that we had suffered irreparable defeat. However, there were a few of us who went on with the work. *The Advance* kept up the agitation as vigorously as it could under the discouraging conditions that confronted us. The liquor men, always insolent, became more so as the days passed by. Their organs, many of which had fattened on the proceeds of the campaign, became more blatant, while the prohibition politicians, many of whom had hoped to be swept into office by the results of the campaign, ran to cover and shed the habiliments of political purity and sobriety to don the old-time beer-stained Democratic garments.

But *The Waco Advance* went on. So did I. But we went on very slowly. We also went on very hungrily. The subscription list of *The Advance*, which had run into scores of thousands during the campaign, shrank down into hundreds. We might have very consistently chanted that old poem which ran so solemnly in the old time McGuffey's reader, entitled, "The Burial of Sir John Moore." If Sir John had been the prohibition movement, he was most cer-

tainly buried, and many of his former friends, who thrilled great and expectant audiences with their eloquence, were now pensively silent as the liquor procession moved on.

The night of the election, when the returns which poured in from all parts of the State showed that the amendment had suffered an overwhelming defeat, the liquor men became very boisterous in Waco. Threats were particularly made against me. Word was sent down that I was to be tarred and feathered and ridden on a rail. I had never engaged in a pastime of this sort in which I was the chief mourner, so I decided that I would demur to the soft impeachment of my political persecutors. The sheriff of the county, Dan Ford, who afterwards married my wife's sister, and who was at that time quite deeply in love with her, was my good friend. He came down and authorized all of us to brighten up our shooting irons so that we would be ready to defend ourselves against any onslaught. On his own motion, he spent the night with us. There were two or three of the printer boys with us, as in the olden days at Gatesville, and things began to look quite Coryell Countyish. We were really not afraid, but at the same time I gratefully remember the kindness of Dan Ford on that eventful night. I was bluer than forty varieties of indigo, the fact being that I had already discussed with my wife the prospects of taking a new start in life on the Pacific Coast. I felt very much like folding my tent, if I could get up steam enough to achieve a physical feat of that sort, and silently abandoning my native State forever.

I realize now that all of this was foolish, but we are but grown-up children after all. (I think, though I may be mistaken, that I have seen an expression of this sort in some homily that I have read as I have journeyed along through life.) For days and days this feeling that California was the place for me clung to me, but as we slowly resumed the normal status of life, I took my belt up another hole and

decided to keep up the fight against the liquor traffic as long as mortal life remained, and to stay in Texas.

It was thus *Thee Waco Advance* went on and that I went on. The Prohibition party contingent in the State, which had shown such hopeful strength in the election of 1886, was also greatly discouraged, though less discouraged than the Democratic Prohibitionists. The political Prohibitionists, having had no hopes of office, did not feel so keenly the disastrous defeat as did the Democrats, many of whom had felt that there was a chance for political recognition at the pie counter through the success of the prohibition movement. We kept up the Prohibition political party in Texas and held our convention in 1888 as of yore, nominating a full State ticket. *The Waco Advance* became leaner and leaner. It became so thin that it reminded me of the story of Hamilton Stuart, to which reference has already been made. When it was at its worst, though still alive, I had a visit from my prohibition friend, W. D. Knowles, of Dallas, who, with his son-in-law, C. W. Harned, had at that time a small Prohibition party weekly at Dallas, and they desired to consolidate with *The Advance*. I was not in position at that time to move from Waco, so after some simple negotiations I sold to Mr. Knowles *The Waco Advance*, lock, stock and barrel, subscription list, and good will for \$500 cash. I owned some type and material for making up the paper. I did not fling this in with the deal, but simply sold the good will of *The Advance*. This trade was made in July, 1888, nearly a year after the prohibition amendment had met defeat.

It was thus that for the first time I found myself out of employment. It was a strange sensation. At 15 my father had set me to work for myself and I was now almost 30. I felt it a good time for a vacation, so I took my wife and little ones, and after having secured railroad passes, (those were the glorious days of annuals, mileage books, trip passes

and half fare on the Pullman car for editors) we fared forth for Denver, Colorado, to attend the National Editorial Association, to which I was a delegate. It was a gorgeous trip. We had never been in Colorado, and we found the climate, as it has been found by thousands of other pilgrims from Texas and elsewhere, ideally cool and pleasant.

But arriving in Denver, I did not hide my light under a bushel. My fame as a prohibition worker had preceded me. Out Denver way was my friend, John Hipp, whom I had met at the National Prohibition Convention in May. He was a member of the Prohibition National Committee and had known of my work in Texas, not only as a Prohibition party man, but as an advocate of the prohibition amendment. As soon as I reached Denver, I was besieged from every direction to enter upon prohibition work. But first of all we must attend the National Editorial Association.

As soon as the Editorial Association had finished its sessions, I yielded to the importunities of the Prohibitionists of Colorado and, leaving my wife and children in Denver, I began a lecture tour of the State. I was tendered a pass over all the railway lines of Colorado and it was thus that I made a most pleasant lecture tour of the entire State. I was told by the chairman of the State Committee that all of the collections would be mine. I reported every penny I received, but it was in turn given to me for my services.

I suffered one excruciating embarrassment on this tour. When I spoke at the little town of Golden, I noticed in the audience a very attentive listener. He hung upon my words as if I were inspired. His lower jaw fell, his eyes opened wide, his ears seemed to stand out to catch every vibration of my voice, and his face showed an interest and animation that is an inspiration to any speaker. After the lecture was over and I had safely housed the collection in my trousers pocket, this auditor came up and introduced himself to me,

complimenting me very highly, and I naturally felt that he was a man of judicious and judicial temper.

I moved on next day to a point some fifty miles up the road to meet another engagement. The audience was larger than the evening before. To my surprise, I saw this same enthusiastic friend on the front seat again. Now, patient reader, I will have to reveal a secret here. I had several prohibition speeches in my armamentarium, but I did not see the necessity of preparing a new speech for every new audience, since I was to speak to each separate audience but one time, so on that second evening I perpetrated the same jokes and repeated the same grandiloquent apostrophes that had so charmed the audience of the night before. My patient confrere, who had followed me to this engagement, was just as much overjoyed at hearing this address the second time as he was the first time, and he so said.

The next night he was with me again, and he followed me for five mortal nights, listening to me every night as I wandered through the mazes of practically the same speech. I thought that by the third dose he would have died, but instead of succumbing to the infliction, he seemed to fatten on it, so when I last saw him, after having ding-donged this speech into his ears five times, he departed with a glow of joy and satisfaction on his face that I have scarcely ever seen duplicated anywhere. I wish I could remember his name. He was a jewel. If in my journey through life, I had found many such admirers as was he, I would have had a much easier time. I didn't try, but I believe I could have borrowed thirty cents from him without any trouble in the world. I would have done it, but the collections were showing up well, and happily I was not in immediate need of funds, though that had for the past several months been my normal condition.

At the close of the Colorado trip, after I had spoken for some four weeks in the State and filled many engagements,

the time came for us to depart for Texas. On taking an invoice of my financial condition, I found that I had much more money than I had when I started from Waco, in addition to sufficient extra funds to pay our expenses home. My last address was at Canyon City at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. My next appointment was at Leadville, but the high altitude had begun to tell upon my nerves. Leadville is one of the highest points in the Rocky Mountains, and after having spoken at Canyon City, I found myself quite exhausted, and for this reason I wired a cancellation of my Leadville engagement, which really I have always regretted, because I would have been glad to see that historic town.

At Canyon City a remarkable thing happened. I spoke out in front of the Canyon City hotel to an immense audience. That is one of the beauties of Colorado. The summer nights are so bland, clear, crisp and cool and the air so bracing that outdoor meetings are far more pleasant than to have the convocation indoors. When the hats were passed that night, some excellent man perpetrated what I, as an old time newspaper man, would characterize as a typographical error. He dropped a twenty dollar gold piece in the hat. That swelled that collection to proportions far beyond that taken at any other point. I have always felt a little conscience-stricken about this twenty dollar gold piece, because in my inmost soul I felt that the man meant to drop in a half dollar. I did not, however, count the collection until I had reached my room, and there was the twenty dollar gold piece mixed all up with the pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters, etc. It looked good. I did not know who had given it, and meantime the audience had dispersed, so there was no way in the world by which I could reach the donor, and with that egotism which should characterize men who, as the Frenchman says, "go on the scaffold and lecture," I felicitated myself that some patriot had really believed my

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speech was worth twenty dollars. That had been my private opinion, but of course I only put it in here because this autobiography is not intended for more than international circulation.



T. E. MURPHY
PUBLICATIONS
ASTORIA, OREGON
TYPE IN ROMAN LETTERS



DR. JOHN O. McREYNOLDS.

LI

THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT AFFLICTION

I HASTENED back from Canyon City to Denver, gathered up our little belongings, and we journeyed back to the Texas summer land in the last days of August. On the way home, for the first time in my life, I felt a peculiar sensation in my right eye. An eye-lash seemed to have by some means turned in upon the eyeball and was thus giving me intense pain. There was no physician on the train, and although I had my wife look at the eye, she was not able to find the troublesome eye-lash. The difficulty grew worse as we approached Waco, and as soon as I was able to consult Dr. King, our family physician, he took a look at my eyes and with an expression of horror, he said, "Dr. Cranfill, you have granulated eye-lids!"

That was the beginning. It has had no end. It has been now over twenty-seven years since this discovery was made, and I have through all these years been a sufferer from the worst eye affliction known to any age or clime. I do not mean that this is a worse affliction than paralysis of the optic nerve nor than some forms of cataract, but when the number of its victims is considered, trachoma, or granulated eye-lids, is the giant eye-scurge of the world.

I began by seeking the advice of specialists and now, after twenty-seven years of suffering, and after having lost so much out of my life, I can say with the woman in the Gospel of Luke, I have "suffered many things at the hands of many physicians." Per contra, I have had great help from many physicians. The really well equipped and

capable eye specialist is very rare. When you find one, treasure him and love him. There are some men who claim to know how to cure eye trouble who mean well, but they are innocent of ability to properly cope with the difficulty. Naturally fond of books, living, moving, breathing and having my being in literature, I found this affliction the greatest, it seems to me, that could possibly becloud my life. Since that summer day twenty-seven years ago, I have suffered ten thousand deaths with the pain of this malady, accompanied as it is with oft recurring spells of corneal ulceration, and in addition thereto, the deprivation I have suffered on account of my inability to read at night or to read long at a time, even at my best, has been enough, it seems to me, to break the spirit of any pessimistic man.

This affliction has deprived me of the pleasure and the profit of foreign travel. I cannot be long away from a competent eye specialist, for very often both of my eyes have to be operated upon. This operation is very simple and is done without an anesthetic of any kind. At first the oculist used cocaine, but I do not like cocaine in the eye, so he turns up the eye-lids and scarifies the lid with a very sharp knife three to six times a week. This has to be done, or the lid trouble becomes so malignant that the corneal ulcers recur. Foreign travel would involve separation from the oculist for many months at a time and—blindness.

In this connection I take pleasure in testifying to the help I have had from three great oculists. The first of these was Dr. R. H. Chilton. I lived in Waco and he lived in Dallas, so in the winter of 1892-93 I came to Dallas for treatment, after the sainted M. V. Smith and I had started *The Baptist Standard*. I boarded at that time with my dear friend, Dr. H. A. Moseley, and his cherished wife now in Heaven, Mrs. Kittie Moseley. It was there that I met Miss Hattie Belle Moseley and all the Moseley family, who, through all the intervening years, have been counted

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DR. DERO E. SEAY.

among my very dearest friends. For a while, during that period of my stay in Dallas, I lived in the home of A. M. Simms, pastor of the First Baptist Church, and while taking my meals in Brother Simms' home, I rented a room from Judge Lewis and his wife.

But my eyes did not get well. Dr. Chilton helped them much, and saved me much suffering. At the same time, however, they showed no signs of permanent recovery. After Dr. Chilton's death, I sought the help of Dr. John O. McReynolds and Dr. Dero E. Seay. I have been under their care now for eighteen years. One would naturally ask why, if they are such splendid oculists, I have not been cured. My answer is that being such splendid oculists as they are, I am not now blind. When I first went to Dr. McReynolds, I had twenty-five ulcers circling the cornea of my right eye. I thought then I was going to lose the eye, but he saved it and he has been saving it ever since. And so has Dr. Seay. And thus I still can see, and at intervals can read a reasonable amount in daytime.

Meantime I have been greatly helped by Dr. Sleight, of Battle Creek, Mich. Every time I go to Battle Creek he treats me while there, and he is one of the best oculists I have known.

I have been indiscreet with my eyes and have often used them when I should not have read at all. A man of my temperament and with my love of literature would almost risk his life, not to say anything about his eyes, in order to commune with the great makers of our books and periodicals. But how I have been hindered, how I have suffered, how I have longed to read when I was forced to sit silently by the glowing embers of the fire, how I have thirsted to explore new and to me impossible mines of knowledge, no human tongue can tell. God knows and I know, but none of this could be fashioned into words.

But not to be guilty of complaining here, let me add that my hearing is perfect, my voice and all my organs of speech are absolutely unimpaired, and God has blessed me with an elastic and retentive memory. Aside from the memory of the names of people whom I meet, I have been happy in the faculty to retain salient and important facts, and thus I glean more from the reading of an incident or from its recital by another than the average man.



LII

ON A NEW TRAIL

WHEN I returned to Waco from the Colorado trip, I was out of a job. I had my little home on the corner of Sixth and Webster Streets and it was paid for, but that was all. I had managed in closing up the affairs of *The Waco Advance* to even up with my creditors, so I was not in debt, but I was penniless, though undaunted and unafraid. Having lived in Waco for almost two years, I had been particularly interested in Baylor University and in all our Baptist work. The financial secretary of Baylor University at that time was Rev. S. L. Morris, a son-in-law of Dr. R. C. Burleson. I had already transacted some business with Brother Morris and had learned to know him quite well. It was thus that I talked over with him the fact of my desire for work. He at once suggested that I take a position with him as a solicitor and collector for Baylor University. This was entirely new work to me, but I have never been the man to stand around with my thumbs in my mouth and whine, so I accepted his tender of this work and entered upon it with zest and enthusiasm. My salary was \$100 a month and actual traveling expenses. I rejoiced to get that. My dear wife was one of the greatest domestic economists I had ever known, the fact being that I do not know of any one who quite matches her along this line; so I felt secure in the thought of receiving a salary of \$100 a month.

But the job was a hard one. Brother Morris equipped me with a bundle of antiquated endowment notes and

pledges. He thought that I had best turn my attention to collections rather than to the matter of soliciting new pledges, so out I went into this new and untried field. It was the hardest job I ever undertook.

One sample will suffice to tell this story. I journeyed to the little town of Kosse in Limestone County. A great many notes had been signed down there. One thing I noticed at Kosse I have never seen duplicated anywhere. Usually the little \$1 hotels charge the traveling man \$2 a day regardless. This hotel, however, was kept by an honest man. He had a \$1 a day dining room and a \$2 a day dining room. In the \$1 a day dining room they had roast beef and cabbage; in the \$2 a day dining room they had oysters, fried chicken and other high class vegetables. I took the \$2 rate for luck, and fared well. The roads around Kosse were very rough, so I hired a cart and horse to traverse the country by-paths. I circled the town for a distance of ten or fifteen miles, hunting for the makers of these notes. Some of them were very kind; others were extremely hostile. Some were dead broke and repudiated the pledges. Others (and these were few) paid them. Still others asked for an extension. I made the best settlement possible, and after having cleaned up one town and its environs, I went immediately to another.

I found many difficulties in my new work, but I did my best, and the returns were such that I earned the good will and commendation of my superiors.

Some time late in the year, a month or so after I took work under Brother Morris, he announced that on January 1 he would give up the work. The result was that the Board of Trustees unanimously elected me to fill his place.

It was a most difficult position. I took charge of it on January 1 and continued in the work as best I could. Baylor University was at that time almost \$100,000 in debt, the Baptist forces of the State were not well organized, and

on the whole the task of collecting these notes, securing new endowment, and pledges to ministerial education, was fraught with the gravest responsibility and was as well a high opportunity for usefulness.

I continued in the work until October, 1889, nearly one full year. Time would fail me to recite all the incidents of interest that occurred during my campaigning for Baylor University. One I think worthy of preservation in this chronicle, is herewith given.

On my rounds, I visited the church at Mexia, of which W. I. Fezell was pastor. He was an eloquent and forceful preacher. His sermons had attracted attention, and aside from the criticisms (and these were not unkind) of J. T. S. Park, an old time Baptist minister of his congregation, he was enjoying a very happy pastoral experience. Much could be said of Brother Fezell in many ways, but I spare his memory. The last I heard of him, he was no longer in the ministry and was in many ways but a shadow of his former self.

Pushing on from Mexia, I went to Honey Grove, where John H. Boyet was pastor. He was at that time and still is one of the ablest preachers Texas Baptists ever knew. I have often wondered why Boyet did not bloom out into a metropolitan pastorate. Doubtless the reason is that he never aspired to be a far-famed preacher. He has had few equals in the Texas Baptist pulpit. When I reached Honey Grove, Boyet and I talked a great deal, exchanging mutual confidences. I told him I had been to Mexia, and narrated circumstantially the incidents that were grouping themselves around the popular pastor, W. I. Fezell. Boyet entrusted a confidence to me which would never be related here if Brother Fezell were yet in the ministry. He had been in part responsible for Fezell when the latter was quite a young man down in Eastern Texas, and Fezell had leaned very strongly upon him through all the years. The

result was that every Monday morning Boyet would mail Feazell the two sermons he had preached the day before in his own pulpit. The following Sunday Feazell in turn would preach these two sermons to his congregation down at Mexia. Boyet told me in a ripple of laughing confidence that he doubted not that Feazell was preaching the Boyet sermons better than he could himself.

I heard an interesting anecdote concerning Feazell. When he first began preaching he was living in the home of S. J. Anderson, pastor at Sulphur Springs. One day he came to Anderson and said:

"Brother Anderson, I have to preach out at Black-jack Grove today and I wish you would give me a text."

To which Anderson replied:

"Feazell, take the New Testament, go to your room and begin reading, and very soon you will come upon a text that will suggest your sermon to you."

Feazell turned to him in incredulous amazement and replied:

"Brother Anderson, I've read it clean through and there isn't a good text in it!"

THE STORY OF FOUR CONVENTIONS

THE consolidation of the two Baptist general bodies of Texas was consummated at the convention which met at Waco in July, 1886. I was still living at Gatesville, but was a delegate to this meeting. My baby was sick at the time and I only staid one night and two days, but meantime the Convention honored me by an appointment as Chairman of the Committee on the liquor traffic. On this committee were such celebrities as I. B. Kimbrough and W. E. Penn. I wrote the report, and these brethen very cordially endorsed it. I shall never forget the address made upon that occasion by Dr. Kimbrough. He was one of the pulpit ortsors of the old school. A native of Tennessee, reared without educational advantages, but possessed of a native intellect and ability rarely surpassed, he was at once a man of note in any assembly. I read the report and he made the principal address in its advocacy. The year before, Senator Richard Coke had said, during the heated local option campaign in McLennan County, "Scourge the preachers back and stop their rations." This incensed the entire ministry of Texas, and Dr. Kimbrough had this strong upon his mind when he delivered the far-famed address at this Waco convention. Waco was the home of Senator Coke. While he did not refer to the Senator by name, in one of his flights of oratory he used substantially the following words:

"Before I would yield one iota to the minions of the liquor traffic, I would live on corn cobs and stump water."

Before coming to Texas Dr. Kimbrough was the field agent in Tennessee of Carson and Newman College. In that capacity he traveled over the state. In one of these journeys through the wilds of Tennessee, on a Monday morning, he was held up by two highwaymen. Before he knew it they were on him, with their guns upraised, demanding his money. He very deliberately addressed them as follows:

"Gentlemen, I am a Baptist minister. My work is to go over the state and solicit funds for the young preachers of Tennessee who are in school at Carson and Newman College, and also to secure such help for the school as I am able to get. I have in my pocket two purses of money. One represents a collection I took yesterday for this Christian work; the other contains my own private funds. I will get down here in the road and I will lay these two purses in different piles. You may take my money if you wish to, but I dare you, in the name of God, to touch the money that has been made sacred by having been given to His cause."

The highwaymen paused, looked at each other, and began to inquire more about the work at Carson and Newman College. Dr. Kimbrough explained it categorically. After he had made his talk to them, they said:

"We will not take either your money, or the money of the college."

With this Dr. Kimbrough was emboldened to add:

"Gentlemen, you are very kind, and I am deeply grateful for your consideration. Now that I have detailed the importance of this work to you, don't you think you ought to help me make it go?"

These would-be robbers gave him \$5 apiece!

The Waco Convention became historic on account of the point at which the Convention touched the Baptist paper question. At that time there were two papers in the State,

each seeking State-wide recognition, *The Texas Baptist Herald*, published at Austin by J. B. Link, and *The Texas Baptist*, published at Dallas by S. A. Hayden. Each of these men wished for his paper to become the recognized organ of the consolidated convention. Hayden had been making a great ado in his publication concerning the importance of what was then called unification of everything. He wanted the schools, conventions and papers to unite. He drove Link to the wall in more ways than one, and when they had finally agreed upon a basis of consolidation, after a convention vote, Dallas won by one majority, the delegates from the First church at Waco declining to vote. Hayden had previously agreed to pay Link \$10,000 for the good will and subscription list of *The Texas Baptist Herald*, and to retain Link on the staff as associate or corresponding editor.

In 1887 the Convention met with the First Church at Dallas. Nothing of great moment occurred at that meeting. After a trial of a full year under the new plan, all the brotherhood seemed pleased, and the denomination was at peace. At that time, R. T. Hanks was pastor of the First Church at Dallas.

The Convention of 1888 met in October at Belton. Meantime we had passed through the prohibition campaign of 1887. My work as editor of *The Waco Advance* had given me wide publicity, and my attendance at the two Baptist General Conventions already held had extended my Baptist acquaintanceship over the State. The result was that at the Belton Convention I was selected by the president of the Convention to respond to the address of welcome, which was made by M. V. Smith, the beloved pastor at Belton. Following upon this duty, which I rendered as best I could, I was elected Recording Secretary of the Convention, there being at that time only one secretary. During the sessions of this body, I was a guest

in the home of M. V. Smith and cemented a friendship between us which had begun when I lived at Gatesville.

One of the incidents of this meeting was a private interview with J. H. Stribling, pastor at Rockdale. He had heard my response to the address of welcome, had watched my movements in the Convention with great interest, and even before that had been familiar with my work for prohibition. Taking me to one side, he pressed upon my heart and conscience the duty of giving all my life and time to the ministry. He was a noble, gentle-hearted man, and one whose memory I shall ever cherish.

The fourth Convention was in many respects the most memorable of them all. It was the National Prohibition Convention which met in May, 1888, at Indianapolis, Indiana. All the notables were there except the immortal John B. Finch, who had died the autumn before. This was the first National Prohibition Convention I had ever attended. Those were the days of the *New York Voice*, of Dr. I. K. Funk, of the strong and buoyant John P. St. John, of the world-wide work of Frances E. Willard. It was during this meeting that Decoration Day came around and Miss Willard was chosen as the orator on that occasion. I have heard many thrilling orations, both from the pulpit and the platform, but in all of my experience I have never heard an address that excelled this one. In some ways Henry Ward Beecher's deliverance at Waco in 1885 on "The Reign of the Common People" was superior to anything to which I ever listened, but in winsomeness, sweetness, pathos and genuine heart-touching eloquence, this Decoration Day address of Miss Willard's was in itself enough to make her immortal.

During the Convention I was the guest of Luther Benson, the dear friend who had come down to Gateville four years before, and delivered those marvelous addresses in the interest of prohibition. It was at this Convention that I first

met J. B. Gambrell. He was a delegate from Mississippi, and the only delegate from that State.

Prior to this 1888 Convention, my good friend, George R. Scott, now in heaven, who was at that time editor of *The Pioneer*, of New York, had mentioned my name in connection with the vice-presidential nomination. I felt it, therefore, my duty to acquaint the members present with the fact that I was not legally of sufficient age to entitle me to the nomination. When this was made plain, all talk of this preferment of necessity melted away. However, I was greatly honored by this body. I was placed on the Committee on Platform and in turn upon the sub-committee of the Platform Committee. There were five of us on the sub-committee, one of the others being Frances Willard. We sat up all night formulating a platform. Luther Benson very kindly staid with me, and we did not reach his home to retire until five o'clock the following morning.

Mrs. Benson is one of the choicest spirits I have known. After the death of her distinguished husband she bravely took up the task of rightly rearing their four children. All now are grown and this gentle-hearted mother is happy in their prosperity and love.

In many respects, this 1888 Convention was historic. General Clinton B. Fisk, of New York, and John A. Brooks of Missouri, were chosen as our standard bearers. They made a great campaign. The trouble we had on the Platform Committee was concerning the woman suffrage question. My head has always been converted to woman suffrage. I was perfectly willing for some kind of a woman suffrage plank to be inserted in our platform, but frankly told Miss Willard that I wished a plank might be inserted that would read for woman suffrage in the North and against it in the South. She smilingly told me, as we discussed this plank of the platform, that woman suffrage

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would outrun prohibition. I did not believe it then, but from the indications apparent on every hand as this chronicle is penned, it is evident that she was a prophet. It seems now that woman suffrage will probably become nation-wide through state action before we get national prohibition.



ENTERING UPON ANOTHER NEW WORK

I LOVED the work for Baylor University sincerely, and devoted to it every hour of my time and every atom of my thoughts. My interest in matters educational was congenial. While myself deprived of college training, I was all the more eager to furnish the highest educational opportunities to others. Moreover, I was then, as now, a firm and aggressive advocate of Christian education, a devoted friend of Dr. R. C. Burleson, president of the University, and never in any relation of life have I enjoyed fellowship with a finer body of men than the Trustees of Baylor University, of which B. H. Carroll was president, John T. Battle secretary, and F. L. Carroll treasurer.

After my return from Colorado, I had sought an interview with Dr. Burleson concerning a different connection with the University. I had decided, if the way could be opened, to complete my education. Dr. Burleson was familiar with my work as teacher of the Crawford school, and knew that I could teach reasonably well whatever I knew. I applied to him for a position as teacher of the lower branches in the school, which at that time maintained a primary department. While thus teaching and drawing such salary from the school as this work would justify, I announced my purpose to him of entering upon class work in those departments in which I was deficient. In this way, I purposed and hoped to take the full course at Baylor University and win my university degree.

Dr. Burleson's reception of my plan was coldly indif-

ferent. I do not to this day understand why this was so. He had been so enthusiastic in his solicitude for my education eleven years before when I was teaching at Crawford, that I was amazed at the coldness with which he treated this application. I was too proud to ask the reason. It was within his power at that time to have opened the door for me to have achieved a college education. He was the only man in Texas that could have done this, and it seemed to carry to him no appeal whatever. I did not feel hurt at my friend, the venerable president of the University, for this indifference, and I do not hold it against his memory, but I have wondered if, on account of his advancing age and increasing suspiciousness, he saw in me a possible embryonic aspirant for the position of president of Baylor University in the years to come. This may or may not have been true, but I am sure that if he had at that time retained the vigor of mind that had characterized him when I taught the Crawford school, he would have welcomed me with a joyous heart to the halls of Baylor University and would have given me the chance which I so deeply craved.

During the years 1888-89, what is known among Texas Baptists as the Hanks-Hayden trouble was disturbing the entire brotherhood. S. A. Hayden, then the journalistic dictator of the State and a resident of Dallas, began to pursue R. T. Hanks, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Dallas. It is not meet that I should recount the incidents of this unhappy period. My more immediate concern is with A. J. Holt, who at that time was superintendent of the Texas Baptist Mission Work, and my subsequent relation to him and his position. Hayden had managed to secure Holt as a partner in the publication of *The Texas Baptist and Herald*, which is easy to understand. Holt had under his supervision and practical control all of the missionary force of Texas. With this force as active agents

for Hayden's paper, the plan in essence, which in after years became known as denominational control, was in active operation. At that time it was denominational control with Hayden and Holt as the denomination, and, really, this is all denominational control will ever mean. It will mean that the man that controls the denomination will control the paper, just as was done in that instance. And that is exactly what we have now.

There was rebellion. This grew and strengthened. There was much unrest on account of the pursuit of Hanks by Hayden. The brotherhood had begun to identify Holt with all of the efforts that Hayden was making to destroy Hanks. It was thus that when the Baptist General Convention of 1889 met at Houston, and the question of electing a Superintendent of Missions came up, two names were placed in nomination. B. H. Carroll nominated A. J. Holt, and A. M. Sims nominated me. The first result was the election of Holt by a small majority, whereupon R. R. White announced that he would under no circumstances co-operate with Holt. This precipitated a crisis and a reconsideration of the vote, with the result that I was elected and my election subsequently made unanimous.

This incident revolutionized my life and work. I gave up the Financial Secretaryship of Baylor University and took the position of Superintendent of the entire Baptist Mission work of the State.

Previous to my election by the Convention, a remarkable incident occurred. B. H. Carroll had received the impression that the objection to Holt was largely due to his connection with Hayden's paper. Within a few short hours this objection was wholly eliminated by a trade by which Holt sold his interest in the paper back to Hayden. When this arrangement was completed, B. H. Carroll announced the result to the Convention, but it did not stem the tide of opposition to Holt.

It was necessary for me to make my decision promptly. The mission work of the State had suffered very greatly on account of the Hayden-Hanks trouble and Holt's connection therewith. A debt which at that time was quite large, had been incurred, and still remained against the State Mission Board. It was under these conditions that I took up the work. I sympathized deeply with Holt, whom I esteemed highly.

My resignation as Financial Secretary of Baylor University was a great grief to me. While a majority of the Board took the matter philosophically, and while, as the after years fully testified, it was all for the best, one or two members held it against me for years, that I had, as Dr. O. I. Halbert said, "left them in the lurch." That was not my purpose, and I only accepted the work as Superintendent of the Mission Board because I felt that it was a larger field of usefulness.

There never had been any rupture of any sort between S. A. Hayden and myself up to that time. When I succeeded A. J. Holt as Secretary of Missions, Hayden threw open his columns to me and professed great fidelity to the work. I was chosen as editor of his Children's Department, known then as the "Barrel Band," and wrote much for *The Texas Baptist and Herald* in the interest of the work. He granted me unlimited space, and during the years of my incumbency as Superintendent of Missions, showed me many courtesies. Inasmuch as his was the only paper of State-wide circulation the Baptists had, it was in every way good policy to cultivate friendly relations with him and his paper, and this I did. I was more than once a guest in his home. He was cordial to me, and aside from the fact that now and then he would seek to interest me in some of his personal conflicts, I found nothing in his attitude during my two-and-a-half years as Superintendent of Missions

to criticise, insofar as his relations to me and the work were concerned.

December, 1888, at about the time I was a guest of John H. Boyet, at Honey Grove, he and Lewis Holland started a little Baptist paper called *The Baptist News*. It was so small that it reminded me of *The Turnersville Effort* of a former time. This little paper was not dignified with any great amount of attention from any source, but it began to secure a small foothold in Fannin and adjoining counties. When I became Superintendent of Missions it was so inconsequential that I did not reckon with it as a factor in the work. It was not long, however, until this paper became more formidable. R. T. Hanks bought the interest of John H. Boyet and he and Lewis Holland moved it to Dallas and changed its name to *The Western Baptist*. The paper then began to be a factor in the Baptist work of the State. This was all the more true because of the friction between Hayden and Hanks. As Superintendent of the Texas Baptist Mission Work, it was my firm purpose to refrain from any connection whatsoever with any factions anywhere. At that time, I thought of R. T. Hanks as the leader of one faction and S. A. Hayden as the leader of another faction. My mind changed in the after years. I do not see any reason why a man should be called the leader of a faction simply because another man denounces him as a horse-thief and a cut-throat, particularly when the man so denounced is a Christian gentleman of the very highest type, and a man who is an honor to the cause and to the brotherhood at large. But my eyes were not opened then as they were later on.

I had not been Superintendent of Missions very long until I established a paper called *The State Mission Journal*, a little monthly designed to present the State Mission work from the Secretary's standpoint. It is what in business would be called a house organ. It paid its expenses and

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enabled me as Superintendent of Missions to secure quite a great deal of railway transportation, which in those good days was exchanged for newspaper advertising.



AS SUPERINTENDENT OF THE TEXAS BAPTIST
MISSION WORK

WHEN I accepted the superintendency of the Texas Baptist Mission Work, the Board was located at Waco. B. H. Carroll was president, and John T. Battle secretary. Other members of the Board were F. L. Carroll, Homer Wells, M. H. Standifer, W. H. Jenkins and Rufus C. Burleson. Up to that time, the position of Secretary of Missions was a one man job. It had been the custom for my predecessor, a man of indefatigable energy and marked ability, to visit the Baptist Associations of Texas in person. He covered as many of these meetings as was possible and made a canvass of the state as he could, preaching somewhere every Sunday and taking a collection.

Very naturally I fell into the same plan. A. J. Holt was a man of iron. He was an absolute stranger to fatigue. He could double up in a seat of a day coach and sleep hours at a time without a break, and then wake up fresh for the duties of the next day. In this respect he was one of the most remarkable men it has been my pleasure to know.

I was not built of iron as was he. I undertook the work with the same energy, determination and tireless activity that has been my wont through life. I never knew how to touch anything half-heartedly. I either had to go in for my whole length or not at all.

The result was that I was soon practically a physical wreck. I would attend from one to four Baptist Associations a week, and running in home from the field would

clean up the accumulated correspondence, attend to the financial affairs of the Board, and again fare forth in the same manner as before.

When I was elected to this work I weighed 230 pounds. I was in prime health in every way. I was thirty-one years old, and optimistic to the last degree, but found myself rapidly losing flesh, and becoming invalided.

Very naturally, when my health failed, I went to my father's home. He had brought me through all my youth-time illnesses, and I had more confidence in him than I had ever had in any physician. I stayed a week with my father and mother, and the memory of this visit I shall cherish always. With that tender love that had ever characterized their lives, they ministered to me and nursed me as best they could, but I did not respond to the treatments as I had done in former years. Little did I think as I left the dear old home that the next time I came into those walls, I would come to visit my sweet, dear mother as she lay prone upon her bed of death.

I lost 60 pounds in weight, and became so nervous that even the excitement of opening a letter would almost cause my heart to stop. I would have resigned the work, but the beloved Dr. Carroll, president of the Board, urged me to go ahead and wait until I was well again. There are two incidents in connection with this illness that will always linger in my heart.

One was concerning a book. When I was so ill that I dared not take up any work, I sought some reading matter that would be light and helpful. I knew something of E. P. Roe, but had never read any of his books. Going into a Waco book-store I picked up the volume, *Opening a Chestnut Burr*, and glancing at the first sentence found that it began this way:

"I wonder if I will ever be well again!"

That was the thought uppermost in my own mind, so I bought the book and read it with great avidity. It helped

me much, and finding this to be splendid literature for a sick man, I bought and read other books from the same pen.

The one outstanding incident, however, was a direct and wonderful answer to prayer that came to me when I was at my worst. I had my little family, and was charged with a great responsibility, so it was no wonder that I desired to know whether I was ever to be well again. I went out alone, and on bended knees I prayed the good Lord to reveal to me whether or not I was going to get well. As I arose there flashed into my mind this impression: Go and read *Flint's Practice* again. That was the book I had used as a text book years before when I was a medical student. I sought the book, and read the article on "Heart Disease." I had feared that my heart would fail, and that my life would thus suddenly end. The reading of this article convinced me that I had no heart disease, with the result that I began immediately to improve in health. It was God's way of assuring me that my life was to be lengthened out, and from the moment that I thus laid the case before Him, I was on the road to health and strength.

LVI

ORDINATION TO THE MINISTRY

BY this time we had come to January, 1890, and the church at Waco, having called for my ordination, convened a presbytery for that purpose. My dear father and mother came down from Gatesville to be present at my ordination.

I did not then nor have I ever felt worthy to be a minister. There has never been a day that I felt I was the man for so noble a work. My sense of unworthiness, of unfitness, of sinfulness and of insufficiency has never departed from me for a single moment. The examination seemed satisfactory to the presbytery, and after the ordination sermon by B. H. Carroll, the delivery of the charge by R. C. Burleson, the prayer by M. V. Smith, the presentation of the Bible by F. M. Law and the laying on of the hands of the presbytery, I was counted as having been set apart to the full work of the Gospel ministry.

Many fitful years have intervened since that hour in the long ago. I have suffered much. I have traversed more than a quarter of a century of time. Often I have been in the trough of life's tempestuous sea. I have journeyed on until now I am past the meridian tide, and my face is turning toward the westering hills, but I feel as these words are written the gentle pressure of the hands of these noble men upon my head as I did that day. Would God I had each day lived and served as becomes one so solemnly dedicated to the service of the Lord!

The next day father and mother went back to their home

at Gatesville and I went out upon my work again, but I was ill. I became less able to perform the duties (and they were very heavy duties, too) that had been assigned me. The members of the Board were kindness itself. B. H. Carroll, the president, helped me by way of suggestions and co-operation in every way he could, but my health went down. Within another week I was forced to give up traveling and remain at home.

The road upward was a long, slow road, as it always is in troubles of this kind. I was the victim of nervous indigestion. I had gone to pieces on account of overwork. And it was no wonder that I had indigestion. The wonder is that any man who travels around lives long, no matter how well he is when he begins his journeyings. This jumping out at some junction point to eat a meal in six minutes, made up of scraps of rancid ham and stale light bread, punctuated with chocolate-colored dishwater, which for politeness the lunchstand man calls coffee, is enough to send the stoutest digestive apparatus to the scrap heap.

Aye, more—and I step softly here for the reason that I may tread upon some tender and altogether friendly toes. The stuff that is fed to the traveling preacher in the average home is as indigestible as coffin nails. I recall a sample of biscuits that were fed to me in the home of one of my beloved brethren when I was out on a missionary tour in West Texas. I did not preserve any of this compound, but I wish I had. I am satisfied that properly treated these biscuits would have made splendid leather. All they needed was to have been unwound and had holes cut in the ends. They would have made good trace chains. I have always wondered why it was that, when the average Baptist housewife is looking for the preacher, she compounds so many poisonous substances with which to welcome him. From these biscuits, redolent of hog's lard, on down to the souse, in some districts called hog's-head cheese, these food products

are shoveled into the waiting food receptable of the visiting preachers until it is a wonder that any of them live out half their days.

In January, 1890, a missionary mass meeting was held at McKinney. This was in consonance with a plan outlined by the State Mission Board to hold these missionary mass meetings in various parts of the state. At this meeting, B. H. Carroll and I were guests of John P. Crouch and wife. The meeting was widely attended. Among the young men whom I met for the first time were George W. Truett and F. M. McConnell, both at that time ordained Baptist ministers. Through all the after years I have associated these two men together. As was the rule in these missionary mass meetings, I was given the principal hour in which to present the state mission work. The Sunday occasion was universally accorded to B. H. Carroll, who was at that time and for many years preceding and following, the Colossus among Texas Baptists. So far as I am able to recall, neither of the young men to whom I have referred had a word to say in this meeting. One purpose of the visit of Dr. Carroll to this mass meeting was to have an interview with George W. Truett. R. F. Jenkins, pastor at Daingerfield, had written Dr. Carroll that there was a young man at Whitewright, principal of the school there, who would be an ideal financial secretary for Baylor University. Since my resignation from that position, there had been no permanent successor chosen. It was to greet George W. Truett and to go over this important matter with him, at least in part, that Dr. Carroll came to this meeting. The interview was measurably satisfactory to both. Brother Truett expressed very grave doubt of his ability to do the work, but Dr. Carroll was insistent. He secured a promise from Brother Truett to come to Waco soon and meet the Baylor University trustees. Brother Truett did go to Waco, did meet the Board of Trustees, and a little later accepted the position of financial sec-



REV. GEORGE W. TRUETT, PASTOR FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, DALLAS.

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retary of Baylor University, through which work, joined with the great help of B. H. Carroll, the debt of \$92,000 was soon provided.



LVII

THE DEATH OF MY MOTHER

ON February 20, 1890, word reached me that my mother was very ill. I hastened to her bedside. She had contracted lagrippe, which had soon eventuated in pneumonia. Never strong at any time, she now failed rapidly. She was, however, a woman of remarkable powers of endurance and resistance to disease. Having been always very regular in her habits of life, possessing abounding faith in God, and believing that if it were His will she would recover, she availed herself of every possible opportunity to get well. Regularly she took her meals, knowing full well the value of nutrition. Her mind never for an instant wavered. She suffered much, but she was patient and resigned through every moment.

She did not think she was going to die, and we did not reveal our own solicitude. However, she was wise enough to know that we were very anxious concerning her condition. Often she would look up into my father's face and read his thoughts. While he never for a single moment indicated to her the fear that was in his heart, she knew him so well that it was easily discernible.

Never shall I forget her greeting when I entered the sick-room. Opening her arms to welcome me, she said, "There's my baby!" Although I was now more than thirty-one years of age, and in the thick of life's conflicts, I was still to her the baby boy that had played about her knee in the years long gone. I know that she loved me. As I have journeyed on through the storms and disappointments of the after

years, I have been oft bereft of the evanescent friendship of many who at one time professed for me great devotion and great love. I have learned not to set too great store by these passing attachments. Many of them fade as fades the dew before the heat of the summer sun, but my mother's love shone resplendent every hour of her saintly life and encompassed me like a halo of enduring splendor after she had gone.

We did all we could to save her. The best medical skill available was laid under tribute to her. My father, who knew her best, taxed his skill and ingenuity to the utmost to preserve her self-sacrificing life. It was all in vain. On the morning of February 26 we knew that her last hours had come. True to her habits of life, at six o'clock she called for her breakfast. She had her coffee and her little mite of food, but took it mechanically. She had no relish for it. I sat by her bed and watched her every moment. After another hour had passed, her pulse had gone. She then knew her end was near, and asked me to bring the old family Bible to her bed. She said, "Son, read to me the 23rd Psalm." I turned to this Psalm and was reading it to her. When I had read, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death," her voice whispered the refrain, "I will fear no evil." In a second her spirit took its flight to the Summer Land.

It broke our hearts when we knew that the dear mother who had been to us what she had been through all the years, had left us to come back to earth no more. Like little children, we fell down upon our knees by her bed and wept out our hearts. For the first moment, I literally fled from the room. It did not seem that I could bear it. My dear brother, older than I, who loved her as much as I, came and comforted me, although his own tender, gentle heart was breaking at the sense of our deep loss. My two sisters were there, and they grieved with us. More like her than any

human being that ever lived is Mrs. A. J. Williams, my oldest sister, so tender-hearted, so susceptible to grief, and so gentle in her nature, so sympathetic in her spirit, and she sought, when our dear mother had passed on to be with God, to be a mother to us all. She was the oldest child.

The next morning we followed the body of the little mother out to the quiet graveyard and laid her beside our baby boy, who had gone on before. There her body rests today. It was her wish that there should be no ostentation at her funeral. Her wish was kept. The simple service was said by Rev. N. A. Seale, then the beloved pastor at Gatesville. The tenderness and sympathy, the kindness and gentleness of his noble Christian bearing, the true words he said about the dear one gone, will never be forgotten.

After the funeral, we made our way back to our dear father's lonely home. My sisters lingered with him, but on account of the urgency of the task that rested heavy on my heart and hands, and from the further fact that I had already, through my illness, lost so much of valuable time, I hastened back to Waco to plunge again into the thick of the battle I was waging for the conquest of Texas for Christ and His cause.

LVIII

AN ACCIDENT AND MANY INCIDENTS IN THE STATE MISSION WORK

IT was some months before I became entirely well again. I confronted the absolute necessity of continuing my work, while slowly regaining my wonted vigor. It reminded me of an incident in the life of Artemus Ward. It is said that during his lecture tour in California, he, upon one occasion, after he had begun his address, stopped about the middle of the speech and said:

“Now, ladies and gentlemen, we will take an intermission of twenty minutes.”

The audience began looking at one another in mute surprise, unable by any means to fathom this mystifying statement. When they began to grow impatient, Ward added:

“Ah!” rubbing his hands together, “And, ladies and gentlemen, during the intermission I will go on with my address!”

That was exactly the way I was conducting the mission work. During the intermission the work went on, and step by step began to show an increase in the number of missionaries and in general results.

August, 1890, I attended Mt. Zion Association, which met some ten miles from Henderson, Rusk County. Traveling with me to the meeting was J. M. Carroll, who represented the Foreign Mission Board in Texas. A. J. Holt, who, *ad interim*, was filling the position of financial secretary of Baylor University, was also there. I spent one day and night there, presenting my work and hastening back to

Henderson that I might make connection at Overton and push on to the Austin Association.

I was accorded the Sunday morning hour and many were the responses made to my appeal for help for the mission work.

Monday afternoon I again reached Henderson, taking supper with Gus Myers and his family. J. M. Carroll also had come on and was a guest in the Myers home. During the sessions of the Association, he had been greatly helped also by the delegates from the churches and we felt very happy over the results of the meeting.

Henderson is located on a branch line run out from Overton, a distance of about twenty miles. The train was a freight, with a passenger coach behind. It was a dreary, rainy night. We did not get out of Henderson until after dark, and were twenty minutes late in starting, and the engineer made, perhaps, too fast a record up the line. When we were about one and a half miles out of Overton, we suffered one of the most disastrous wrecks ever known in Texas. It had not been long since my mother had died. She was much in my thoughts, and time and time again, in my dreams. As we were hastening to Overton, I was thinking of her and of her loving wish, often expressed, that I should be a useful minister of Jesus Christ. Having had such a happy experience at the Mt. Zion Association, and being so thankful that my health was almost regained, I was thinking that if my mother was conscious of earthly events, it must have added even to her happiness in Heaven to know that her baby boy was doing his very best for the cause that was always dearest to her gentle heart.

A terrible crash came. The passenger coach twisted off from the end of the freight train and turned exactly bottom upwards into a ditch six feet deep. A railroad wreck is indescribable. The after events may be detailed by the enterprising reporter, but the immediate experience that comes

to the victim of the wreck itself cannot be put in words. The first that I knew was that with a deafening crash, with grips and other baggage falling down upon me, I was trying to clamber to my feet, and felt upon me the sense of distinct disaster. I was able to get to my feet, but the blood was spurting down upon my shirt front in quite a stream and the first thought that came to me was this: I wonder if I am killed. Quickly following this thought was the consolatory reflection: If I am killed, I am ready.

I found, however, that I could walk. I could not raise my hands to my head, although my head was bleeding profusely. At first I thought possibly the injury to my head was the greatest. I knew that injuries to the frontal brain were not necessarily immediately fatal and might not, though serious, deprive the victim of consciousness. The car caught fire. It was lighted with coal oil lamps and as soon as these exploded the top of the car, now the floor on which we were walking, began to burn.

On the omnibus that night, I had made friends with a little rotund advance agent of a circus. He was a jolly fellow, with a kind heart, and was perhaps the least injured of any passenger on the train. When he saw me seeking the exit without my baggage, he asked:

“Where are your grips?”

I said, “I do not know, and even if I found them I could not carry them. I am crippled in my arms.”

Out of the generosity of this splendid fellow's nature, he ran back even at the risk of being seriously burned, secured my grips and brought them out. It seemed a miracle that the car door was not bound, but it opened promptly. All the passengers were rescued. There were twenty-five in that car and twenty-four of them were injured, though no one was killed.

I had not yet been able to discover the extent of my injuries. I found that the loss of blood was not as great as

I at first thought it might be, and on account of the fact that I was only suffering from a headache and did not seem in any wise to be greatly weakened or to have a feeling of vanishing consciousness, I was sure I had not been seriously injured. Very soon they loaded those that were injured worst upon the engine and took us to Overton. Six of us went on this first trip and were huddled together in the biggest room of the little Overton hotel. Very soon the surgeon, a Dr. Tucker, a man of massive frame, splendid intellect and steady nerve, was with us to dress our wounds. He came to me without any great delay and upon examination found that I had suffered a contusion of the frontal bone above the eye, and that a small artery had been severed. His first work was to ligate the artery, take some stitches in this wound and close it up. This was done without an anesthetic. He also found that my left collar bone was broken, and that both of my arms were very severely bruised. The greatest pain I suffered was on account of the injury to the muscles of my arms. The flesh turned as black as ebony, and the ache was indescribably awful.

After my wounds had been dressed, my beloved friend and brother, A. J. Holt, came into the room. He had come across the country in a private conveyance and reached the hotel just a few minutes after he had heard of the accident. He was nobly kind to me on that memorable night. He sat up with me all night. I did not sleep. I had suffered a very severe shock, and was in intense pain. The surgeon had given me an opiate, it was true, which helped somewhat, but it did not serve to entirely quiet me or to give me sleep.

Next morning before daylight, the claim agent, T. N. Jones, of Tyler, was on the ground visiting the injured and settling their claims for damages. He told me he would be in Waco soon to see me. He knew that an annual pass had been issued to me on account of my position as superintendent of the Texas Baptist Mission Work. It was the custom in

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those days to furnish missionary secretaries and all general agents of religious organizations with annual passes on the railroads. That was a happy time before the Socialistic nonsense of the present day, which forbids the issuance of transportation for these benevolent purposes.

I caught an early morning train, A. J. Holt journeying with me. He was kindness itself, and as long as I live I shall never forget this Good Samaritan Christian who was so helpful to me in my hours of distress.

We reached Waco late in the afternoon. I had wired ahead for my wife to meet me. Meantime, by some means, she had heard of the accident and was greatly alarmed.

This accident ended my active field work for that convention year. I was unable to do any work of any kind for several days, but within about ten days I was at my desk working with my right hand and attending to such duties as of necessity pressed upon me. The convention was to meet in October at Waxahachie, and it was absolutely essential that I have the reports ready and round up all the odds and ends of the work so that a full and complete statement of every item of the year's achievements might be properly recorded.

T. N. Jones did come on to Waco in a few days and to my home, with the statement that he had come to tender me a check in payment of the damages I had suffered in this accident. I recited to him what he already knew—that I was traveling on a pass. I told him I had been visited by two lawyer friends of mine who desired that I should file suit against the company for heavy damages, but that I had declined to do so. It is a fact not generally known that whereas a passenger who rides upon a pass is asked to sign a waiver of all rights in the event of accident or damage to his property or person, it is at the same time true that these rights are inalienable and cannot be legally waived. I made it plain to Mr. Jones that I was familiar with the law and

that I also had due respect to the equities in the matter. I knew the pass had not been issued to me personally, but on account of my connection with a great work. I informed him very candidly that I had not filed any claim for damages and did not purpose to do so. He repeated that he had come to reimburse me, and that his instructions were absolutely mandatory. He said that he would give me a check, and after some further discussion wrote out a check for \$1,000, which I accepted.

I am detailing this incident at some length because enemies of mine in later years made a great ado over the fact that although I was traveling on a pass, I had accepted payment of damages from a railway company on which I was thus traveling. I have never felt that I did wrong and do not feel so now. I would have felt it wrong to have filed suit against the company, or to have even sent in a claim to them, but, under all the circumstances, I feel that I did right.

LIX

A GROWING MISSIONARY WORK

WHEN the record of the year's work had been made up, it was shown that a great increase was registered above the year before. The record of this increase can be found in the minutes of the Baptist General Convention of Texas of that year. Inasmuch as this is an autobiography and not a history, I do not record these here, but I am thankful that by the blessing of God I was enabled, even under the untoward conditions to which I have hitherto referred, to show a distinct advance upon anything that the mission work of Texas Baptists had ever known.

In October the Convention met at Waxahachie. I was not yet well, but it was imperative that I should be present. My good wife went to help take care of me. In the journey I suffered a new fracture of this recalcitrant collar bone, and had to start all over again. I, however, never regretted this, because I have always looked back upon the events of the Waxahachie Convention with unfeigned joy.

There was wide sympathy throughout the State for my crippled condition. My disability had carried with it an appeal for the co-operation and sympathy of the brotherhood which could not perhaps have been elicited in any other way. The result was that all did their utmost to help me, and when I asked for pledges for the ensuing year's work, the responses were as gratifying as any man could wish to see.

I pause to make a statement here concerning my method of collecting missionary funds. It was a good-humored

method. I never hesitated to recite a humorous story if it was apropos. I do not think that any of us can assume an arbitrary attitude on this question. Not long ago I heard a distinguished brother say that he had no patience with these fun-making collectors of mission funds. Of course not, the reason being that that is not his way. I am not quite so narrow as that. I am perfectly willing for a pastor or a secretary to conduct a collection just as he conducts a funeral if he wants to. That is within the range of his rights, and no one has any right to say him nay. On the other hand, there are some of us who by nature are fitted for raising missionary funds in the happy-hearted way, and they will cling to this method as long as life lasts.

It was after my collection at the Waxahachie Convention, when I had left the church, and was greeting the brethren, that Rev. J. W. Staton, now of Brownwood, said to me:

"Cranfill, you are the most popular and best beloved Baptist in Texas."

That alarmed me. I remembered immediately that quotation which says, "Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you!" It gratified me deeply, of course, but there was in it to me a note of warning from which I have never escaped. The triumphal entry did not precede the crucifixion by many days. The sorrows of the after years had not yet cast their baleful shadows across my path, but I was unconsciously approaching them, even at this very hour.

I was re-elected to the secretaryship by a unanimous vote, and returned home with a renewed sense of gratitude to God and to the brotherhood. While what was known as the Hayden-Hanks trouble was rife in the State, it had not in any wise at that time served to even suggest a division in our ranks.

The Western Baptist and Texas Baptist and Herald were both being published at Dallas. While Hayden had been enabled to do Hanks incalculable harm, he had not unhorsed

him as a denominational leader, nor had he been able to compass his resignation of the pastorate of the First Church. The brethren over the State were measurably lining up as between these two men, but on account of his great prestige as editor of the leading Baptist publication then extant in Texas, Hayden had a vast following, and if he had stopped his trouble-making even then, he could have saved himself and the denomination from the direful strife into which they were afterwards plunged.

It was during my first year of incumbency in the secretaryship that the question of the work of women in our Texas denominational affairs was forced to the front. Miss Mina S. Everett, who had been selected by the recently organized Baptist Women Mission Workers of the State as Corresponding Secretary of their Convention, was traveling in the interest of that new line of effort. Our Board was asked to co-operate with that Board. The controversy concerning the woman's work waxed ardent, but never unpleasant. The stalwart men on the Board who opposed co-operation with the new movement were B. H. Carroll and W. H. Jenkins. On the other side were R. C. Burleson and myself. After a full, free and fair discussion, the woman's movement was endorsed, the Board deciding to co-operate therewith.

It thus fell out that Miss Mina S. Everett, one of the choicest spirits Texas Baptists ever knew, went forth to represent the State Mission Board and the Board of the B. W. M. W. of Texas. Miss Everett did most valuable service, and it was through her indefatigable labors that the magnificent foundation for the present high success of the Baptist women's movement in Texas was laid.

LX

PRIVATE BUSINESS MATTERS

THE home I bought in Waco out of the proceeds of the sale of the Gatesville home was on the corner of Sixth and Webster Streets. It consisted of a tastily built four-room cottage and a lot 60x150 feet. The price was \$1300. After having paid out the balance on the place, I decided to improve the rest of the lot, so I borrowed money at 12 per cent interest from the Waco Building Association and built a three-room house fronting on Sixth Street. Soon thereafter I bought the adjoining lot on Webster Street from W. H. Long for \$500, and arranged with the Waco Building Association to build two houses on this lot, thus adding \$30 a month to my gross income. When I accepted the position of Superintendent of Missions, I bought another property which had been contracted for by A. J. Holt. The price was \$4500. I moved my family into this home, and rented my cottage on Sixth and Webster Streets, having in the meantime added a room, thus making it a five-room house. I received \$20 a month from this house and \$30 for the other three houses. I was thus enabled to pay the monthly installments to the Waco Building Association, and ultimately I owned the Sixth and Webster Street property free of debt, though I never did pay out the original mortgage of \$2250 against the Speight Street property bought of A. J. Holt. I still owned this Speight Street property in 1897 when I was preparing to move to Dallas, and closed it out at a great sacrifice.

In the meantime, I had bought a home on Provident

Hill from Samuel Colcord for \$5400. There was an original mortgage of \$2700 against the property, which I never discharged, but by making a small cash payment, I succeeded in retaining that home until I left Waco, finally closing it out at the price of the first mortgage just as I closed out the Speight Street property on the same terms. I finally sold the Sixth and Webster Street property to my brother for \$5700.

In addition to these real estate transactions in Waco, I traded in some lots in South Waco which I acquired from S. L. Morris. When I sold *The Waco Advance*, I did not sell the little printing outfit which I had. It consisted of some imposing stones, type and one or two small job presses which had been acquired in order that we might do our own job work. I traded this property to S. L. Morris for two lots in what he called Bagby Addition to the city of Waco, subsequently selling one of them to the Western Newspaper Union of Dallas to clean up some indebtedness there, and the other to the Scarff & O'Connor Co. to pay some indebtedness to them for paper or some other printing material which I had consumed in publishing *The Waco Advance*.

I also bought a lot on Seventh and James Street with money I borrowed from Mrs. B. H. Carroll. She loaned me \$500 for this purpose. At the time that lot was purchased, I meant at some future period to construct a new home on the lot and live there. I felt that I could close out my Speight Street home at a reasonable value, which I could have done at one time, and that I would then be able to build on the new lot on Seventh and James. However, this plan never matured. I subsequently sold the Seventh and James Street lot, and by the time I was ready to leave Waco, which I did on January 27, 1898, I had closed out or arranged to close out all of my Waco holdings.

LXI

MORE ABOUT THE STATE MISSION WORK

THE Convention met in October of 1891 at Waco. The report at the Waco Convention showed a still further increase in all the essential elements of the work.

While the Hayden-Hanks trouble was disturbing the denomination quite considerably, there was as yet no present nor prospective line of cleavage between our denominational forces. However, there was a growing distrust of S. A. Hayden as a denominational leader. There was talk even then of in some way rescuing the Baptist work of the state from his hands. While he lost very greatly when A. J. Holt was eliminated from the Texas work, he at the same time was quite resourceful in certain ways and had managed to keep as his friends many leading brethren, among these being R. C. Burleson and B. H. Carroll. At that time, these brethren and R. C. Buckner were the most influential Baptists in Texas. *The Western Baptist* was growing in circulation and influence. As Hayden's assaults upon Hanks increased in bitterness and virulence, *The Western Baptist* list increased. While that paper had not become in any sense a journalistic leader in the Baptist thought or plans of the state, it had a very considerable subscription list and throughout the state there was growing up for the publication and for Hanks a distinct sympathy.

It was easy at the Waco Convention for me to take pledges and subscriptions for the ensuing year. One incident in that collection I shall never forget. I was going

ahead in my own way asking for these pledges when a brother arose and said:

“Brother Cranfill, put me down for \$10.”

I have a poor memory for names. My memory of dates and figures is phenomenal, and I have a splendid recollection of events, but I have never been able to remember names. I knew the brother who made this pledge perfectly well. He was a Waco man, but for the life of me I could not connect him up with his name. Therefore as an expedient, I said, “How do you spell your name?”

He arose to his full height (and I think it was not an inch less than six feet) and said, “J-o-n-e-s.” That brought down the house.

If the occasion had hitherto been as solemn as *Watson's Prophetic Interpretations*, the audience would have laughed.

In many respects the year 1891 was a most eventful one for Southern Baptists. That year the Southern Baptist Convention met at Birmingham, Ala. During the Birmingham Convention, the sainted F. H. Kerfoot asked me to aid him in taking the collection for the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Dr. Kerfoot in the intervening months had been a guest in my home in Waco. All of the family were away when he came, and so we “batched” together. He insisted very lovingly that I should attend the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. He thought it would be wise for me to resign my missionary work, sell my home and invest the proceeds in a theological education. His visit and his arguments impressed me greatly, but I did not see how the matter could be managed. I was already in a most useful work, and while I felt keenly, as I have always felt, the deprivation of early opportunities, I at the same time feared that even after I had completed a theological course I would perhaps not be able to find a more useful field of labor than I at that time enjoyed. Those

were the grand days of John A. Broadus, J. B. Hawthorne, W. E. Hatcher, F. H. Kerfoot and others of their type.

But back to the Birmingham Convention. At that meeting the Sunday School Board of the Southern Baptist Convention was organized. I was among the number who doubted the wisdom of its organization. I was not unfriendly to the plan, but I was fearful that it might not succeed. We had then at Philadelphia, as we have now, the American Baptist Publication Society, and all of their publications then known to me were of a kind to commend themselves to Southern Baptists. That was before the day of that looseness in doctrine that has since become the fashion in the East, and so far as I had at that time been apprised, the American Baptist Publication Society had not become infected by what is known as the higher criticism.

One of the prominent figures at the Birmingham Convention was W. R. Harper, president of Chicago University, a new institution recently founded through the munificence of John D. Rockefeller. Dr. Harper's theme at that meeting was "The Prophecy of Joel." He made a dry but a rather interesting talk. I personally could not see much in it, but then I was not a theologian nor a university man.

Following the adjournment of the Southern Baptist Convention, on the special invitation of my friend, D. J. Kelley, I went to Cincinnati, Ohio, for a three weeks vacation. Kelley had been the manager of the Western Newspaper Union in Texas when I had edited *The Waco Advance*. I bought my printing material and a lot of stuff of one kind or another from his concern, and through our contact in those days we became fast friends. In 1891 he was the agent of several large corporations in the East, enjoying a good salary, so he invited me to join him at Cincinnati at his expense so that I might have a vacation and at the same time we might look around together. It was a

very pleasant recreation for me, and I have never ceased to be grateful for the kindness of heart and the generosity of spirit that prompted this good friend to tender me this courtesy.

Soon after the adjournment of the 1891 Convention at Waco, I was visited by my beloved friend, M. V. Smith. He came to insist that I resign the mission work and join him in the establishment of a peace paper for the Baptists of Texas. He felt that the cause had begun to suffer most seriously from the Hayden-Hanks trouble, and that unless something was done, the denomination would be hopelessly and disastrously divided. This impressed me at the time, but not sufficiently to elicit from me anything encouraging in the direction of this journalistic enterprise.

I was happy in my missionary work, was succeeding grandly, was acceptable as secretary to all the Baptists of the State, and felt that I could not, by re-entering the field of journalism, do a work that would be more far-reaching for good than that over which I now presided.

From time to time I was having much trouble with my eyes. Dr. R. H. Chilton, then the leading oculist of Texas, was very kind to me, and his treatment helped me much. I came to Dallas many times to have him give me treatment.

LXII

ANOTHER PLUNGE INTO JOURNALISM

WHEN S. A. Hayden took over the *Texas Baptist Herald* and consolidated the two papers, he forthwith secured for the masthead of his editorial page a wonderful list of editors and associate editors, among them J. B. Link, F. M. Law and M. V. Smith. He had all along the name of S. J. Anderson, who was his associate much of the time, and his faithful ally all the time. He set great store by appearances, and the identification of these leading Baptist preachers and pastors with his publication seemed very pleasing to him. All the time, however, an undercurrent of denominational sentiment was growing which was utterly opposed to Hayden and his methods. His assaults upon Hanks and his evident purpose to rule the denomination or subjugate every man who in any wise opposed his policies, led thoughtful leaders to distrust him. Through all these years, however, he retained two friends in R. C. Burleson and B. H. Carroll. I was noncommittal on these issues. My convictions were very deep, but I held to the policy of attempting to serve all of the brotherhood impartially, irrespective of local or State-wide differences.

M. V. Smith, of Belton, was one of my very dearest friends. Often in his home and frequently in communication and conference with him, I necessarily learned much of his attitude of mind and heart. He was greatly disturbed concerning our denominational situation. He felt that the more influence Hayden secured, the worse it would ultimately be for the denomination. He thought the only

way to save the Baptist cause in Texas was to build up what he called a peace paper—a paper that would conserve all the interests of the brotherhood and at the same time steer clear of personalities and denominational feuds. He was familiar with my work as a newspaper man, and sought by the most winsome and persuasive eloquence to convince me that it was my duty to resign my work as superintendent of missions and again take up the work of journalism, this time as editor of a Baptist paper. *The Western Baptist* was doing well in Dallas. Its list was increasing, and in exact ratio as Dr. Hayden alienated former friends, *The Western Baptist* grew. R. T. Hanks was joint editor of the paper with Lewis Holland, and of necessity, the paper set forth the Hanks side of the Hayden-Hanks controversy.

Finally M. V. Smith convinced me that he was right, so it came about that we concluded negotiations for the purchase of *The Western Baptist*. I gave notice to the State Mission Board, through its president, B. H. Carroll, that with March 31, 1892, my incumbency as superintendent of the Texas Baptist mission work would cease. Great regret was expressed on account of my resignation. When the Board which accepted my resignation met, resolutions were adopted highly commending my work and bidding me Godspeed in the Master's service in whatever field I should henceforth labor.

The negotiations for the purchase of *The Western Baptist* were not difficult to carry to a successful culmination. The paper had 6000 subscribers and, except a press, sufficient printing material for making the paper. The price was \$3,000 cash. The attorney who represented Holland and Hanks in the transaction was W. L. Williams, one of the noblest, truest and biggest men Texas Baptists have ever known.

M. V. Smith and I had no money, but he had a long time friend in one of his old deacons, H. J. Chamberlin,

from whom he borrowed \$4,000. Out of this we paid \$3,000 to Holland and Hanks, retaining \$1,000 as operating capital.

Pending these transactions J. B. Gambrell came to Belton to assist M. V. Smith in a series of meetings. Dr. Gambrell was at that time employed in denominational work in Mississippi. During the period of Dr. Gambrell's stay in Texas, he agreed to join us in the publication of the new paper, not then named, if he could sever his Mississippi relations without in any wise doing hurt to the cause there. He also added that he would need the approval of his wife in such a very grave matter. So sure, however, was he that he would be one with us in this enterprise, that he wrote some of the first editorials that appeared in the new publication. In the meantime, the purchase had been consummated and we had actually taken charge. We changed the name of the paper from *The Western Baptist* to *The Texas Baptist Standard*, retaining the volume and number of *The Western Baptist*. The files of that period are not now in my possession, but I am sure that we began *The Standard* in Volume 4, and inasmuch as our first number was dated March 1, 1892, I take it that it was Volume 4, No. 13. It will be recalled that *The Western Baptist* was the outgrowth of *The Baptist News*, which had been started in December, 1888, at Honey Grove, by Lewis Holland and John H. Boyet. When *The Baptist News* moved to Dallas, it changed its name, but not its volume and number, so that *The Baptist Standard* still bears the volume and number that began with the establishment of *The Baptist News*.

The Standard continued for a time at Dallas, though I lived at Waco, and M. V. Smith lived at Belton. There were three printers connected with the publication, M. C. Howard, Horace Lawrence and Miss Daisy Edmonds. Howard and Lawrence were men of families. Miss Edmonds was a young girl depending upon herself for her support.

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I had not inquired when we bought the publication whether the office was run by union printers or not. It transpired, however, that these were non-union printers, (and I am detailing these facts here for the reason that later on they became of some importance in the history of the enterprise). When the Mission Board met and accepted my resignation, they elected J. M. Carroll as my successor. Another step of momentous importance in the work of Texas Baptists at this juncture was the consolidation of all the interests in the hands of one man under one Board. Hitherto we had had a Foreign Mission secretary in Texas in the person of J. M. Carroll, a Home Mission representative in the person of R. R. White, and a State Mission secretary. Under the new arrangement, two men were eliminated, and all the work was placed in the hands of J. M. Carroll.

Texas Baptists have never known a truer, nobler spirit than J. M. Carroll. His brother, B. H. Carroll, was for more than a generation the Colossus among the Baptists of Texas and the South. I doubt if he has had a superior in the Baptist world since the days of the apostles. J. M. Carroll is also a big man. In matters of detail, statistics, organizing ability and secretarial gifts, he has had no superior in our ranks.

At his request I continued to assist in the mission work for several months. I was first placed upon a commission basis, but my collections were so large that J. M. Carroll and I agreed that I was receiving too much remuneration for the service rendered. I was then put upon a salary of \$125 a month and expenses, with the agreement that I was simply to give my Sundays to the State Mission work and to be free during the week to look after the interests of the new paper.

This new turn in matters journalistic among Texas Baptists created a great stir—such a stir as had not been known in my day. At first, S. A. Hayden was patronizing and ap-

parently indifferent. He did not seem to fear the new candidate for Baptist patronage.

That year the Southern Baptist Convention met at Atlanta, Georgia. We issued a special edition to be distributed on the train going out from Texas to Atlanta. Many were the favorable comments upon the appearance of the new paper, which came out that week in a new dress with a new head, and was in every way a splendid specimen of journalistic enterprise.

The brethren were very kind to me en route, as they had been for years. The delegates, led by A. M. Simms, bought for me a fine gold-headed cane, which, on reaching Atlanta, was appropriately inscribed. On the train this cane was presented to me by J. Morgan Wells, pastor of the First Church of Fort Worth. He began the presentation speech as follows:

“Cranfill, we are going to cane you!”

Then followed one of his splendid and eloquent tributes. He did everything in a majestic way, and his speech on this occasion was no exception.

LXIII

AN EVENTFUL YEAR IN PROHIBITION WORK

THE year 1892 was to me a most eventful one in another way. While I had sold my prohibition paper, I had not at any time lost interest in the great cause for which I so long had fought. I was still an enthusiastic advocate of the National Prohibition party, and was in constant touch with the leaders of the movement. I was sent as a delegate in June, 1892, to the Prohibition National Convention at Cincinnati, Ohio. It was a memorable gathering—perhaps the largest National prohibition meeting that had up to that time convened. Texas was represented by some remarkably splendid men. Among them was J. E. Boynton of blessed memory, a friend of my youthful years and a man who had been identified with Prohibition work ever since his majority. He was one of the rising young attorneys at Waco, and before his death, which was untimely and greatly deplored, he reached a place of high eminence in the work to which he had given his life.

The Texas Prohibition Convention instructed the Texas delegation to present my name as a candidate for Vice-President. When we reached the Convention, I was surprised to find a very wide demand coming from all parts of the United States that I should accept a place on the national ticket. It seemed to have been thoroughly agreed upon that the presidential candidate should come from some northern State and the vice-presidential candidate should come from the South. In 1888 it was Fisk and Brooks—Fisk coming from New Jersey and Brooks from Missouri.

But there was another Southern man mentioned—Joshua Levering, of Baltimore, who was afterwards a candidate for the presidency on the National Prohibition ticket, and for more than one term president of the Southern Baptist Convention. He is one of the noblest and most prominent of our Southern Baptist and Southern Prohibition leaders. When he was placed in nomination by the Baltimore delegation at Cincinnati, I felt that he ought to receive the nomination. However, so many of my friends from all over the country had approached me, and the Texas delegation were still so insistent that my name should be placed before the Convention, that I felt it right to allow it to be done.

The balloting was exceedingly interesting. Sam Small, then of Atlanta, was one of the secretaries of the Convention. He has a wonderfully resonant and penetrating voice, and it was soon evident that he was in favor of my nomination. While the race was close, there was the best of feeling throughout. Small did not allow the vote to be announced very rapidly. It was seen that Levering and I were running neck and neck. There were some other nominations, and when the first ballot was counted, it was discovered that no one of us had received a majority of all the votes cast. A second ballot was at once ordered. In the meantime, Sam Small made one of his impassioned appeals. While complimenting Mr. Levering as being a great and a good man, he said:

“ You Prohibitionists from the nation at large have decided to nominate a southern man for the vice-presidency. You have just named General John Bidwell, of California, as your presidential standard-bearer, and it is well understood among all the delegates to this convention that we are to go South for the man to lead us as the vice-presidential nominee. Now, gentlemen, if we are going to go South, let's *go South*. Maryland is not really a Southern State, but Texas is!”

With that he closed. The balloting began again, this time with an intensity of interest that had not before been witnessed during the sessions of the convention. It was then past midnight, and it was a long and tedious task to poll all the delegates from all the States. However, no one seemed tired. After all the States had announced that their votes were ready, Small began to read the results from the platform. He did not read very hastily. As before, he was deliberate. As the balloting progressed, it was observed that I had gained over Levering and some of the other nominees had correspondingly lost. The result was that after a State had even sent up its votes, some delegate would arise and say, for instance, "Wisconsin wishes to change her vote. We sent up a vote showing eight for Cranfill and eight for Levering. We wish to change and make it sixteen for Cranfill."

In this way the convention soon stampeded and my nomination was made unanimous.

By that time it was three o'clock in the morning, but the convention could not yet adjourn. I was hustled to the platform and literally hundreds and hundreds of the delegates rushed to shake my hand. In the meantime, I had made a short speech of thanks and had pledged anew to the assembled prohibition hosts of America my life and my labors to this greatest of all human undertakings—the abolition of the American drink traffic, and I have been true to that pledge.

On the first day of the convention, Miss Frances Willard made one of her characteristic addresses, during which she discussed the question of Populism, then playing so prominent a part in American politics. In this reference she mentioned the name of Mr. Terrell, of Texas, who was a prominent Populist, but opposed to prohibition. She added:

"He is not so great a statesman as our own dear Dr. J. B.

Cranfill, of Texas, who stands for prohibition and for every needed American reform."

Doubtless this very commendatory remark on the part of this great W. C. T. U. leader played an important part in my nomination for the vice-presidency.

I will here recite a bit of American history not generally known. When the Republican National Convention nominated Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson for the presidency and vice-presidency, respectively, a man who was afterwards an ardent Prohibitionist and a very warm friend of mine—General Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky—was named in the same convention for vice-president against Andrew Johnson. He came within one-half a vote of securing the nomination. In other words, he was within one-half a vote of being president of the United States.



LXIV

CAMPAIGNING FOR THE NATIONAL PROHIBITION PARTY

I AT ONCE became a national figure. I was besieged by newspaper reporters and staff artists of metropolitan periodicals while in Cincinnati, and this interest in everything that concerned me did not abate until after the national election of that year. The most important matter, however, was the work I was to do in behalf of the National Prohibition party. Samuel W. Dickie, of Albion, Mich., was national chairman. He promptly sought a conference with me to ascertain how much time I could give to the campaign.

On my return to Texas, I conferred with M. V. Smith, and after going over the matter fully, he decided that I could be spared from my journalistic duties for the months of July, August and September. We moved *The Standard* from Dallas to Waco the first days of July.

Meantime, through the solicitation of M. V. Smith, H. J. Chamberlin and his good wife, Mrs. Mary Chamberlin, came up from Belton to take charge of certain departments of *The Standard*. Chamberlin at first asked no security for his loan except the joint note of M. V. Smith and myself. Later on, however, he took a mortgage on the entire plant. Notes were given him bearing 8 per cent interest, and these, as interest accrued, were often renewed, thus compounding the interest.

During that campaign, I canvassed Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, North Carolina and Texas. An interesting incident occurred at Wesson, Mississippi. The pastor of the

Baptist Church there, Rev. J. A. Purser, was a warm friend of mine. I had another very faithful friend in Mississippi in the person of C. A. Hobbs, editor of *The Brookhaven Leader*. I had known Hobbs for many years. He was an ardent Prohibitionist, a Baptist and a man of the very highest character.

The night I spoke at Wesson was one of the brightest moonlight nights it has ever been my pleasure to enjoy. On account of the brightness and balminess of the evening, the meeting was held in the open out in front of the broad veranda of the hotel. I made the regulation Prohibition party speech, showing that the Democrats and Republicans had failed utterly to recognize the gravity and importance of the Prohibition issue, and for that reason it had been necessary to organize the National Prohibition party, put candidates in the field and go out in an effort to carry the country for the stainless banner of Prohibition. The Democratic nominees that year were Grover Cleveland and Adlai Stevenson. I referred respectfully to my opponents on the tickets of both the old parties, but I flagellated them for their indifference concerning the prohibition question.

In the audience was a lawyer, Hamilton by name, who was a notably prominent citizen of the village. After I had resumed my seat, Hamilton arose and without ceremony proceeded to answer me. He made a capital speech. He was bright and interesting, and on account of the fact that he was speaking to his own people, who knew him and thought highly of him, he made very happy headway in his oration.

While he was proceeding to demolish the Prohibition party and to give the proper Democratic attention to my case, my friend Hobbs leaned over and whispered to me, "You will have to answer him." I replied:

"I cannot do so. It would compromise my dignity as a candidate for vice-president of a great political party to notice a little local legal light." Hobbs replied:

"That sounds very well and would do splendidly to put in a newspaper, but you had this crowd and he has taken them away from you. You must answer him."

I said to Hobbs: "I am perfectly willing to answer him and in fact would enjoy it, but I cannot volunteer to do so. If you will secure the platform after he takes his seat and absolutely *force* me to respond, I will, *very reluctantly*, of course, do so."

Hobbs took the cue and performed his part splendidly. When Hamilton had finished his address, he arose and with a great show of grievance and chagrin, said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:—We have had the honor this evening of listening to a candidate for vice-president of the United States—an honor never hitherto conferred upon this fair city. He made us a respectful address indeed; not only a respectful address, but one of the greatest orations it has ever been ours to hear. In all good conscience, he should have been allowed to have thus honored us and to have been honored by us in return, but Mr. Hamilton has gratuitously offered him an affront in volunteering to reply to him. Of course he cannot afford to voluntarily notice Mr. Hamilton or his speech. However, in view of the gravity of the situation, and on account of the great importance of the cause of our crusade against the liquor traffic, I here and now request Dr. Cranfill, our peerless standard-bearer, to come to the platform and say some words in reply to Mr. Hamilton. If you are of the same mind, you will raise your hands."

The vote was practically unanimous, and I was "forced" to yield to the demands thus made upon me, the fact being, gentle reader, that I never was more tickled in my life.

In my first address I had stated to the audience that there was really no issue between the Democratic and Republican parties—that they were substantially agreed upon every issue in American politics except one, and that was the procure-

ment of the offices. That was all that separated them. Mr. Hamilton had very indignantly resented this and had waved the bloody shirt in true Mississippi style. We were twenty-three years nearer the Civil War in 1892 than we are in this year of grace 1915, as this chronicle is penned. His speech had been a glittering success. However, I was not discouraged. I read from my campaign text book what purported to be the financial plank of the Democratic platform. I read it slowly, deliberately and sonorously, and waited to give it time to filter through the crania of the audience. Then, making myself look as large as possible, I said:

"I do not believe that you Democrats here endorse this plank of the platform which I have now read to you. I am sure you do not."

There were cries through the audience, "Yes, we do! We do!" whereupon I added:

"In order to test the matter, I am going to take a vote. Every man in this audience who absolutely and without equivocation endorses the plank that I have read, raise your hand."

The vote was almost unanimous. There were a few Prohibitionists and Populists in the audience, but most of the crowd were Democrats. My oratorical friend, Hamilton, was so enthusiastic in his endorsement of the plank that he stood up on his chair and raised *both* hands, amid deafening applause.

I then asked the audience to resume their seats, whereupon I said:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I have given you a political object lesson. In my first address I stated with emphasis that there was really no issue between the Democratic and Republican parties—that they were running along in the same old ruts they had traversed since the war, each in turn waving the bloody shirt, and that as a matter of fact no live

issue now divided them except the question of the Federal offices. I have now proven that to you."

I paused a moment and then added:

"I have read to you the financial plank of the Republican platform and every mother's son of you, including Mr. Hamilton, your great orator, has endorsed it!"

Then the crash came. For a moment the audience was stunned. Hamilton crumpled down limp in his seat. When those great stalwart Mississippians realized the predicament in which they found themselves, they went wild with applause. I have never seen anything just like it. They would have taken me bodily from the platform and carried me around on their shoulders, but we were not willing to permit it. When I looked around, Hamilton was gone.

The next morning, a report of this incident was in all the metropolitan papers of the country, and had sped across the sea. It was the event of that national campaign.

I roomed at this great old spacious hotel that night. Next morning I was aroused from my sleep by a conversation between two colored chambermaids. They had been witnesses of the meeting the evening before. One of them said:

"Somebody oughter told dat fool Hamilton somethin' so h'd er had more sense dan to ben speakin' agin dat great big man from ' way off!"

That seemed to be the sentiment of the entire community. The tragedy of it was that a little later and much to my regret, Hamilton had to move from Wesson. His practice melted away from him, and he was forced to seek new pastures.

Another most interesting incident of the Mississippi campaign was my address at Columbus, the home of the brave soldier and princely Christian gentleman, General Stephen D. Lee. He was not only one of the great soldiers of the

South, but a Baptist and a man who in his private life was as distinguished for his gentleness and kindness of heart as he had been distinguished in the service of his country.

From Mississippi, I went into Alabama, speaking there to large audiences in various portions of the State, and then pushed on to Georgia, where I was met by my old time friend, Sam Small, who was at that time in the employ of the National Prohibition Committee. He toured Georgia with me, and was not only a splendid yoke-fellow in the work, but his masterful speeches, sparkling with wit and abounding in pith and argument, greatly seconded my own addresses.

From Georgia I journeyed on into North Carolina, my first speech being delivered at Asheville. That was one of the most memorable meetings of my life. It was held in the largest auditorium in town. When I arose to speak I looked into a sea of faces of the flower of North Carolina manhood. Among them was a brother of General Wade Hampton. I can see this patriotic, grizzled old veteran now as I write, and I can feel the warmth of his soldierly and yet fraternal handgrasp as sensibly as I felt it that night when a stranger in a strange land, I spoke to the men out of my heart concerning the urgency of the issue before us.

One of the most notable meetings of my entire campaign was at Ashboro, a county seat town down in Western North Carolina. District Court adjourned for the meeting. The Court House was crowded. There was not an inch of standing room. I have scarcely ever addressed just such an audience. Men stood in the aisles and leaned on the backs of benches through two hours, and hung upon every word I said. These good, patriotic, old-timey Southern people had never before been honored by a visit from a vice-presidential candidate.

I pushed on to High Point, then to Charlotte, then to Durham, then to other points of prominence in this great

State. I yearned to jump down to the Yadkin River country, where my ancestors were born and reared, but time forbade. I closed my last engagement in North Carolina and turned most wearily, but yet happily, homeward.

I have always thought that a mistake was made in routing me through the Southern States. I could have won many more votes by going North. I have always been enabled to enlist the sympathies of my Northern audiences. This was notably true later on, when I spoke to vast throngs among our Baptist people, and also addressed great Prohibition crowds.

The Standard suffered much by my absence. M. V. Smith was busy with his pastorate, and it was not possible for him to spend all his time in the office. It was impossible on my rounds to do much editorial work. I was out of touch with Texans and Texas affairs. My mind was on national affairs. Every moment of my time was taken. There is no work under the sun harder than that of the traveling lecturer or preacher. If I had an enemy which I wished to punish, (which, please God, I have not and hope never to have) I think I could devise no greater punishment than to start him out on the road as a drummer or a lecturer.

Matters denominational were quiescent. *The Standard*, as a peace paper, had already achieved widespread recognition, and there was no cloud on the Texas Baptist horizon.

LXV

THE BAPTIST STANDARD AND ITS WORK FROM WACO

J. B. GAMBRELL decided not to join us in *The Standard*. M. V. Smith was a true yoke-fellow. Never in the history of Texas Baptists has there been a gentler, kinder, nobler, braver, truer man. B. H. Carroll once, in speaking of him, said that M. V. Smith, in his quiet, peace-making way, had oiled more denominational machinery than any man in Texas. His work on *The Standard* was characteristic. It was constructive, intelligent, progressive and fraternal. He could not be on the field a great deal, but wherever he went, he did much good for the paper. He devised a plan to capitalize the paper by securing 1000 life subscribers at \$25 each. He secured quite a number of these subscriptions, and his plan was working splendidly at the time of his death.

The Baptist General Convention met in 1892 with M. V. Smith's church at Belton. Meantime, on March 31, I gave up the work as Superintendent of Missions. In connection with the final closing of that responsibility, an incident occurred that figured quite largely in the later assaults upon me and the work of that period by S. A. Hayden. Every three months the missionaries of the Convention each make to the Superintendent a report of his work for the quarter preceding. This is sent in on a blank furnished for that purpose. Not only does he give the days labored, sermons preached, miles traveled, churches organized, etc., but at the close of the report he gives the amount of missionary



MISS MABEL CRANFILL.

NEW YORK
MAY 10 1964
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE
FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION

funds collected on his field. It was not customary for the missionary to actually remit this money. He kept the money, but reported it as collected on his field, and when his report reached the Superintendent, the amount was charged against this missionary's account and deducted from the check subsequently mailed him. There were the reports for six months from some 140 to 150 missionaries closing my incumbency on March 31. These reports came to me, were duly recorded so far as the financial parts of the report were concerned, and were taken by me to the bindery of Brooks & Wallace for binding. Some days afterward, when I went to this printing house in my buggy, I secured these reports thus bound, laid them on the buggy seat beside me, and started home with them. When I reached home, this bound volume of reports was missing. By some means it had been lost off the buggy seat, and was never found. Every financial item in the report was accounted for, and, as stated, had been already taken off the reports and properly recorded in the cash book. It entailed no difficulty so far as a settlement with the missionaries was concerned, but there dropped out of the history of the Baptists of Texas the detailed report of the *work* of the missionaries for the six months ending March 31, 1892. I had them bound purposely to turn over to my successor.

On account of this loss, which was very regrettable in every way, J. M. Carroll, in his report, submitted at the Belton Convention, said that he was unable to make a report of the work done for the first six months of the year, for the reason that the reports had never come into his hands. The reason why these reports did not reach him, I have just detailed. Later, S. A. Hayden made a great ado over this fact, though there was really nothing in it except a deplorable loss of reports that could not be replaced. Years afterwards, when S. A. Hayden was making his campaign against the Board, against me, against J. M. Carroll and all the rest of

us, he held this fact up before the world as an evidence that crooked work had been done; that reports had been intentionally withheld from the scrutiny of the denomination.

All of the *books* were at the Convention in the hands of Treasurer John T. Battle. When the report was made, he held up his cash books and the other books that had been kept in my office, and which had been turned over to him as treasurer, and invited inspection. He stated to the Convention that these were the books, and that he had all the vouchers covering the expenditures, every penny of money, during the past year. This was at the time very satisfactory. S. A. Hayden did not make any comment, none of his confreres or sympathizers made objections, and thus the record of my work as Superintendent of Missions was finally incorporated in the archives of the Baptist General Convention of Texas.

During the winter of 1892, I began to suffer renewed agonies with my eyes. The return to journalistic work, including proof-reading and such other duties as are incident to the publication of a newspaper, was too great a tax upon my eyes. The result was that I found it necessary to leave Waco for the time being, and take up my abode in Dallas to receive the expert treatment of Dr. R. H. Chilton.

At about this time, John Hill Luther, for many years president of Baylor College, resigned that position, and at the solicitation of M. V. Smith and myself, moved to Waco to take an editorial position on *The Standard*. He had already had years of journalistic experience, having founded *The Central Baptist*, of St. Louis, then one of our leading denominational papers.

Dr. Luther was not a rapid writer, but his English was as pure and as classical as that of Addison. He would labor a whole day on a column editorial, but when it became a finished product, it was as perfect as Parian marble. It was a source of constant wonderment to him that such work

as I did was performed with such rapidity and ease. I have had the faculty all my life of having at my tongue's end what I wanted to say, and at my fingers' end what I wished to write. I am master of my equipment, and I know on the spur of the moment all that I ever know. Dr. Luther's mind worked more deliberately. He grew very valuable in many ways, but on account of an already overburdened expense account, *The Standard* was not really able to continue him, and very reluctantly, some months after the death of M. V. Smith, I found it absolutely necessary to part with him.

During his stay with us, an event occurred that cast its shadow before. S. A. Hayden was in Waco, having doubtless come there on purpose to inspect *The Standard* outfit. It was a little while before the disastrous fire that within the space of a few minutes reduced *The Standard* and all of its belongings to ashes. When S. A. Hayden came into our office (we were all friendly then), he extended his hand to J. H. Luther. Hayden had brought in with him in his right hand a horned frog. When he shook hands with Dr. Luther, he left the horned frog in Dr. Luther's hand, whereupon the latter with great earnestness said:

"Hayden, I knew it was in your heart, but I didn't know it was in your hand!"

Until Dr. Luther's dying day, he and I were loving friends. He was one of the sweetest, choicest, noblest spirits it has ever been mine to know. He was low of stature physically, but he towered mountain high in the nobility of his character and his majestic spirit. I have often heard him say he would give a million dollars an inch to have six inches added to his height. He did not need them. Notwithstanding he was but little taller than Napoleon, who was five feet three, he at the same time was a masterful man in every way, and one whose life and work will live on and glorify the Master till time shall end.

LXVI

TRYING DAYS FOR THE STANDARD

SOON after *The Standard* was moved to Waco, a deputation from the Printers' Union demanded that our printers should be discharged and Union printers substituted. Up to that time I had not known that they were non-union. They were capable, faithful, industrious and honorable, and for this reason I gave each one the option of moving from Dallas to Waco with the publication. They all chose to go with us. I was not prepared to give these walking delegates an immediate answer. I asked for time to consider the matter. At my request they gave me thirty days, which I counted quite an indulgence.

At the end of thirty days, they returned. I explained to them that both of the men had families, that the young lady was making her own way, that they were faithful and industrious, and were being paid the Union scale for composition, and that I had decided to retain them. They went their way rather sullenly, to return next day with the announcement that unless I discharged these printers and employed Union printers, they would call out the Union pressmen who were printing *The Standard*. We had no presses and were having *The Standard* printed by contract. I scented serious trouble here. If they made this demand upon the pressmen and press feeders our pressman would of necessity be forced to discontinue printing our publication. The result would have been that *The Standard* would have been killed outright.

I again asked for time—this time for sixty days. Quite reluctantly, they granted this indulgence.

The next day I bought a press. Before the expiration of the sixty days, we were printing our paper on our own press from our own type set up by our own printers in an office that belonged personally to me.

But the walking delegates returned. When they looked in upon us they already saw their answer. It had been a great inconvenience to us to buy a press at this time, but to me liberty of conscience, freedom of speech and the management of my own affairs, has always been dearer than life itself. Not for one moment would I at that time or would I ever at any other time, have allowed these Union printers to take charge of my affairs and administer my business. I told these men that I had decided we would not discharge our force, repeating what I had said before, that the men were good men and that the young lady was exceptionally efficient.

Then the expected happened. The Waco Typographical Union promulgated an official order of boycott against *The Standard*. They sent their walking delegates to our Waco advertisers and announced to them that unless they ceased to advertise in *The Standard*, they, the Union Labor people, would withdraw all patronage from such firms. This precipitated a distinct crisis. I had already submitted the matter to M. V. Smith and H. J. Chamberlin. They were in agreement with me, but none of us were prepared to surrender all of our advertising. The paper was not yet by any means upon a self-sustaining basis. While we were increasing our subscription list and gaining right along, it had not been expected by any of us that we should reach a paying basis for many months to come, but we stood our ground. The Waco Typographical Union did all it could to destroy us, but, happy to relate, the business men of Waco did not dignify their boycott with any great attention. The large advertisers continued with us, and in a little while the boycott wore itself to a frazzle and the fiasco reached its end.

While that was true, we had a taste of Printers' Unionism and Labor Unionism in a concrete form. The same spirit pervades it everywhere; and while I have never discriminated against Union labor, I have at the same time been always absolutely free to employ any kind of labor at any time and in any way that I wished. I do not regard a non-union printer as a "rat" nor a non-union workman as a "scab." The non-union men are as good as the Union men. All of them were made out of the same clay, and each man in his place, union or non-union, has a right under God to earn bread for his family and to order his life according to the dictates of his own conscience. This in fine is my position on the labor question, as was demonstrated in this incident.

Later on I voluntarily unionized *The Standard* office and for nearly twelve years my foreman was R. B. Wallace, one of the truest and most capable men I have ever known. But I never could be forced into measures by the Printers' Union or anybody else.

But I had to spend much time in Dallas. We went on through 1892, and 1893 opened not inauspiciously for our venture. I was suffering very much from time to time with my eyes. While in Dallas, I had been taking my meals for a long time in the home of the pastor, A. M. Simms, one of the noblest, truest, dearest friends I ever had. I look back upon those days when I was in his home with joy. His wife was sweet, gentle, kind and sympathetic, as were all his family. They were exceedingly considerate of me, their suffering guest; and while I paid them board for such time as I was in their home, the best things in life cannot be measured by money. This kindness I received at their hands could not have been computed in terms of material values.

After having been with them for some time, I lived in the home of Dr. H. A. Moseley. I was in that home in February, 1893, when the sainted M. V. Smith was called

to be with Christ. I was suffering at that time agonizingly with ulcerations in both eyes. All told, I think it was the most excruciating spell I ever suffered. My evening hours were beguiled through the kindly and considerate help of Miss Hattie Belle Moseley, a teacher in the Dallas public school. Out of the kindness and gentleness of her heart, she read to me during the long winter evenings, and thus aided me to pass the painful hours away.

These were the darkest hours of my life. Charged with the responsibility of a new enterprise, heavily in debt, conducting a business that was losing money every day, away from home, threatened with blindness, physically ill, and bereft of my loving friend and my most intelligent counselor and sympathizer, the day was almost hopelessly dark.

M. V. Smith died a Christian hero. Conscious to the last moment, he called his loved ones about his bed, bade them each in turn good-bye, and at last, when he neared the river's brink, with his eyes closed, he said, "Safe in my Saviour's arms at last." Thus died one of the dearest, truest, gentlest, kindest, bravest, ablest, most useful men that Texas Baptists ever knew. I resolved that as long as life endured I would, to the extent of my ability, keep his memory green. It is thus that these words are recorded in this chronicle, to be read after I too have left the walks of men. In the better land I hope to meet this cherished friend in the home that knows no sadness, no sorrow and no tears.

LXVII

H. J. CHAMBERLIN

THE death of M. V. Smith left the entire burden and responsibility of *The Standard* upon me—financial, editorial, managerial. While the name of H. J. Chamberlin appeared at the masthead as business manager, he was not a newspaper man, had never been in newspaper harness and was ignorant of the journalistic profession. He and his noble wife, however, gave unstintedly of their time and energies to the enterprise. The chief service they rendered was keeping the mailing list. Our subscription was rapidly increasing. These dear friends took entire charge of the subscription department and they did an amazing amount of work on the list. Mr. Chamberlin asked me after the death of M. V. Smith, for the execution of a chattel mortgage on the entire plant, in order that his notes might be secured. I have had one rule of life concerning business matters. When I owe a man, it is always my purpose to pay him, and meantime I am willing to give him security to the uttermost for his claim. I gave Mr. Chamberlin new notes with compounded interest, the rate now enlarging to 10% as against 8% before, and executed a chattel mortgage on the entire plant.

In the meantime, a remarkable incident occurred. Let it be remembered that H. J. Chamberlin and M. V. Smith were the very best of friends. He had been M. V. Smith's deacon in Belton in the years before, and they had lived in the same home together. If M. V. Smith had been asked to select a friend to whom he would leave the business af-

fairs of his wife and children, I doubt not that of all men in the world he would have selected H. J. Chamberlin. The surprising thing, however, was that the very first incident revealed to me a phase of H. J. Chamberlin's character that made me wonder then, and that, together with other incidents in the man's career, has led me to wonder often since.

As has been before related, I did not put a cent into *The Standard*, nor did M. V. Smith. All of the capital was borrowed from H. J. Chamberlin. I had drawn \$100 a month to begin with, but M. V. Smith had drawn no salary whatsoever. All that he had received for his field work was the regular agent's commission of 50% upon subscriptions at the regular price of \$2.00 a year, and nothing on the life subscribers or the subscriptions of ministers and widows, to whom the paper was sent at half price. Since M. V. Smith had put nothing into the paper and had drawn nothing out, I felt that it would be right for his widow to be relieved from all financial obligations without my either paying anything for her interest or charging her for this release from these obligations.

H. J. Chamberlin took a different view. When Charles B. Smith, then quite a young man, the son of M. V. Smith, came to Waco to settle the matter, H. J. Chamberlin told him that his mother would have to pay \$500 in cash in order to be relieved of obligations on the paper. He was stunned. I was astounded. But we were both helpless. He went home, and through great sacrifice raised this \$500, brought it up to Waco, paid it to H. J. Chamberlin, and his mother and his father's estate were released from all financial obligation on the paper.

That was one side of H. J. Chamberlin's character. Here is the other side: He at once put that \$500 in the business, thus giving me the benefit of it! He applied it on maturing interest obligations, crediting the amount on the notes that

were payable to him. The transaction was a nightmare to me. As soon as circumstances would permit, I went to Belton and saw Mrs. Smith. I assured her that this \$500 would be paid back to her. I was not able to pay a penny of it then and did not know that I ever would be, but I gave her to understand that I was not a party to this transaction, that I deplored it, and thought it was unjust in every way.

The opportunity came earlier than I had expected. It was not cash, but she afterwards realized the cash out of the accounts that I transferred to her. One was a scholarship due *The Standard* by Baylor College, amounting to \$250, and the other items were some life subscriptions yet unpaid which she collected, amounting to \$250 more. But this greatly displeased H. J. Chamberlin. He never forgave me for my part in this matter. He felt that my return of this money to Mrs. Smith was a reflection upon him, and I do not think that his feeling for me, after he learned of my attitude, was ever the same. True, we went on together because we had to go on together. I had to go on with him because he was the chief creditor of the enterprise, and he had to go on with me because he would not have known what to do with *The Standard* if he had owned it.

In addition to keeping the subscription list, he kept the books, but he was not a book-keeper. I was restive under his book-keeping. The result was that I employed a book-keeper, handling the matter with as much diplomacy as possible. I never wished to offend him. He had many lovable traits and his wife was angelic in her sweetness, her gentleness and her kindness of heart. She loved *The Standard* and the work on the paper with an unflinching love, and I think that Mr. Chamberlin himself loved it as much as he could love any work.

But the indebtedness grew. The paper had to grow. The little Campbell press, to which reference had already been

made, became inadequate for our needs. By the opening of the year 1894, our subscription list had reached 18,000. We could no longer print the paper on that antiquated machine. The result was that a new press was installed in our office in Waco early in January, 1894. The purchase of this new machinery and the consequent enlargement of our plant in general necessitated the procurement of additional funds. These Mr. Chamberlin most cheerfully furnished. It was only two weeks after the installation of this splendid new press, until the disastrous fire of January 18, 1894, occurred, which wiped *The Baptist Standard* plant out of existence.

Then came the brightest spot ever revealed to me in the character of H. J. Chamberlin. When our office lay in ashes, he came to me and said:

"Every dollar of my funds is at your command." Whatever else afterward occurred between H. J. Chamberlin and myself, this nobility was never forgotten. Subsequent incidents served measurably to becloud it, but it was never erased from my heart.

After the fire of 1894, we moved to other quarters and put in a large job printing plant, duplicating the press that had been destroyed and improving our mechanical outfit in more ways than one. In all of this, H. J. Chamberlin helped manfully, and his consideration and kindness knew no bounds.

But as time went on his exacerbations of goodness and hardness were more frequent. Often when I was out of the office, he would in a fit of petulance turn to the book-keeper and say, "If Cranfill doesn't look out, I'll close him up today." This happened many times. There were maturing obligations all along, and while he would grant me extensions on these by compounding the interest, which was done over and over again before the interest due date, at the same time he never quite allowed me any free breathing spells. During these days, he bought an interest in the pa-

per. We made a verbal contract. I was to sell him a half interest for the cancellation of my indebtedness, which then amounted to \$6,000. I considered the matter closed and so did he. He took a renewed interest in the paper. Old files that had been left to mould in dust, were taken out and brushed up. Odds and ends of things that had not attracted his attention before, became interesting. He showed that splendid New Hampshire economy of which he was master.

About two months went on this way and my mind was at rest. The list of *The Standard* was growing constantly, it was entrenching itself in the affections of the denomination, and the trouble with S. A. Hayden had not yet come. Those indeed were glad and happy hours, but much to my chagrin and astonishment, H. J. Chamberlin one day acquainted me with the fact that he had decided not to buy an interest in the paper. I answered:

“Why, Brother Chamberlin, you have already bought an interest in the paper.”

This he denied, and thus the matter ended. He became a little more insistent thereafter upon prompt payment of his interest and his principal, and thus we seesawed from day to day, from week to week, from month to month and from year to year, until in December, 1897, when I sold a half interest in the paper to C. C. Slaughter, of Dallas, for just enough money—\$7,500—to pay the then outstanding mortgage and accrued interest held by H. J. Chamberlin.

In the meantime, Mr. Chamberlin's presence in the office became practically unbearable. Neither of us could stand it longer. The result was that he and his wife moved to San Angelo, but he took with him the best of my typesetter operators. This was characteristic also. Some of the notes against the paper were maturing, and yet, while he had often threatened to foreclose, he did not do so. In December, 1897, after I had made the sale of a half

interest in the paper to C. C. Slaughter, I wrote him that I was ready to pay all of his claim. Quite recently he had been unduly insistent upon the payment of the \$3,000 of notes then due. He had threatened me and had made one visit to Waco for the purpose, as I believe, of closing me up, but if he had done so, he would have had a property that he could not manage, and that very situation doubtless was what saved me. I wrote him to send all of his notes to the Waco State Bank and they would be paid. This reached him in one of his good moods, so he mailed the notes to the bank. They reached Waco the second morning thereafter. Meantime, I had advised the cashier, M. A. Sullivan, that I would be ready to pay these notes. C. C. Slaughter had trusted me with the money, \$7,500, and it had been deposited in the Waco State Bank for that very purpose.

The morning the notes reached Waco, Mr. Sullivan telephoned me to come to the bank immediately. When I reached the bank, he said:

“Do you want to pay the Chamberlin notes?”

I said, “Most emphatically I do.” He replied:

“They are here in my hands, but there is a telegram in the bank that has come since from H. J. Chamberlin, in which he asks us to deny you the privilege of paying the notes and instead, return them to him. *I have not seen the telegram.* If you want to pay the notes, make your check for them.”

This I did immediately, and the notes were cancelled and handed me, marked paid.

Mr. Chamberlin was greatly incensed at the turn events had taken. I was finally out of his clutches. In subsequent correspondence, which I still retain, he made the very serious charge against me that *I had sold mortgaged property!* That was very absurd, but it showed his temper at the time. He also afterwards filed a claim against me

by letter of some \$300, which he claimed I should pay him. I replied to him that I did not owe him \$300, the evidence being that if I had owed him that or any other amount, he would have had his mortgage in due form to cover the indebtedness.

I have thus set forth with some particularity the transactions between H. J. Chamberlin and myself. I have thought it all the more essential to do this, for the reason that he has never lost an opportunity to talk me down. To every pastor who goes to San Angelo, he unfolds his ghastly, gloomy tale concerning me. This has come to me from more than one of them. I take it that the dear man still harbors against me a feeling of dire resentment because of the fact that I was able finally to relieve myself from the indebtedness due him. His transactions with me reminded me very much of the dealings of the considerate cat with the captive mouse. It is all gentleness and kindness at intervals, when the mouse will be turned loose and allowed to scamper away. But the vigilant cat never allows the mouse to get far enough to quite be free, the ultimate result being that the mouse is devoured.

I know a stanza that more nearly describes H. J. Chamberlin than anything I could set down here. It runs as follows:

"There was a little girl
Who had a little curl
That hung right down over her forehead.
When she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad, she was horrid."

This is H. J. Chamberlin over and over again. I believe he is a Christian man. At intervals his kindness to me was as spontaneous and noble as any generous service my father could have done for me. But oh, when the other times came, it was the H. E. & W. T. Railway over again.

I think I have told in this chronicle of the old time narrow guage road that used to run out from Houston to Lufkin. It was called the H. E. & W. T., which meant the Houston, East & West Texas. It was a horrible experience for a traveling man to venture out on that line, so the drummers came to say that "H. E. & W. T." meant "Hell Every Way You Take It." That was H. J. Chamberlin in one of his bad moods, but when he was good, there was never a better man.

His beloved wife, Mary Chamberlin, was the very salt of the earth. In all of the years through which we were related together in this struggling enterprise, she was kindness, sweetness, gentleness, and grace itself. Never a word of impatience, never an unkind criticism, never a show of petulance nor ill temper. Of her, the world was not worthy, and a few years later God took her to that bright home on high where, as I verily believe, she is singing this moment pæans of praise to her Redeemer.

[NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.—Since the foregoing was written, H. J. Chamberlin has died and his going made me sad. I was tempted to leave out all I had written about him except the praise, but upon maturer deliberation I have let the history stand. His death has not changed the facts.]

LXVIII

SOME PASSING INCIDENTS

THE 1893 session of the Southern Baptist Convention met at Nashville. One of its most pleasing incidents was the beginning of my acquaintance with Robert J. Burdette. We loved each other on sight. We had not been acquainted an hour before he had accepted my invitation to come to Waco and deliver a lecture, the only condition being that all of his expenses were to be provided, and he was to have \$100 for the speech. The management of that lecture was my only experience in the lyceum bureau business. I not only came out whole in the transaction, but paid his expenses and the \$100, together with all the advertising and expenses and had some money left. Until his death he and I exchanged greetings every year. He was one of the noblest men of earth and I rejoiced to number him among my friends. When the disastrous fire swept *The Baptist Standard* out of existence, he was one to send his check for \$10 to help rehabilitate the plant. I never shall forget this kindness, nor another check that came, this one for \$5, from John A. Broadus.

The Baptist General Convention of Texas met in October, 1893, at Gainesville. All the leaders were there. It was not a large convention. Texas Baptists had not yet begun to know what really great conventions meant. It was, however, a harmonious convention. S. A. Hayden had not yet begun his criticisms, though undoubtedly he was preparing therefor. The re-election of J. M. Carroll as Secretary of Missions was not opposed by Hayden, and

everything went off smoothly. The denomination was at peace, except for the fight on R. T. Hanks, which was still being ruthlessly waged by Hayden. This fight never relented. As long as Hayden had a paper, he reveled in his assaults upon Hanks.

The year 1893 was a panic year. The banks everywhere were imperiled. Business institutions fell like giant oaks before a devouring storm. My banker, W. W. Seley, of Waco, was continuously kind to me. I had managed to liquidate the indebtedness on my little property in Waco. I let Mr. Seley know that if his bank should by any means get into trouble, I could sell my property at some figure for cash and would gladly let him have the money. He thanked me for the proffered kindness, adding that he hoped he would not need to take advantage of it, but that if he did, he would feel free to call upon me. He weathered the storm happily, but I have always felt glad that I tendered this little mite of help to him.

Notwithstanding the panic, *The Standard* lived and continued to grow. The brethren in Texas as well as in other states, were coming to recognize the paper as one of the leading exponents of the Baptist faith. From the beginning of my connection with the paper, I had established a very desirable feature—that of the publication each week of one of B. H. Carroll's sermons. In addition to this, J. B. Gambrell, recognized as one of the most luminous writers in the denomination, was writing for us practically every week. These two features alone attracted wide attention and increasing patronage. During the life of M. V. Smith, he began a department in the paper headed "Sunday Morning Thoughts." These articles were really sermonettes, and took up from one-third to one-half a column each week. After his death, at first as much a memorial to him as for any other reason, I continued this department, and it remained a feature of *The Standard* until I gave up the edi-

torship of the paper. From these "Sunday Morning Thoughts" articles, I published two books, one entitled *Words of Comfort, or Sunday Morning Thoughts*, the title of which was afterwards changed to *Courage and Comfort*, and the other, *Cranfill's Heart Talks*. The latter book has had a sale of almost 10,000 copies, and the former probably many thousands more. The books are still in print. No feature of *The Standard* was more widely appreciated than the "Sunday Morning Thoughts." Even now, after more than twelve years down in the ranks, I receive letters from friends in various parts of Texas, as well as from widely separated districts in the older states, who recall this department of *The Standard* and cherish the memory of it with grateful hearts. I believe it helped many to nobler, more useful and more sympathetic lives, and if I should ever re-enter journalism, either religious or secular, I would re-establish that department.

In addition to the oscillator press, bought to maintain the independence of *The Standard*, we bought a book press and upon this press were printing a book of B. H. Carroll's sermons. My foreman at that time was E. G. Rust, one of the noblest men I ever knew, and one of the most capable foremen. He took great pride in this book of sermons, and when the office was destroyed by fire January 18, 1894, we had printed a large number of the pages of this volume. They were swept away in an hour, and the plan of *The Standard* to publish the book was abandoned. It was our plan to publish the sermons in measure 22 ems wide instead of 13 ems wide, the regulation width of a standard newspaper column. We were enabled then to "pick up" this type and print the book pages from it. That was before the days of the linotype, on which nearly all type-setting is done today. Later I bought a Thorne typesetting machine which actually set type. In many ways it was a success, and in other important particulars a failure. It

took three operators, all working in conjunction all the time, to successfully handle it, and this was a great disadvantage, because each one had to be an expert. If one of your team got sick, you were out of gear all around. This machine was bought after the fire, and subsequently abandoned.

The fire that destroyed *The Standard* plant was of mysterious origin. No one has even known how the fire originated. I venture no opinion here. I only know that at about eleven o'clock at night a messenger hurried to my home and yelled that *The Standard* office was burning. Quickly as possible I made my way to the office, and found the building then practically destroyed, together with all its contents. We had a carload of paper stored in a nearby building, and this was greatly damaged. Our new Scott printing press was ruined, and all of the work of years went up in a few moments in smoke. We were partially covered by insurance, but there is never any insurance large enough to enable a man to recoup on the destruction of a plant like that. We were hampered for weeks and months afterwards, having to use the burnt sheets of paper, and being at a great disadvantage in many ways.

But *The Standard*, Phoenix-like, rose from the ashes, and came forth with more zeal and energy than ever. I sent out post cards to most of our list, advising them of this disaster and inviting advance subscriptions. I did not ask a contribution from any one. Some came regardless. The \$10 from Bob Burdette was one, and the \$5 check from Dr. Broadus was to advance his figures on the paper five years. So great was the response from our friends throughout the State that their very generosity proved a great subsequent calamity. We spent that money, and yet the cream of our subscription list was paid from three to five years ahead, and we had to stand for it. It worked a disastrous hardship upon us in the years to follow—a fact we could not

at that time possibly foresee. In rehabilitating the printing plant, H. J. Chamberlin advanced other funds, as has been already told. His nobility and kindness in this crisis will never be forgotten. He was really bereaved when *The Standard* printing office burned, and he rejoiced unspeakably when we had our new type and presses and were again at work.



LXIX

THE BEGINNING OF S. A. HAYDEN'S ASSAULTS

ONE of the men to send an advance subscription to *The Standard* was J. M. Carroll, then secretary of all the Baptist mission work in Texas. The amount was \$5, and his sympathetic note, together with those of many other friends, was published in the paper. This seemed to be the incident that started Hayden. It may not have been. He may simply have taken this occasion to open his warfare. I shall not attempt here to analyze his motives. The concrete fact was that when the State Mission Board met at Waco in April, 1894, S. A. Hayden read there a paper containing outright assaults upon the State Mission Board, and particularly on the secretary. These assaults were resisted and resented, with the result that the most direful denominational situation ever known among the Baptists of the world was speedily precipitated. Coincident with this assault upon the State Mission Board and J. M. Carroll, S. A. Hayden began a series of annoyances of B. H. Carroll. It began by his seeking to secure for his publication the night sermons of B. H. Carroll. He published long and labored editorials, in which he glowingly commended the night sermons as against the day sermons, claiming that the night sermons were heart-to-heart sermons, while the morning sermons were head-to-head sermons. He went so far as to engage B. F. Stuart, who had reported many sermons for me, to take these night sermons for him. Dr. Carroll was unwilling that this should be done. At first, without giving the matter due consideration,

he had agreed that Hayden should make a trial of these night sermons, but when they actually were published in Hayden's paper, they were so immature and so poorly published that B. H. Carroll wrote to Hayden not to publish any more of them. This injunction went absolutely unheeded, and thus Hayden sent his reporter into the church to report the sermons, regardless.

This was only one of the by-plays of the tragical events that then began and stretched over a period of more than a dozen years. The Southern Baptist Convention met at Dallas in 1894. This was the month following Hayden's opening gun. He was still in good standing in his church at Dallas, and was made a delegate to the Southern Baptist Convention. To me this Convention was in more than one respect a memorable one.

The 1894 Convention of the Baptists of Texas met at Marshall. This was the convention in which a change was made in the president of the body. For some years, Rufus C. Burleson, president of Baylor University, had also been president of the Convention. He was a known out-and-out sympathizer with S. A. Hayden, though greatly beloved by all. On account of his known and out-spoken sympathy with Hayden and his policies, the friends of the organized work deemed it wise to secure a president who would be in sympathy with the Convention, its secretary and its operative measures. On that account, R. C. Buckner, the beloved founder and manager of the Buckner Orphans Home, was nominated for president against R. C. Burleson. These were loved and trusted leaders, and many who found themselves forced by the very exigencies of the case to vote for R. C. Buckner as against R. C. Burleson, were most reluctant to do so.

S. A. Hayden was there in all his strength and shrewdness. The Mission Board had published and circulated a pamphlet in which they had answered the charges he had filed

against the Board and secretary at the April Board meeting at Waco. He asked the privilege of replying to this, and kept the floor fourteen hours! The body adjourned from session to session with him still on the floor and talking. It was a monumental outrage, but the brotherhood had not as yet become educated to his methods, and the result was that they were milling around in the dark, not knowing which way to turn.

At that meeting J. M. Carroll resigned as Secretary of Missions, and M. D. Early was chosen to take his place. Thus there passed from leadership in the mission work of Texas one of the noblest and most capable workers Texas Baptists have ever known. He went down before the shafts of unjust and unholy criticism, and left a field in which he was transcendently and happily useful.



LXX

A LULL BETWEEN THE STORMS

THE year 1895 was uneventful in the onward movement of the Texas Baptist work. *The Standard* made its way quietly along, advancing step by step, growing in popular favor, in circulation and in strength as a Baptist journal. After the fire of 1894, I abandoned the plan of publishing on our own presses the volume of sermons by B. H. Carroll, I went to Philadelphia and sold the manuscript to Dr. A. J. Rowland, Secretary of the American Baptist Publication Society, for \$1000. Under our arrangement Dr. Carroll and I shared this amount between us, all of the expenses coming out of my half. I have had few greater joys than that of taking him a check for \$500 as his part of the proceeds of this first book. It was well deserved and there has not been published from any American press a volume of greater sermons than is this volume, which is still extant and doing its wonderfully great work for the cause of Christ.

The Baptist General Convention of Texas for 1895 met at Belton. Meantime, *The Texas Baptist and Herald* was comparatively quiet. It was sowing seed all the time, but not with that energy, bitterness and rancor that characterized its work during 1894, and that gathered force and violence pending the Convention of 1896.

J. B. Gambrell had been one of the valued and regular contributors to *The Standard* from its inception. As editor and manager of the paper, I paid him \$5 for each article he sent us. The articles were strong and very valuable and were

featured as one of the chief inducements for subscriptions. Throughout the South, *The Standard* was gaining as a paper for Baptist preachers. Thousands upon thousands of them had enrolled their names upon our list, and Dr. Gambrell's articles had weight with these and aided us much in achieving this splendid addition to our subscription list.

During the summer of 1895 Dr. Gambrell was employed as joint editor of the paper. We began by paying him \$2500 a year, but later it was found impossible to maintain so large a salary for him. His connection with the paper was gratefully appreciated by our friends, but the financial condition of the paper was not such as to justify so large an outlay for the work of one man. Our plan at first was that he should look after the exploitation of our subscription list beyond the Mississippi River. He visited the State Conventions of several States, and, in so far as he was able, popularized the paper wherever he traveled. However, the practical returns from his canvassing were meagre. He agreed later on that we should reduce his salary to \$150 a month, which was done, and this amount was being paid to him when he came to the Convention at Houston in 1896. I was very anxious that he should attend the Houston Convention, and this he did, and I was glad to furnish the transportation, on account of his *Baptist Standard* connection, for that journey.

M. D. Early was Secretary of Missions and was conducting the work as best he could. There was an inevitable reduction both in contributions and in work accomplished. The tares that had been sown the year before, and were then being sown by S. A. Hayden's paper, were bearing their fruit of inertia and do-nothingism. This greatly hampered M. D. Early in his work. He was a man of activity and zeal, and deserved to achieve greater things than came to him in this secretarial connection.

The Baptist General Convention of 1896 met at Houston.

Preceding the Convention, S. A. Hayden and his paper were perhaps at their very worst. The gravest charges were made in his publication from week to week against the workers in general, and particularly against me as former corresponding secretary. It was a regular socialistic campaign, conducted upon the lowest plane to which a publication can possibly descend. The *Texas Baptist and Herald* demanded an itemized statement of all my accounts. Hayden evidently was unaware of the fact that it was easy to make this statement. Notwithstanding the fact that he had been apprised that the reports that had been lost were simply the reports of missionaries, he disregarded these statements, and clamored loud and long for an itemized statement of all of the work under my administration.

Meantime, a remarkable thing had occurred. At the Convention of 1892, John T. Battle, Treasurer of the Convention, raised my books in his hands and said what has already been quoted from him. When he went home to Waco, the books were still in his custody. They never again came into my possession. By a strange fortuity, he laid these books away at his home in Waco and forgot where he put them. This added fuel to Hayden's flame of criticism and distraction. He did not at that time really know that these books were in existence. The rest of us knew it, but we did not know where they were. Brother Battle was greatly disturbed concerning the books and resorted much to prayer. After praying most earnestly upon one occasion about this matter, it suddenly dawned upon him where he had placed these records. He went right to the receptacle in which he had laid them nearly four years before, and found them. There was great joy in the camps of Israel when this discovery became known. We felt that the cause was most happily conserved by this incident, which came, as we believed then, and as I believe now, as a direct answer to prayer.

At the next meeting of the State Mission Board, I requested that these books all be re-audited. This was pleasing to all the members of the Board. The Board also made a report covering the distractions which the *Texas Baptist and Herald* had aroused throughout the State. The report was one of the strongest ever promulgated by the State Mission Board of Texas. It was the work of B. H. Carroll, as all who were familiar with the facts then knew.

When the Convention met at Houston, the whole denomination were on the *qui vive* for developments. The Mission Board had recommended that Hayden be denied a seat in the Convention. On the question of the adoption of this section of the report, there were grave differences of opinion even among the more thoughtful and conservative members. At that time, Hayden's strength in Texas was great. He still presided over the destinies of the old and long established newspaper, and had a very strong following, including R. C. Burleson, one of the rarest men of any period of Texas Baptist history. His alignment with Hayden was the strongest asset that Hayden ever had at any time.

The result of the Houston Convention was heart-rending in every way. The great host of Texas Baptists who had foregathered there were held in that city for days on days, listening to nothing whatever except the fuss that Hayden had stirred up. At my request, a committee was appointed to re-audit my books, and this was most carefully done. The members of that committee were among the most thoughtful brethren in the State. It had been very judiciously appointed, and one of the committee was F. M. McConnell, afterwards Superintendent of the Texas Baptist Mission work of the State. These brethren went over all of my books, item by item, made a statement that was as clear as a silver bell, to the effect that every item had been properly recorded, and that a voucher had been exhibited to them covering every disbursement by the Board.

One of Hayden's most active lieutenants, S. J. Anderson, associate editor of his paper, moved the adoption of the report, and there was not a negative vote. This incident gladdened all hearts. It was felt that after such a clear and thoughtful presentation of the entire case, with a re-auditing of all the books, Hayden would not only withdraw the serious allegations he had made, but would refrain from their repetition. This was the one bright spot in that Houston Convention. Practically all the other transactions of the body were laden with grief and tears.

The impression upon the city of Houston was terrible. Outsiders, who were unfamiliar with the inside facts and only judged of the brotherhood by the wrangling in that body, were estranged, not only from Baptists, but from religion. Hayden was finally seated, but duly exhorted that in the event he did not cease his strife-breeding agitation, he would be reckoned with in future sessions of the body.

It was during this Convention that, through my influence and the thoughtful consideration of other brethren, the hearts of the brotherhood began to turn to J. B. Gambrell as the Moses to lead us out of our wilderness. He was approached on the matter at the Convention, but no decision was reached. M. D. Early was re-elected secretary, but it was understood between him and the brethren whom he served that at any time when a leader could be found who apparently would be able to do greater things for the cause than he had been able to accomplish, he would hand in his resignation and thus make way for the onward going of the kingdom in the happiest possible manner. This was noble in Brother Early, and should be remembered as long as Texas Baptists have a name.

Following the Houston Convention, the brotherhood met in the annual Board meeting in Waco. Meantime, conferences of one kind or another had been held with Dr. Gambrell and he was invited to meet with the Board at that

time. Through the agitations of Hayden and his paper, the Board had yielded here and there until the salary of the secretary, once \$2500 a year, had been reduced by successive steps to \$1800 a year. When the question was finally considered at Waco, it was understood that we would not offer Dr. Gambrell that small a salary, but in order to accomplish the result and still not officially increase the salary, a few of us agreed to make up the difference of \$700 in his salary in order to enable him to come to Texas and take up this work.

There was great rejoicing in all of our hearts when he finally decided to come. He was at that time in his prime, and seemed the man of the hour. He accepted the position thus tendered him, and that necessitated his resignation as joint editor of *The Baptist Standard*. This resignation was given before he accepted the secretaryship.

So great was my love for him that I invited him to come to my home as a member of our family. It was not practicable at that time for him to immediately move his family to Waco, although it was absolutely essential that he should come upon the field and take the great work in hand. It thus fell out that for the better part of one whole year he was a member of our family, not as a boarder, but as an invited guest. I would have no more thought of charging him board than I would have thought of charging board for my own father. The relation thus began under the new auspices was a most happy one. From the beginning, I was not wholly in agreement with all of Dr. Gambrell's policies as secretary, but was largely so. He made overtures to Hayden, hoping thus to win him to the cause, but those of us who had more intimate knowledge of Hayden knew that it was love's labor lost. But Dr. Gambrell was a newcomer and had to find out for himself—and he did.

LXXI

NEW BLOOD IN THE STANDARD

THE historic Convention among Texas Baptists was the one which met at San Antonio in November, 1897. Between the 1896 and the 1897 Conventions, S. A. Hayden was doing all that he could to further his plans. When the Convention met in 1897, there was intense interest on every hand. The meeting was large. During the year past, Hayden had made much of his alignment with the beloved R. C. Burleson, but there were none who believed that Dr. Burleson was at heart a disturber or a disorganizer. He was growing old. His retirement from the active presidency of Baylor University had borne heavily upon his mind, and under these conditions Hayden found him a ready coadjutor. Hayden courted and magnified Dr. Burleson and at the same time very severely criticised the Board of Trustees of Baylor University for having retired Dr. Burleson as president emeritus of that institution.

It was a glorious consummation at San Antonio when Dr. Burleson, at the instance and in response to the appeal of brethren whom he trusted, announced that he joyfully and willingly accepted the action of the Board of Trustees in retiring him as president emeritus. Events followed quickly and sensationally. A challenge against the right of S. A. Hayden to a seat in the body was presented and adopted. This challenge was the basis of the Hayden litigation, which was precipitated the following spring.

Not to dwell upon intervening events with which I had

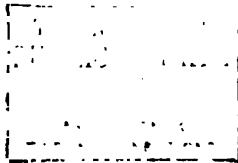


DR. B. H. CARROLL.



COL. C. C. SLAUGHTER.

•



only relative concern, I will mention here an incident which changed the course of my life. Early in December, 1897, I made a visit to Dallas. H. J. Chamberlin was pressing me for payments, and I found myself facing what at any time might be a foreclosure of the plant. The result was that I made the visit to Dallas to see C. C. Slaughter, a man then recognized among Texas Baptists as a leader and a philanthropist. Indeed, it was due to his \$25,000 contribution, the largest that had up to that time been made in Texas to Christian education, that the work of the Texas Baptist Education Commission was inaugurated and had promise of success. It grandly succeeded. All of the Texas Baptist schools which entered into the correlation, were, without any great delay, freed from debt.

I visited Dallas for the purpose of interesting Col. Slaughter in *The Baptist Standard*. He was very kind and courteous to me, and on the day of my visit, I took luncheon with him at his home. He made me a proposal to pay me \$7,500 for an undivided half-interest in the paper and agreed to lend the new company or corporation \$2,500 as a working capital. He asked me to write out the matter as a proposal to him, which I did and later it was accepted. A further understanding was that the entire plant was to be moved to Dallas and incorporated. This was done. So, it fell out that by January, 1898, I had arranged the matter with Col. Slaughter, he became half-owner of *The Baptist Standard*, and on January 27, 1898, with my family and all my portable belongings, I moved to Dallas. My estimate of C. C. Slaughter as a man, as a Christian, as a philanthropist, and as a noble brother in Christ, is well known to those who have kept informed concerning current Baptist events in Texas. We have never had among us a nobler spirit. For five years he and I worked together in fullest and completest harmony and friendship, and it was only after it seemed well for the partnership to

terminate that I bought his interest in the paper and thus our intimate business relationship found its end.

Col. C. C. Slaughter is one of the truest and most unselfish men I have ever known. He has given of his means and time unstintedly and whole-heartedly to the Texas Baptist cause. He has had much appreciation, but I doubt if anything the Baptists of Texas could do for him or for his loved ones would be commensurate with the wonderful service he has rendered the Baptist cause.

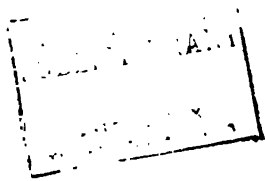
In the matter of his relationship with *The Baptist Standard*, I think it well to recite additional data, so that the history of this relation may find full record. When he bought in with the paper, he took a very active interest in its every phase, particularly in the financial side of things.

In every matter concerning the enterprise, he was its strong right arm. He did not in any sense seek to dominate my editorial management of *The Standard*. On the contrary, he rejoiced in all that I did, and counseled me as a father would a son. He felt then that the brotherhood did not properly appreciate the value of *The Standard* as an engine of usefulness among Texas Baptists. That was true then, has been true since, and is true now. Our good Baptist people have not as yet waked up to the monumental value of religious literature, and particularly of the religious periodical.

When the beloved George W. Carroll, of Beaumont, made large money on account of the fact that oil had been found on his land at Beaumont, it occurred to C. C. Slaughter that it would be well to have this good man linked with *The Baptist Standard*. It was an opinion in which I heartily concurred. So it fell out that on April 20, 1901, armed with a letter from Col. Slaughter to George W. Carroll, I went to Beaumont for the purpose of interesting Brother Carroll in the publication. Meantime, I had written him that I was coming and he made an appointment for me to



J. B. CRANFILL, AT AGE 39, WHEN HE MOVED TO DALLAS.



preach the following day for the Beaumont Baptists. This visit, which eventuated in aligning George W. Carroll with *The Standard*, also was the occasion of my becoming interested in the oil business.

I found Brother Carroll already interested in *The Standard*, as he was in every good work. On account of a delayed train I did not reach Beaumont until 2 P. M. Sunday. In the meantime, J. M. Carroll, at that time secretary of the Texas Baptist Education Commission, had come to Beaumont, and instead of preaching at the church that night myself, I urged him to take my place, which he did, and preached a remarkable sermon on "The Shadow of Peter."

On Monday morning, I renewed my talk with Brother Carroll concerning *The Baptist Standard*, with the result that he purchased a third interest in the paper, giving therefor his note without interest, payable one year from its date, for \$16,500. At the then rate of discount, which was 8 per cent., the note had a present value of \$15,180, and that is what Brother Carroll paid for a third interest in the paper. It was thought by some that the price he paid was exorbitant. After Brother Carroll became thus interested in the paper, I owned a third of the stock, C. C. Slaughter owned a third of the stock, and Brother George W. Carroll owned a third of the stock. This was essentially true. There were five shares outstanding in the hands of friends of the paper, which had been issued gratuitously in order that the corporation might be complete. The capital stock was \$50,000.

Not long after this sale of the third interest to Brother Carroll, I found that C. C. Slaughter was willing to part with his stock in the paper, and I bought him out. The basis of this purchase was that we took into account every dollar that Col. C. C. Slaughter had put into the paper, calculated 8 per cent. interest on the amount, and I then

gave him my check for all that he had ever put in, with 8 per cent. interest added, and this was the price of the stock that I bought from him. This made me a two-thirds owner of the publication, and George W. Carroll a one-third owner. In other words, I owned \$16,667 more of the stock than Brother Carroll owned.

Being desirous of having Brother Carroll as an equal owner with me in the publication, I then *gave to him outright, without charging him a penny*, \$8,333 worth of the stock, making him thus an equal or half-owner of *The Standard with me*. George W. Carroll paid for an undivided one-half interest in *The Standard* \$15,180. I think now that I made a mistake in giving him this stock, notwithstanding the fact that he is one of the biggest-hearted and one of the noblest men I have ever known. I afterwards regretted it because I thus weakened myself in my relation to my own enterprise.

Following this arrangement with Brother Carroll, he and I joined hands in a great campaign to place *The Standard* in the home of every Baptist pastor, church clerk, associational clerk and associational moderator in the Southern States. In that endeavor we handsomely succeeded. We contributed to the publication \$7,500 each in order to make this plan successful. At the end of this campaign, *The Standard* had reached the high water mark of its circulation in all its history—a bona fide list approximating 30,000.

When I finally retired from connection with *The Baptist Standard* in May, 1904, I sold the remaining half interest in the paper to George W. Carroll for \$10,000 in notes, so the net result was that he paid for the entire plant \$25,180, and in order to silence all critics, if any now survive, I am willing at any time to pay that amount for the paper, and own it again. And, having made it, I know how to edit it and run it.

LXXII

THE HAYDEN LITIGATION

APRIL 28, 1898, S. A. Hayden filed a suit against a number of Texas Baptists for \$100,000 damages, basing the suit upon the challenge which was submitted at the San Antonio Convention and which resulted in his being denied a seat in that body. Among the defendants, my name came first. Others included were C. C. Slaughter, and many Baptists of prominence in the State. This was the most remarkable law suit, all things considered, ever tried in any State. It was without precedent in Christian annals, and there has been nothing like it since. It covered a period of seven years, the exact date of its settlement being April 28, 1905. There were four trials of the case, all of them in the court of which Richard Morgan was judge.

I have never seen on the bench such a partisan as was Judge Morgan in these trials. The trials averaged two months each. In the first trial, Hayden secured a judgment for \$30,000; the two succeeding trials resulted in hung juries; in the fourth trial, he secured a verdict of \$15,000, which on May 12, 1904, was reversed by the Texas Supreme Court.

A remarkable illustration of the uncertainties of litigation was the attitude of the Civil Court of Appeals, which sits at Dallas. When the first verdict of \$30,000 was secured by Hayden, it was sweepingly reversed by the Court of Civil Appeals of this city. When the final judgment of \$15,000 was secured, this same court affirmed it, but this latter judgment was reversed by the Supreme Court.

I once thought there was something which could be positively identified as the law, but there really is no law except the last decision of some court. These courts make and unmake laws in the most haphazard fashion.

When Hayden's suit was first filed, none of us thought of it as a serious matter. It was considered as one of the evolutions in his campaign of agitation and disturbance. But little did we then know of the complexion of courts or juries. I emerged from this litigation with the conviction that courts are not courts of justice, but oftener courts of injustice. My experience with Judge Morgan was such as to shake my reverence for the judicial ermine. It is not that I hold the judiciary in contempt, because if I did I would be put in jail, but I was certainly for almost seven mortal years in absolute contempt of Judge Morgan and his court and am today. It is possible that his bias in the case arose from the fact that he was a member of another denomination and delighted to see this disturbance among the Baptists. If he had been a paid attorney in the case, he could not have worked harder for Hayden than he labored during those long and harrowing years.

Another thing about this trial was the wonderful composition of the juries. The juries were, as a rule, from the most ignorant classes. Sitting there in the jury box during these four trials were men who knew no more about theology or Baptist polity than a cow knows about millinery. They deliberated in their ignorant way and brought in their verdicts, not according to the testimony, but according to their prejudices and the mouthings of Hayden's attorneys. The theory is that a man is entitled to a trial by a jury of his peers, but to count any one of the jurors in that case as the peer of B. H. Carroll or George W. Truett would be the ghastliest joke ever perpetrated. The Hayden agitation and litigation was carried forward during the reign of Populism. After these trials had ended, Populism by that name waned

in our State, but it is still with us under different forms. During those trials there were a number of Populistic jurors and these, of course, sympathized with Hayden. The wonder is that there were two hung juries, and the greater wonder is that the juries that assessed these damages did not give Hayden larger verdicts. They were built that way, and in view of the partisan attitude of Judge Morgan, the diabolical atmosphere of the court room—all court atmospheres are diabolical to me—and the permeation of the entire State by the wave of Populism, I feel that we escaped most luckily to have received no more arbitrary treatment at the hands of this crowd than came to us.

This litigation was Hayden's great asset. He lived, moved and had his being in contention and distraction. The lawsuit fed his passion for agitation and disturbance, and at the same time furnished him an excuse for constant and tearful appeals to his following for additional funds. No one will ever know how much money he received in response to these appeals. I doubt if he knows himself. His deluded supporters, feeling that he was the victim of diabolical persecution at the hands of what he was pleased to term "the Board Party," flocked to him in countless numbers, and from their pockets he extracted many a lean dollar which in time he either passed over to his printers or his attorneys.

Finally, I settled the litigation on my own motion. I believed then and believe now that in making this settlement the best thing for the Baptist cause and for the defendants was done.

The details of the settlement are that I paid \$100 in each case, (there being three cases on the docket,) and all the costs of the suits. The costs alone aggregated something like \$6,000. This I paid, and paid it all. There was never a Baptist in the State to extend to me one atom of help on this very burdensome outlay. The only one that helped me

at all was Col. W. L. Williams, now deceased, who had received a warrant from the court as a witness in the case. When he found I had to pay the costs, he declined to allow me to pay his warrant, but instead, canceled it and sent it to me. The amount was \$25. Outside of this, neither defendant, preacher, layman nor missionary helped me to the amount of one poor postage stamp.

I do not complain at this. The years have passed and my family and I have had our three meals a day, our clothing and a place to sleep. It is now more than eleven years since these cases were settled, and looking back upon it all, I have no regrets for the course I pursued. While there was quite a little agitation and discussion at the time among the defendants and some busybodies, I believe that after the suits were settled, and after Hayden quickly lapsed into denominational inactivity, all of the brotherhood agreed that the wisest and best thing had been done.

This litigation, all told, cost me directly some \$25,000, and indirectly much more. It forced me to sell the Cranfill building for \$75,000, which I afterwards sold as agent for \$250,000. If that loss of \$175,000 is taken into account, the Hayden litigation cost me \$200,000. Through all these persecutions there were two men who always gave their money, and who never flinched. Those men were J. B. Gambrell and George W. Truett.

LXXIII

SOME DETAILS OF LITERARY WORK

THE first tract or pamphlet that I ever published, and of which I still have a copy, was Dr. Carroll's great sermon on *The Agnostic*, which came from the press of *The Gatesville Advance* in 1884.

My first book was the first volume of Dr. B. H. Carroll's sermons, which appeared in 1895. The details of its production are given in another place.

The first of my own books was *Words of Comfort, or Sunday Morning Thoughts*, and was an octavo volume of more than 500 pages, illustrated by Frank Beard, at that time artist on *The Ram's Horn*, of Chicago. The copyright of this volume was sold to The Southwestern Publishing Company, of which P. B. Jones was manager. Later he issued a new edition, made into a subscription book, and changed the title to *Courage and Comfort, or Sunday Morning Thoughts*. He retained nearly all of the Frank Beard illustrations, added others, and embellished the work by a new copious and flattering introduction. The sale of this book has run into thousands, and it is still extant. It can now be had at \$2.50 a copy.

The third, another of my own books, entitled *Cranfill's Heart Talks*, was published in 1906 after I became editor of *The Baptist Tribune*. This is a 12mo volume of something over 400 pages. The first edition of 10,000 is all gone except a few copies.

The greatest of my literary labors has been the publication of Carroll's *Interpretation of the English Bible*. At

the time this chapter is written, (June 19, 1916,) ten volumes of this Interpretation have been issued, as follows: *Revelation, Genesis, Exodus-Leviticus, Numbers to Ruth, The Pastoral Epistles, The Four Gospels, Volume I; The Four Gospels, Volume II; The Acts; James, Thessalonians, Corinthians*, and *Daniel and the Inter-Biblical Period*. There are three others to follow.

I regard the production of Carroll's *Interpretation of the English Bible* as my greatest achievement. There was no other man in whom were combined all the elements that rendered the publication of this great work possible. When I am gone I will be glad to have my friends think of Carroll's *Interpretation of the English Bible* as my monument.

In addition to this interpretation of the Bible I have published two additional volumes of Dr. B. H. Carroll's sermons, one entitled *Evangelistic Sermons*, and the other *Baptists and Their Doctrines*. I have in hand much rich sermonic material of Dr. Carroll's, which I hope to yet give to the public in other volumes.

It was my pleasure to publish in 1907, a *History of Texas Baptists*, written by Dr. B. F. Riley, which did not have a very large sale on account of the fact that the extra copies, as well as all the material pertaining to the work, were destroyed by fire after the volume appeared.

In 1915 in conjunction with Rev. J. L. Walker I prepared and published *R. C. Buckner's Life of Faith and Works*. It was well for the wonderful achievements of this great and good man to be thus preserved in permanent literary form, and this labor of love I performed with a cheerful heart, because I not only wished to honor the man himself, but to magnify the great work he has done in founding, managing and maintaining the Buckner Orphans' Home.

And, of course, I wrote this *Chronicle*. I wrote it every word. I did not ask anyone's help upon it for two reasons. One was that I did not wish to share the glory of writing it

SOME DETAILS OF LITERARY WORK 459

with any other, and the other was that I did not want him to take the responsibility. The indulgent reader is to be the judge of this literary production, for which I do not claim any very great merit, but I do wish my grandfather had written something of this kind to be handed down to me, so I could have known a little more about him and his ancestors.

In 1915 it was my pleasure to publish the first volume of sermons by George W. Truett, entitled *We Would See Jesus, and Other Sermons*. I had long wished to perform this service, but it was only after years of effort, and with the co-operation of Mrs. Josephine Jenkins Truett, the great preacher's noble and amiable wife, that I was able to secure his consent for this volume to appear. Now that he has been convinced of the good that this initial volume of discourses has done and is doing, I have the hope that I shall publish many additional volumes of his great sermons.

My literary work has been and is among the happiest and most useful of my life work. The little side-issues of business do not carry with me a feather's weight when compared with usefulness in the production of work of enduring value. The tragedy of life is that we fritter so much of our time away upon nonentities, and so many of us lose the main point, thus missing that high usefulness that might be ours.

LXXIV

AS A SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER

IF I ever possessed any gift, it was the gift of teaching. I have never claimed a great abundance of knowledge, but the Lord blessed me with the gift of imparting such knowledge as I possessed. When I joined the Missionary Baptist Church at Gatesville, I soon thereafter took a class in the Sunday-school, of which Y. S. Jenkins was superintendent, and John P. Kendrick, assistant. Mine was the leading Bible class. I began to teach this class in the early months of 1883, and taught it constantly until I left Gatesville in December, 1886. It was a joyful experience. In that class were Dr. J. R. Raby and his noble wife; Stoner Raby, now one of the leading physicians of Gatesville, but who at that time was quite a young man not yet out of school; Miss Dola Bledsoe, daughter of the venerable Rev. J. S. Bledsoe, who lived to a great age and died but a few years ago at Waxahachie.

When we moved to Waco I joined Dr. Carroll's Bible class. W. H. Jenkins was superintendent of the Sunday-school, John T. Battle, assistant superintendent, and Luther W. Bagby, secretary. It was not long after my removal to Waco until Dr. Carroll's increasing duties rendered it impossible for him to continue his teaching, and I was elected as his successor. During all of the balance of my residence in Waco, covering a period of ten years or more, I was teacher of this class. Dr. Carroll was the best teacher of the Bible I ever knew. He knew more of the Bible than any man I ever knew, and in the highest degree ever known

to me had the faculty and facility of teaching God's Word.

When I moved to Dallas January 27, 1898, I at once joined the First Baptist Church. Rev. George W. Truett had accepted the call to the pastorate of this church September, 1897, and it was my joy to be connected with the church of which he was pastor. For the past thirty years I have had but two pastors, B. H. Carroll and George W. Truett, and they have both been classed among the greatest preachers of any age or clime. Coming to Dallas, I asked for the privilege of organizing a class of my own. This was granted to me, and so I organized a Bible class for men and women, and taught it for many years. With only a slight interregnum I have been a teacher in the Sunday-school of the Dallas First Church ever since I came here.

In 1912 I was chosen to teach the Baraca class of the First Baptist Church. Of all the work of teaching in the Sunday-school this is to me the happiest. I know of no Sunday-school teaching work more pleasant or more blessed than that of teaching from 150 to 250 men each Sabbath morning. I love this work with an unspeakable devotion, and shall always cherish with a grateful heart the friendship and fellowship of this wonderfully great class. Since my incumbency as teacher the class has had as its presidents, Joe Durham, William Goldsworthy, George Thedford, Chesley Brown, and John Dillon—as noble a company of Christian workers as it has ever been my pleasure to know. It would delight me much if I had space in this chronicle to give the name of every one of this class, but this is obviously impossible. Through the passing of the years there have come and gone in this class perhaps 1,500 to 2,000 men whose lives I have thus been blessed to touch, and who have been unselfishly helpful to me.

One of my greatest joys has been to help young men, and this great class has furnished opportunities for usefulness I could not otherwise have had. Let all these dear men

know that I love them every one, and that their faces are graven in my heart.

Mark this word in this connection: The best way to learn the Bible is to teach the Bible. The other word is, dear reader, that unless you attend the Sunday-school, and study the Bible in the Sunday-school, my great fear is that you do not study God's Word at all. Ignorance of the Bible is one of the most appalling evils of our times. If I were to name the second greatest work of my life, it would be that of my service as teacher of the Bible in the various Sunday-schools where my church membership has been held.



THE
PUBLIC
ACTION
AGENCY



B. H. CARROLL, JR., CONSUL TO VENICE, ITALY.

LXXV

AS AN EDITOR

BEGINNING editorial life February 1, 1881, as editor of *The Turnersville Effort*, I, for the time being, closed my editorial career April, 1907, when I sold *The Baptist Tribune* to *The Baptist Standard*. Between these periods I was editor of *The Gatesville Advance*, established 1882; *The Waco Advance*, daily and weekly, established 1887; *The State Mission Journal*, established 1890; *The Baptist Standard*, established 1892, and *The Baptist Tribune*, established 1905. In these various editorial connections I was not only editor, but business manager as well.

With the single exception of the *Waco Daily Advance*, published during the prohibition campaign of 1887, I made money out of each of these publications. *The State Mission Journal* was the official organ of the Baptist State Mission Board when I was superintendent of missions, and while it was issued monthly, it was a paying investment for the Board.

Editors are not difficult to find—that is, editorettes. There are regiments of men who count themselves capable of high editorial distinction, but the combination of editor, writer and business manager is rare indeed.

My chief editorial distinction is in the fact that I established *The Baptist Standard*, which is still extant, and which, during the passing of the years, has been the strong right arm of all our Texas Baptist work. After I gave up *The Standard* it passed through numerous managements, but

under every one of its editors it has stood for the organized work of Texas Baptists, and so stands today.

I never touched any newspaper that did not achieve phenomenal success. Every one of them not only increased in circulation, but made money. In some instances the financial returns were not large, but I never conducted a paper that did not have more subscribers, a better standing and a wider influence when I surrendered it than it had when my connection with it began.

May 1, 1907, I went to Chicago and became joint editor of *The Associated Prohibition Press*, which position I held for several months.

In this connection I give an extract from an article which appeared in *The Baptist Standard* July 24, 1902, from the pen of Dr. J. B. Gambrell. It is as follows:

I like Dr. J. B. Cranfill, editor of *The Standard*, and believe in him as a Christian, true to his Master, and as a man of great ability and of genuine nobility of character; but I have not stood by *The Standard* on personal grounds. I have stood by it as I have seen men give their lives on a battlefield to protect a battery, because it was essential to guard the field and win the battle. *The Standard* is a tremendous engine of power to conserve and advance the cause of Jesus Christ. I am for *The Standard* and its editor for what they are and for what they do. It is a true and able paper, edited by a man who loves the cause and helps it. I love the paper and the editor as servants of God and His people, and I would count myself unworthy of a place in the ranks of true men if the shameless attacks on them could influence me to desert either. Dr. Cranfill is an able man in many ways. He is a strong business man and might easily run a great railroad. He pays his debts. No printer has ever been robbed of hard-earned money by him. He commands the confidence of men in the highest business circle, because he deserves to stand well. He is honest and capable. He is liberal and progressive. * * * * J. B. Cranfill is regarded well in business circles, he is a noble giver and a friend to all good things.

THE NATIONAL
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COLLECTION
SERIALS
SECTION



REV. E. P. WEST, PASTOR TABERNACLE BAPTIST CHURCH,
HOUSTON, TEXAS.

LXXVI

GIVING UP THE BAPTIST STANDARD

IN May, 1904, I voluntarily retired from the editorial management of *The Baptist Standard*. When this autobiography was first planned I meant to give circumstantially the sorrowful incident that led to the severance of my relations with this great work, but upon more mature deliberation I reached the conclusion that no good could now come from the resurrection of the painful and heart-rending details of the unhappy event which led to the greatest cataclysm that has come into my life. Suffice it to say that I at that time felt it my duty to retire from the field of usefulness in which, while I had suffered much, I feel was the greatest throne of power and service with which my life ever has been blessed.

I loved *The Standard* as a father loves a child. Beginning its publication when it had a circulation of 6,000, I left it the strongest, most virile, and most influential Baptist journal in the Southern States. When I gave up *The Standard* it numbered among its subscribers thousands upon thousands of active and influential Baptist pastors, not only in Texas and the South, but throughout the entire United States. I gave to the paper the flower of my life. As its editor for more than twelve years, I had piloted the enterprise through the stormiest and most harassing period in the Baptist history of any state, had transmuted its weakness into strength, and had transformed the \$4,000 deficit with which it started, into a substantial business asset worth in cash not a cent less than \$25,000 net.

All my life I have been too quick to reach decisions. When I surrendered the editorship of *The Baptist Standard* I acted upon the advice of thoughtful brethren, who, as I believed, had the interest of the Baptist cause at heart. Moreover, they expressed great love for me. It is useless to set their names down here. Many have been the changes time has wrought through the passing of the years. In my own decision and course of action I meant good to all, and evil to none. Acting upon what seemed to be sound and fraternal counsel, as well as upon my own convictions, I sold all my stock in *The Baptist Standard* to George W. Carroll, and left the enterprise to other hands.

In the light of the after years I know that I made a colossal blunder. Certainly, insofar as my own life work was involved, I gave up a field of almost unexampled usefulness, and lapsed into the secularities of commercial nonentities. If I had this part of my career to traverse again, all the king's horses and all the king's men would not be sufficiently potential to separate me from the work to which I am sure God called me, and in which, as I believe, I would have had higher and more glorious usefulness in the after years than I had hitherto enjoyed. This brings on more talk, and it is plain talk.

Any man is a colossal idiot who allows any man or aggregation of men, however noble, however worthy, and however pure in motive, to make his decisions for him.

I record this word just here as a heritage for young men everywhere.

There is another fact in human nature that we may not ignore. I had been heralded and proclaimed as a great editor, doing a transcendent work. Scores and scores of brethren had referred to me as a "born editor," and even yet, now and then, some old-time friend will say to me, "Cranfill, you are the best editor Texas Baptists ever had." All of that is beautiful and gratifying, but when a man has

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voluntarily, or involuntarily, been displaced, there are always currents and counter-currents to make his displacement permanent.

In this connection there have been many to express the hope that I would some day be called back to the work of *The Standard*. To all of these I owe a debt of gratitude that cannot be put into words.

It is easy for a man to keep sweet and maintain a cheerful spirit when he is in active service and occupies a place of honor and usefulness, but this becomes very difficult indeed when a man is down and out, when his erstwhile friends are fallen away from him, and when other men occupy his place of former usefulness and service in directing the destinies of the people who once turned their hearts toward him.

While the difficulties along this line were almost insurmountable, I thank God that my sorrow did not break my spirit, nor were the disappointments and surprises that ensued allowed to sour my life. I have gone on as best I could in more obscure and humbler ways in serving humanity and God. As to how well this has been done the men who have known me best, and with whom I have labored must be left to judge.

In this connection I record grateful thanks to four men who came to me when my heart was broken. When the shadows enshrouded me they put their arms around my neck, told me they loved me, and gave me words of hope and cheer. Three of these men—B. J. Robert, E. P. West and Harvey Carroll—met me at the station when I reached Nashville. Their faces, always dear to me, shone that night with a light that I hitherto had never seen, and their kindness has been singing in my heart through all the passing years. It is to honor these three men that full-page portraits of all of them are given in this book. I want my children, their children, and all that shall follow on, to know

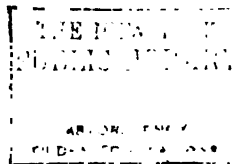
who were my sympathetic, helpful friends when my hour of stress and trial came. B. J. Robert is at the head of the B. J. Robert Book Company of Dallas; Rev. E. P. West is pastor of the Tabernacle Baptist Church at Houston, Texas, and Harvey Carroll, now B. H. Carroll, Jr., is United States Consul at Venice, Italy. God bless them each and all this day and every day, and raise up for them kind friends with tender, loving hearts, when come their hours of tragedy and tears!

The other man whose life and love shall be enshrined forever in my heart was Rev. N. A. Seale, who in May, 1904, was pastor at Mount Pleasant, Texas. When I returned from Nashville I was not only broken in heart, but sorely wounded in spirit. Having left Dallas to be gone for several days, my family were away, and I was thus left in the house literally alone. When Rev. N. A. Seale heard of my sorrow, he came all the way from Mount Pleasant to Dallas to be with me. He came into my lonely home, and spent the long hours of the day and night there with me, giving me out of his loyal, noble, manly, generous, sympathetic Christian heart a love surpassing knowledge. He too had known sorrow. One by one three of his children, after having reached manhood and womanhood, had been called to the land eternal. In those times of sad bereavement he had known my own heart's love for him, and when my Waterloo had come, he was the one man in all the world who came into my home, took me to his heart and lingered with me while the night was darkest and the burden heaviest to bear.

There were many well meaning brethren who criticised me sorely, some in public, and many in private. They sowed seeds that I believe many of them regretted they had sent abroad. I give none of the names of these brethren here. That I have suffered much they all now know, and many, who were harsh then because they knew little of the real



REV. N. A. SEALE, TAKEN WHILE PASTOR AT GATESVILLE.



facts, are friendly to me now, and we work hand in hand and heart to heart in the Master's service.

If I were placed back amid the same environments that then were mine, I would not sell my interest in *The Baptist Standard* to George W. Carroll, or any other man, for any price, nor would I, at the behest of any man or men, vacate a field of usefulness which, by long years of toil and sacrifice I justly occupied.

I say none of this in unkindness or in bitterness. The men who counseled me then meant all for the best. I forget everything of unhappiness in connection with it, and only recite these facts here in order to be true to history.



LXXVII

AS A BUSINESS MAN

IN the first draft of this autobiography I wrote in detail an account of my connection with the oil business, but after revision and re-revision, reading and re-reading, I decided as I did concerning the incident detailed in the preceding chapter—that no good could come from the circumstantial recital of these transactions. However, I feel that it will not be out of place to say some words concerning my activities in business.

Happily, or unhappily—I know not which—I was endowed with an aptitude for many things. The pages that have gone before recited my connection with many different lines of effort and achievement. Happily or unhappily—again I know not which—I succeeded in every line of endeavor in which I ever labored. As a teacher, as a beardless young phrenologist, as a physician, as a country editor, as editor of a prohibition paper of state-wide and national circulation, as financial secretary of Baylor University, as superintendent of the Texas Baptist Mission work, as founder and editor of *The Baptist Standard*, as a life insurance man, as editor of *The Baptist Tribune*, as a dealer in real estate—indeed, in each and all of these lines of effort I achieved more than average success.

I have not catalogued in the foregoing recital the work of preaching the gospel, for the reason that I have never counted my ministry a successful ministry on account of the fact that I have not devoted to it that singleness of heart or purpose this God-given work demanded. I was never a

pastor, never sought to be a pastor, and was never called to a pastorate. When I was superintendent of the Texas Baptist mission work the church at Bonham sent a committee to enquire if I would consider a call to that church, but it was then impossible for me to relinquish the task I had in hand, and so I gave them a negative answer.

All my life I have had some simple rules in business. The first is honesty, the second promptness, the third industry. I thank God that I am able to say in this chronicle that any man who deems it worth while may take the back track of my life and scrutinize my business transactions with a microscope. He will find that while any man of my aggressive temper and positive convictions will have made enemies, he will at the same time discover that wherever I have lived I have left behind me a record of uprightness in business dealings, and in debt-paying honesty.

I have considered promptness one of the chiefest adornments of the successful business man. A little while ago I was impressed with what Miss Katie Daffan, the capable superintendent of the old women's home at Austin, said to me when speaking of the virtue of promptness: "Yes, Dr. Cranfill, each and every one of us should be true to every engagement we make, and this has been my plan through life, but you can never know how much time I have lost by being on time. I have had to sit around from fifteen minutes to an hour every time I have ever promptly met with an official board, waiting for other members to arrive." The good woman was right, but none of this should deter any one of us from promptly keeping every engagement.

It has been my rule in life to join hands with my fellow citizens wherever I have lived in every movement for the up-lift and betterment of the neighborhood, village, town or city. I am a member of the Dallas Chamber of Commerce, was for years chairman of the Trinity River Navi-

gation Committee, I completely financed a ten-story Chamber of Commerce building for Dallas, which would now have been a Dallas land-mark but for the opposition of selfish business interests; I have assisted at all times in street improvements and other progressive measures, and in short, I count that I have been, and am, a good citizen.

While as a business man I have met with a measure of success, I have had one great fault which I set down here as a warning to all who shall follow after. I have always attempted more than I could reasonably hope to accomplish. In this way I have over-invested and over-bought, and while I have always protected my credit and met my obligations, I would have had a much easier time in life if I had not so often bitten off more than I could have reasonable hope that I could chew.

I have been careful with my credit. Without boasting, I can say that at my bank I have as strong a line of credit as any man of my means. At my bank my word passes current, and this is true in my relations with the business men with whom I have to deal.

I have no patience with the shyster or trickster. No permanent success can come to a man who resorts to sharp practices in business. Absolute honesty, uprightness and truthfulness are the foundation stones upon which all enduring business success must ever rest.

LXXVIII

TWO FRIENDS AND THEIR LETTERS

AMONG the cherished friends who have been mine, I am thinking of two whose friendship never wavered through the passing of the years. One has gone on to be with Christ. When B. H. Carroll went home, the kingliest preacher, the most lovable leader, and the gentlest-hearted Christian among us left the walks of men. He had the rarest talent for unfailing friendship it has ever been mine to know. When I first met him he was 39 years old. When he died he was over 70. Through all the intervening years the friendship that began when first we met grew and strengthened, and none of the sorrows that came to me served in the smallest degree to estrange him, or to becloud the affectionate love he cherished for me from the first. Among the highly prized possessions that now I have is a letter he wrote me under date August 14, 1913. I give herewith a facsimile reproduction of that letter, and publish it here just as it came to me, as follows:

Southwestern Baptist Theological Seminary

B. H. CARROLL, President
P. O. BOX 10

Nort Worth, Texas
August 14th, 1913.

Dr. J. S. Cranfill,
720 Slaughter Bldg.,
Dallas, Texas.

Dear Brother:

I have just received your letter inquiring of my present state of health. I was three weeks at Corpus, and greatly benefitted. I have improved much more since I returned. It is never very hot on Seminary Hill; it is astonishing what a cool breeze we have here all the time. I am much improved in condition since you saw me last, but I will never be well of my heart trouble. It remains a question yet to be decided to what extent I can resume my Seminary lectures. It is my full purpose to commence with the beginning of next session, but the question is of my holding out, as I must necessarily live an exceedingly quiet and careful life for the remainder of my days, eating little, avoiding all excitements and shocks of any kind.

We have taken in, so far, notes to the amount of \$150,000 new endowment in this year's campaign for five hundred thousand dollars. We expect to report at least \$200,000 raised by the meeting of the Convention, and will keep on until we get all the rest of it. The Seminary Faculty and student body have done glorious evangelical work during this vacation.

If I were a little bit stronger I would ask you to send me the proof of Exodus and Leviticus before it goes to press. We hope to have this book by the opening of the session, so that I can carry on lessons in both Old and New Testaments.

Until the text is before me I could not reply to your inquiry concerning the first three plagues. As soon as I have before me exactly what I said, I will give you my reasons for saying it, or admit that it was wrong to say it.

I greatly appreciate the tenderness of your concern in my behalf, and can truly say that your loving kindness never changes. I think when I come to the end of my life, I think I will have to admit that you were my best friend in all my life.

Lovingly yours,

B. H. Carroll

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DR. AND MRS. R. C. BUCKNER AND MRS. BOBBIE (BUCKNER) WESTERFIELD, ON THEIR RETURN FROM THEIR WORLD TOUR.

TWO FRIENDS AND THEIR LETTERS 475

Another friend whose friendship I always associate with that of B. H. Carroll is R. C. Buckner. I met him first at about the same time that I met B. H. Carroll. He took me to his heart at once, and through every change and trial that has come to me or to him since then, we have grown to love each other more, and now that he has reached his four score and almost four years, I love him more than I ever loved him in the past, and there is no man living whose friendship I cherish more. In this connection I take pleasure in giving a letter which he wrote me when he was on his tour around the world. This was written on an ocean liner from Colombo, Isle of Ceylon, under date June 23, 1913. In his characteristic way Dr. Buckner begins the letter with this couplet:

"Where Ceylon's spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er India's plains."

Dr. J. B. Cranfill,
Dallas, Texas.

My Dear Friend and Brother:

I have written you twice on our tour around the world, and have sent you some postal cards. Have no knowledge as to whether any of them have reached you, and cannot give you any address now, so that you might reach me with a reply, but this morning as our ship pulls out from this port, my thoughts turn to you, and my heart prompts me to write you a real love letter. As we went through a great vegetable market in Ceylon, by far the greatest fruit and vegetable market I have ever seen, I thought that if you were here you would have been over-delighted. It abounds in the finest possible specimens of every tropical fruit I had any knowledge of, and many I had never heard of or read about.

Many things all along our journey over the Pacific, the eastern seas and straits, and other waters, have turned my thoughts back to you, possibly the very best and most affectionate friend I have among all the men of this earth. I expect to see you again—have no doubt about it—but whether anything shall prevent or not I want to assure you that I know that I know you, and I hold you in the very highest esteem as a friend, a Christian brother, a real Baptist preacher, as an editor and writer with no superior, after my taste and judgment. I honor you, I love you. With no man

living have I been on such unselfish, unlimited terms of all abounding-friendship and love, and I want you to never forget this, and never to regard any mortal as a better friend than I am. If I could not believe all over in J. B. Cranfill, then I could not believe in any man on this earth at the present day.

You have often opened your heart to me, and mine has often been opened and stands open to you. I need and always shall need just such a friend as I know you to be. After I finish this trip around the world and get back home, I shall want to see you very soon, and I shall want us to be oftener together.

This has been a wonderful journey to me, and God has greatly blessed me in every way. I have written much, preached often, lectured frequently, have used more than a half dozen interpreters in addressing people of different dialects, and some of them several times. Have never grown weary, but have sometimes felt sorry for my fatigued interpreters. Whether on ship or in pulpit, in schools or hospitals, anywhere, at all times I have had full strength of body and voice, and have been at home. Have not missed a meal or a night's rest. Have traveled some sixteen thousand miles on ships, and have not been seasick except one little heaving spell when first we sailed from 'Frisco out on the "heaving" ocean. Wife and Bobbie are also splendid sailors. Wife has materially gained in health. Bobbie is also well. We left Hal and Robert Beddoe and their families well. Our next port is to be Aden, seven full 24-hour days from where we now are. Then 500 miles through the Red Sea to Suez, and next to Port Said. When we reach the latter place, if conditions will at all allow, we shall go to Jerusalem and see some things in the regions where our Lord lived, worked and died for us. Most people say that it will not do to go into Palestine at this season. As I said to some friends who advised against this visit to the Orient, I will not be "bull-headed," will not attempt it if you seriously object, but I think we shall go.

I know you pray for us. I seriously need that you shall. I feel my entire dependence upon the guidance and sustaining grace of God. Give my love to anybody who cares to hear from us—certainly your own friends.

Your Brother in Faith and Works,

R. C. BUCKNER.

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DR. J. T. HARRINGTON, "THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN."

LXXIX

SOME DOCTORS I HAVE KNOWN

FREQUENTLY in this chronicle the name of Dr. R. H. Chilton has appeared as an oculist to whom I applied for eye treatment when I was almost blind. Later Dr. Chilton formed a partnership with Dr. John O. McReynolds, and when Dr. Chilton died Dr. McReynolds inherited me as an eye patient. Soon he formed a partnership with Dr. Dero E. Seay, and these good men have been of infinite help to me through the years. I do not exaggerate when I say that more than once Dr. McReynolds has saved me from blindness, and it is no wonder that in thinking of my friends, and of men who have helped me, his name is among those at the head of the list. He is one of the leading oculists of America, and his partner, Dr. Seay, also ranks high.

Among other oculists I have known I am thinking of Dr. Sleight of Battle Creek, Michigan, who, when my daughter, Miss Mabel Cranfill, who was visiting there, was threatened with blindness, from granulated lids, saved her eyes, and radically cured them.

Among other physician friends I think of Dr. W. D. Jones and Dr. H. B. Decherd, who are also eye specialists, and who are among the most courteous professional gentlemen known to me.

Another physician friend of mine, and one whom I most tenderly love, is Dr. J. T. Harrington of Waco. I met him first at Abilene in 1894. While in attendance upon the session of the State Baptist Sunday-school Convention I needed the services of a physician. I went to Dr. Harrington-

ton's office and made his acquaintance, and from that time until this good day he and I have been warm friends. He has a genius for friendship, is a man as true as steel, and is one of the most capable physicians I have ever known. He is under contract to come to me at any time I need him, and I am under similar contract to help him in any way that I can, but each would do this for the other without a contract. He is not only a great doctor, but a great Christian, and it is a joy to me to incorporate his name in this chronicle.

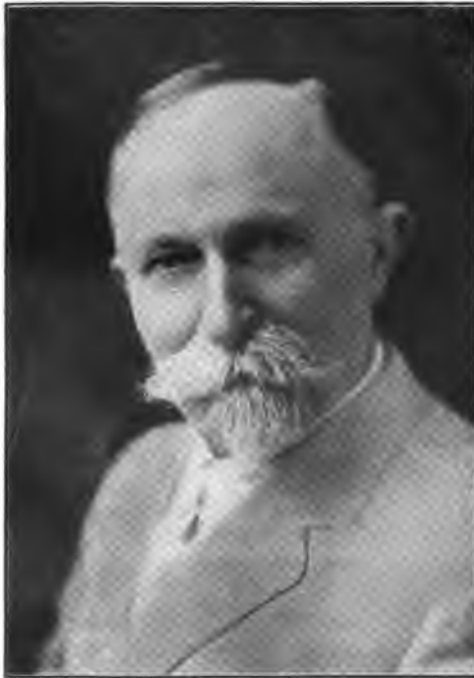
Farther back in my career I recall the generous friendship of Dr. J. R. Raby of Gatesville, who long since gave up the practice of medicine and got rich. He is now the wealthiest man in Coryell County, and takes a delight in his stock farm. He was exceedingly kind to me when I lived in Gatesville, and I wish for him and his the best of life's blessings.

The first days of August, 1903, I left Dallas to seek a vacation in Canada. Instead, however, of going into Canada I changed my plan when I reached Detroit, and went down to Battle Creek Sanitarium. There for the first time I met Dr. J. H. Kellogg. I had read after him for years, but had never seen him until I went into his private office in Battle Creek. He carefully looked me over, and then said: "Dr. Cranfill, it is about time for you to begin the cultivation of health." I did. I stayed at the Sanitarium three weeks, and must testify that those three weeks revolutionized my physical life. Since that time I have visited Battle Creek an average of once a year, not because I was sick, but because I desired to keep well. Dr. J. H. Kellogg is the greatest physician in the world, and the Battle Creek Sanitarium is the greatest health institution on the globe. No man of his generation has done so much for humanity in the matter of health, efficiency and longevity, as has Dr. Kellogg.

There are doctors and doctors. Some doctors are homeopath, and that is true of my friend, Dr. F. S. Davis of Dal-



BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM, BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN.



DR. JOHN H. KELLOGG, SUPERINTENDENT BATTLE CREEK SANITARIUM.

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las. I do not believe at all in the little pills my homeopathic doctor friends administer, but once, after having suffered a severe accident, I placed myself in the hands of Dr. Davis for surgical attention, and he was kindness, graciousness, and helpfulness combined.

Speaking of surgeons, I could not close this chronicle without reference to Dr. W. W. Samuell, of Dallas. He is one of the greatest surgeons in the world, and certainly one of the kindest-hearted men. Upon many occasions when I have requested kindnesses for those in need of his assistance he has cheerfully responded. I do not suppose he keeps an account of his charity practice, but no doubt his charity practice is quite as much, if not more, than his pay practice.

Dr. W. F. Cole, of Waco, was very kind to my dear father, giving him new vision in his last days.

And there are multitudes of other physicians to whom I am deeply indebted for kindnesses—Drs. R. W. Baird, A. I. Folsom, G. C. Kindley, G. M. Hackler, C. M. Rosser, of Dallas; Drs. C. E. Stewart and A. J. Read, of Battle Creek, Mich., and a host of others. I wish I could give all their names.

LXXX

THE DEATH OF MY FATHER

MY father died in November, 1903, while the Baptist General Convention was in session at Dallas. He spent his last days in Waco with my sister, Mrs. A. J. Williams. When I was a child my father suffered from an acute attack of illness. He was desperately sick for many weeks, but being of a very strong constitution, he regained his health. However, he believed that he was never quite so strong thereafter. When his last sickness came the loved ones at Waco did not think it serious, and therefore I was not immediately called to his bedside. He knew that I was busy in the Baptist work here at Dallas, and being always very considerate and thoughtful, he urged my sister not to send for me. It was for this reason that I failed to reach my sister's home until after he had died. My brother, Dr. T. E. Cranfill, was with him when his last hours came, and ministered to him as best he could. He met death bravely, as I always knew he would. Rev. W. A. McKinney, at that time pastor of the Clay Street Baptist Church in Waco, did my dear father many kindnesses, which all the family will always gratefully remember. He prayed with my dear father, read to him out of God's Word, and consoled him with Christ's promises as recorded in the Bible.

After my father's death I wrote an article for *The Baptist Standard* of which I was then editor, and it has been preserved in my book, *Cranfill's Heart Talks*, in which volume it appears on page 153. I refer the reader to that arti-



MRS. LILLIAN (CRANFILL) LINDSEY.

cle, which contains my estimate of my father, and was the tenderest tribute to him I knew how to put in words.

After the death of my mother, my father married the second time, to which union there were born two daughters, Lillian and Josephine. When my father died these children were quite young, and it was my duty and my joy to take his place in their young lives as best I could. I assisted each of them to achieve a good education. They both graduated in the high school, and each had a year in college. Lillian became a teacher. She taught for one year at the school at the Buckner Orphans' Home, and after that at Greenville. While filling the latter position she married Martin Lindsey, and now lives at Safford, Arizona.

Josephine married a Mr. Richardson at Gatesville, where they now live.

My oldest sister, Amanda, married W. B. Williams, a true and noble man, and my next oldest married a Mr. Snead, but she is now a widow. My brother, Dr. T. E. Cranfill, married Miss Annie Cooper.



LXXXI

AS A CHURCH MEMBER

WHATEVER of strength or ability my life has held has been given to the Baptist cause. I have never joined any lodge, nor have I affiliated with any organization, fraternal or otherwise, except the church. I have, of course, joined some civic bodies, such as The Authors' League of America, The American Sociological Society, The Chamber of Commerce, The Art League, and the like of that, simply to help these worthy organizations, but my time and heart and life have been interwoven with the life of that Baptist church in which I have held membership in each town where I have lived.

I have not only given to the church all of my life and time, but I have given it as liberally as I could of my means. Even before I joined the Missionary Baptists I began making gifts to Christian enterprises. The first gift I ever made was to Waco University. That was when I was not yet 19 years old. After I joined the Missionary Baptist Church at Gatesville I promptly attended the meeting of the Leon River Association. I had but \$5 in the world. A collection was taken up to send Rev. Sumner Edwards to the Louisville Seminary. I gave my \$5. My father, who was present, knew how penniless I was, and thought I should not have given this money, but I never regretted having done so. I recall that upon one occasion after I had moved to Waco I attended a fifth Sunday meeting of the Waco Association at Reagan. When a collection was taken I gave



MRS. JOSEPHINE (CRANFILL) RICHARDSON, AND CHILD.

SECRET

literally every cent I had, leaving myself not a penny to get home on. I did not think of my penniless condition until after the collection had closed, but was not disturbed thereby. As I emerged from the crowd a man looked up into my face, and asked: "Is not this Dr. Cranfill?" I said I was, whereupon he handed me a \$10 bill with the remark that he owed me five years' subscription to *The Gatesville Advance*, and had left Coryell County without paying it. I have never since doubted that God would make up to any Christian for any sacrifices that Christian made for Him.

The Hayden litigation cost me no less than \$25,000, which in a large measure I have always thought of as a contribution to Christ's cause, for the reason that our resistance and defeat of his suits helped to save the organized Baptist work of Texas, and to bring in the era of great things among our people.

When the Baptist Sanitarium was projected—and Dr. Buckner and I were the two first men to suggest its projection—I gave \$2,000 in cash to the building, and this contribution is doing work there today for the glory of God. I have given into the thousands in one way or another to Baylor University, to the Southwestern Theological Seminary, and to the Texas Baptist Education Commission. When Dr. B. H. Carroll was secretary of this Commission a great collection was taken up for the work when the Baptist State Convention met at Fort Worth. I gave in that collection \$1,200, and because this dear friend's name was personally signed to the receipt for this money I have kept it through all the years, and present it here:

\$1200⁰⁰

Yaco - Six - Nov. 14 1901



RECEIVED of J. B. Cranfill of Dallas, Texas, a sum of
Twelve hundred and ⁰⁰/₁₀₀ Dollars

in payment of 400th Con. Physics &
Education Commission

B. H. Carroll, Cor. Sec.

W

The Lord bless you for your generous help. That was a wonderful Friday night!

I have never been too poor ; I have never been too much dispirited ; I have never been too far down in the ranks of our brotherhood, nor too high up (if there be a high-up place), to give as best I could to Christ's great cause. How I rejoice in the thought of what I have thus been enabled to do ! And how I regret that it has not been more ! It is not large, as men count greatness, but many times I have given down to blood, and oftentimes have rejoiced in my ability to borrow money to give to the Baptist cause.

I have never taken much stock in the tithing plan. When I see a Christian looking for the little tin cup that contains his tithing money, I know there's not much help from him. No man will ever soar to great heights in Christian beneficence who is apron-stringed to a fast and loose set of tithing or other rules. I believe in whole-hearted, cheerful, self-sacrificing, spontaneous *giving*. If I had waited to get out of debt or have money ahead there would have been no *Baptist Standard*, no *Carroll's Sermons* and no *Carroll's Interpretation of the English Bible*. Christians should give out of their deficits as well as their surplus. And all they get are three meals a day, some clothing and a place to sleep, anyway.

I have always joyfully followed our leaders in local and general religious work. I have no patience with the man who is always in the objective case.

I have never originated or been a party to a disturbance of any kind in the local church where I have held membership. Anything in religion is easier to bear than a church fuss.

I have no unkind word for those beloved brethren who have aligned themselves with various and sundry lodges and organizations. Somehow I am not at ease when I see an Elk or Shrine pin on a Baptist preacher, or a cigar in his mouth. I wish that all of our brethren, laymen and preachers alike, would emerge from the thralldom of all the lodges, however

worthy, and give everything that is in them to Christ's cause as represented by Christ's church. Really, I wonder how our beloved brethren can find time for their lodge work. I am sure that many of them who put out their hundreds of dollars for lodge degrees and dues, make wry faces when they are called upon to give liberally of their means to Christ's church, which is the one organization in the world for lifting up humanity and bringing it to God.



LXXXII

GEO. W. TRUETT'S CALL TO DALLAS

MY connection with the call of Rev. George W. Truett to the pastorate of the First Baptist Church of Dallas was on this wise: When Rev. C. L. Seasholes resigned the care of this great church in 1897, I was editor of *The Baptist Standard*, and was often in Dallas. One of my dearest Dallas friends was Col. W. L. Williams, senior deacon of the First Baptist Church. He asked me to suggest the name of a pastor for the great Dallas church, and I promptly gave him the name of Rev. George W. Truett, pastor of the East Waco Church. He had recently graduated with high honors at Baylor University; had married Miss Josephine Jenkins, daughter of Judge W. H. Jenkins of Waco, and had even then achieved more than state-wide prominence.

Among my esteemed Dallas friends were Waid Hill and his noble wife, Mrs. Margaret A. Hill, together with their daughter, Mrs. Dr. F. S. Davis. These were prominent members of the First Baptist Church, and to them I communicated the suggestion I had made to Col. Williams. Later, this church called Rev. George W. Truett, and he came to Dallas in September, 1897, preceding me by four months. However, when he accepted the Dallas pastorate I had no sort of idea of coming to Dallas then or at any future time. My coming, which I regard as providential, followed the acquirement on the part of Col. C. C. Slaughter of a half interest in *The Baptist Standard*.

LXXXIII

WORKING FOR PROHIBITION

I ACTIVELY entered upon the work for temperance and prohibition in 1883 before I was 25 years old. I have been in it ever since. When I began to advocate prohibition for the county and the state, Maine was the only prohibition state in the union. The next year Kansas swung into line, and the great-hearted governor of Kansas, Hon. John P. St. John, was nominated by the National Prohibition party for president. He polled more than 150,000 votes, and on account of the defection of New York state Republicans to the Prohibition party, Grover Cleveland was elected by the Democrats to the presidency. The Democrats are as much indebted to John P. St. John for Grover Cleveland as they are to Theodore Roosevelt for Woodrow Wilson.

After the lapse of 33 years, there are nineteen states now under statutory and constitutional prohibition, and vast areas of other states are under local prohibitory laws. Not only is this true of the United States, but whole vast countries of the old world have adopted prohibition as a policy, as witness Russia. I aligned myself with the National Prohibition party in 1886. Six years after I began to espouse the temperance and prohibition cause, I was greatly honored by the Prohibition party, as has been outlined in preceding pages, but on account of the selfishness and combativeness of some of its leaders, the party found itself a few years ago in dire straits in many ways. I have never lost confidence in the ultimate success of the prohibition movement. I joined the Prohibition party because I thought at the time

it held out the greatest hope and prospect for the ultimate success of the movement. For years I was a member of the National Committee, and until 1912 a member of the Executive Committee of the National Committee.

The Prohibition party has produced many great men, and has had many wonderfully patriotic and capable leaders. I think I have never known a greater man than John B. Finch, who was chairman of the National Prohibition party the year that I became a member of it. Other strong leaders followed, notably Samuel W. Dickie, of Michigan. It is too long a story to incorporate in this recital, but the party came to be dominated by an element, that as I saw it, and still see it, did not have the best interests of the cause at heart. Efforts are being made to rejuvenate and rehabilitate the party, and this may occur this year at the Minneapolis convention.

One thing is to be said about the National Prohibition party, and that is that it has accomplished great good. To it we must give distinct credit for the remarkable advance shown in the prohibition movement. Very largely the Anti-Saloon League organization of the country has absorbed the activities of the National Prohibition party, but not wholly so.

My attitude on the temperance and prohibition question has been that I was a friend to every movement, and every man that looked to the annihilation of the drink traffic. I have fought for prohibition in precinct, county, state and nation, and am still fighting for it. I have stood for every organization from the old United Friends of Temperance, The Independent Order of Good Templars, and The National Prohibition party to the Anti-Saloon League. At the present time it seems as though the Democratic party of Texas would actively take up this issue, and it is altogether possible that when the next National Democratic Convention assembles four years hence, the prohibition issue will then

have become the leading issue in that political organization. However that may be, I think it safe to say that a large majority of the Democrats of the South are for the prohibition of the liquor traffic.

In fighting the liquor traffic I have learned what it means to combat the most gigantic and soul-less corrupting agency this land has ever known. A large percentage of the men who travel over Texas and other states opposing prohibition are in the pay of the saloonkeepers, distillers and brewers. Many politicians and lawyers are retained by this interest all the time, and in addition to the corruption money they receive as their regular retainers, they are paid extra amounts for extra service. This is also true of multitudes of editors throughout the country. In many instances the press has been subsidized by the liquor interest, and whenever any editor howls for personal liberty, and against the prohibition of the liquor traffic, the chances are very great that he is howling for so much a line.

I have no apology to make for the service I have rendered as an advocate of temperance and prohibition. I only regret that I have not been able to do more in this great cause. That the prohibition of the liquor traffic is certain to be an accomplished fact in the United States is beyond the shadow of a doubt. We will have National prohibition within the next few years. There will come a time when there will not be a saloon in any city, county or state of our great land. One of the joys of my life is that I have never at any time under any circumstances or conditions, failed to respond to a call to write for, speak for, work for, or contribute to any and all efforts for the overthrow of this gigantic curse.

THE NEW YORK
PUBLICITARIAN
AN INDEX
TO THE PRESS



R. W. SEARS.

LXXXIV

R. W. SEARS

APRIL 30, 1907, when I was on an Iron Mountain train bound for Chicago, I went into the dining car at noon, and when seated found myself touching elbows with a very intelligent and amiable man. He had preceded me, and having finished his meal first, I was about to arise to give him egress, whereupon he said he would wait until I was through. It was thus that our desultory conversation continued with increasing interest, and when I had finished my luncheon he invited me to join him in the drawing room.

The man was R. W. Sears, founder, and at that time president of the Sears-Roebuck Company, of Chicago. We talked all the way to St. Louis, and there our roads diverged, but we did not separate until I had accepted an invitation to visit him in his home sometime soon thereafter.

I was on my way to Chicago to begin work as joint editor of *The Associated Prohibition Press*, and later I did go to the home of R. W. Sears, spent several days with him and his family, and the acquaintance which began on the dining car ripened into a friendship that strengthened with the passing years.

I have never known of a more emphatic illustration of the value of courtesy and kindness than I found in the beginnings of this acquaintance with one of the noblest men I ever knew. The little courteous attentions I showed this stranger impressed him deeply, and led to a friendship and a business connection that was among the happiest of my life.

After having learned to know Mrs. Anna L. Sears, his charming wife, and all of his children—Sylva, a young girl in her teens; Warren, the older son; Serena, the younger daughter, and Wesley, the baby boy—and having lingered more than once in this hospitable home, I feel moved to testify that I have never known a happier home, and have never at any time met kinder or more considerate friends.

R. W. Sears was an ideal business man. Beginning life out in Minnesota as a telegraph operator, his career ended September 28, 1914, at which time he died one of the wealthiest men in the Northwest, and left a heritage to his section and his country of one of the best organized and most thoroughly systematized enterprises I have ever known. His career as a business man was unique. His father was a poor man, and often moved from one place to another, the result being that young Richard found it necessary to assist in winning bread for the family. At 14 he began the study of telegraphy, and at 16 was a station agent and operator in a little Minnesota town. While filling this position a mail order catalogue fell into his hands which advertised silver watches at bargain prices. He bought one for \$12. It was so satisfactory that he sent out a dozen letters to other agents along the line calling their attention to this watch, which he agreed to furnish them at \$16 each. Ten of them bought the watches, and he thus cleaned up a profit of \$40. He then sent out 500 circular letters to other railroad agents in Minnesota, and sold 200 watches, clearing a profit of \$800. With the consent of his superiors he started a coal and wood business, and made money out of that. A little later he resigned his position with the railway company, went down to Minneapolis and established a modest mail order house, which finally grew into the mammoth concern now known as the Sears-Roebuck Company.

He told me of the first five millions of dollars that came to him. It was from the incorporation of the Sears-Roe-

buck Company, and the sale of ten millions of dollars worth of first mortgage 7 per cent bonds. He went to New York and sold these bonds, giving five millions of dollars to his partner, and taking five millions for himself. In addition to this ten millions of bonds they issued twenty-five millions of dollars in common stock, which, while at that time was of little value, is now worth \$1.54.

I have given these simple incidents in the life of this wonderfully great business man, as an illustration of what a poor American boy may do.

R. W. Sears was a man of sterling honesty, and possessed of the biggest brain of any friend I ever had. Withal a noble heart beat in his bosom, and his ear was open to every worthy cause.

When I returned from Chicago in October, 1907, I soon thereafter began making loans in Dallas for Mr. Sears, and still represent his estate in this city. I loaned several hundred thousand dollars for him, to our mutual profit, and I have never had business relations with any man that were more pleasant than my connection with him.

September 28, 1914, this beloved friend suddenly died. He left an estate running into many millions, and a record for sagacity, uprightness in business, big-heartedness and big-mindedness unexcelled in the commercial life of our nation.

His widow, Mrs. Anna L. Sears, at once took up the management of this vast estate, and is handling it with remarkable ability.

LXXXV

SOME CLOSING WORDS

IN writing these last words of this chronicle, which I trust has held for the reader more than a passing interest, I make a confession, and register a conviction. The foregoing pages have detailed my life as I have lived it, which has been fragmentary at its best, and which if I could re-cast it now and begin anew at the point where I emerged from the baptismal waters at Hurst Spring in 1876, it would be a very different life. If I could traverse life's way again I would have naught to do with mere temporalities or materialities. Beginning in those youthtime years I would fashion everything I did so that it would contribute to the one great life work of preaching the gospel. Let no young minister take consolation to his heart for the secularities of his life, because in this faithful record of my own life I have told the truth about myself. A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth. Nor does it consist in the multitudes of the material things which he accomplishes.

In saying this I mean no reflection upon those business men whose lives have been immersed in commercial undertakings. They are slaves to their business and their money, and revel in the accumulation of wealth and property, just as a hunter glories in the chase. None of that has ever appealed to me, and my connection with money-making has been an incident, and one in which I took and take no pride.

Life's day is a short little day at best. I wish mine had been better lived. I wish I had done more good. My life's

motto has been to "Be kinder to everybody than anybody can be to me, and do it first." I have sought to help the weak, to lift up the fallen, to minister to the sick and suffering, to comfort the bereaved, to lend a hand of help and cheer to the man out and down and helpless. How well I have succeeded I leave those who know me best to say, but I have tried, even with my life checkered as its days have been, to help every man I could, to do all the good I could, to cheer all the sad I could, and to smile my way along, regardless of whether my own heart was heavy, or my own life's skies spanned by radiant bows of promise.

Looking back upon my life as I have lived it, I feel that every hour of my time spent in any line of business, save that of religion, philanthropy and literature, has been a wasted hour, and one for which I shall at life's end give a strict account to God. I have made money, but I never cared for money. In business I did always in a business way want what was mine, reserving to myself the right to do with mine as I thought best, but the ability to make money is a low and groveling talent at its best. To me all mere business, whether successful or not, has been dull and prosaic.

If these words shall come to any young man who looks out upon life's untrod paths with hungry eye, longing for a career that will most honor his country and his God, I beseech him to follow the light with which God's Spirit lights his life. Let him close his ears to every temptation to be diverted from the great main point of life—that of bringing men to righteous ways and into right relations with their Saviour.

In the preceding pages I have been true to the facts of history, but naught has been set down in malice. I have no unforgiven enemy in all the world. Some have harmed me much, and others have wished me harm, but they who yet survive will, as I, soon meet the Judge of all the earth,

who doeth right. To Him I leave their case as well as mine, and as I pray for mercy for myself, I pray for them.

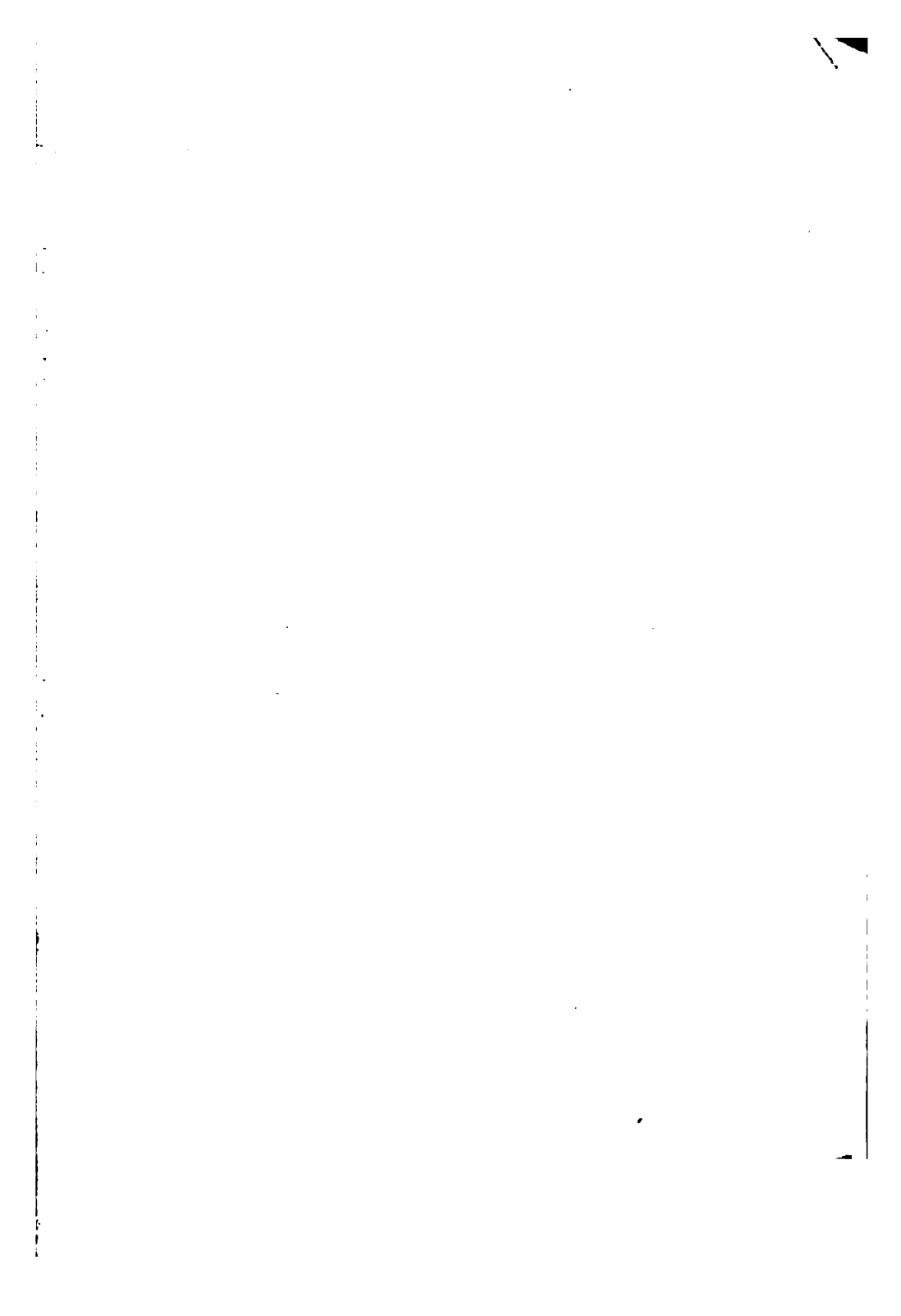
And now my words are done. I am not yet old, but life's sun is dipping toward the westering hills. I have reached and passed life's noon, and face the swift-coming of the twilight hours. With deep contrition I sorrow now for every sin that has marred my own or any other life; I grieve for every unkind word that I have ever said; I deplore the loss of every wasted hour; I am sad that my life has not been lived more nobly and with greater usefulness. When Helen Hunt Jackson was within a few short hours of life's end she wrote the lines that follow, and they so truly represent my own heart that I leave them with the reader as my closing word:

Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
 So clear I see, now it is done,
 That I have wasted half my day,
 And left my work but just begun.

So clear I see that things I thought
 Were right and harmless were a sin;
 So clear I see that I have sought
 Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

So clear I see that I have hurt
 The souls I might have helped to save;
 That I have slothful been, inert,
 Deaf to the calls thy leaders gave.

In outskirts of thy kingdom vast,
 Father, the humblest spot give me;
 Set me the lowliest task thou hast;
 Let me repentant work for thee!



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